



# LIFE

## EXCLUSIVE, FROM ABOARD SHIP: MAYFLOWER VOYAGE

A 'LIFE' PHOTOGRAPHER AND WRITER  
RELIVE AN HISTORIC ADVENTURE

20 CENTS

JUNE 17, 1957





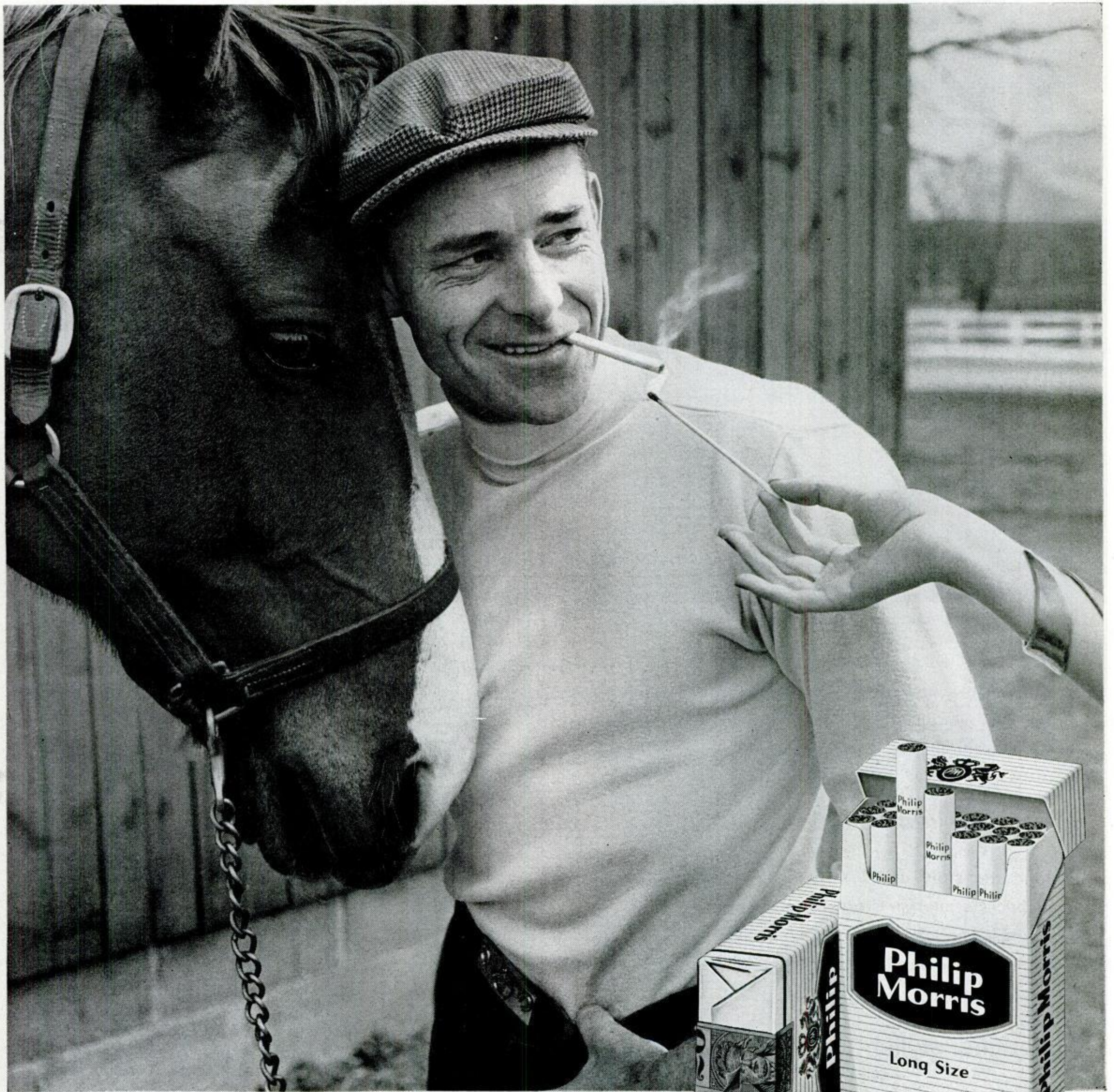
## New instant appetizers! Wonderful Cheddar Cubes stamped "Miss Wisconsin"

- ★ Just spear these Miss Wisconsin Cheddar Cubes with the gaily colored "picks" included in each package. Serve!
- ★ Add olives, onions or bacon for variety. And Cheddar Cubes with fresh fruit make a wonderful summer dessert tray.
- ★ A trayful of big  $\frac{3}{4}$ " cubes in each package. They're famous sharp-aged Miss Wisconsin natural cheddar—an experience!
- ★ Fine Miss Wisconsin Cheddar comes in wedges, sliced, freshly shredded and now in convenient cubes! Try them soon.

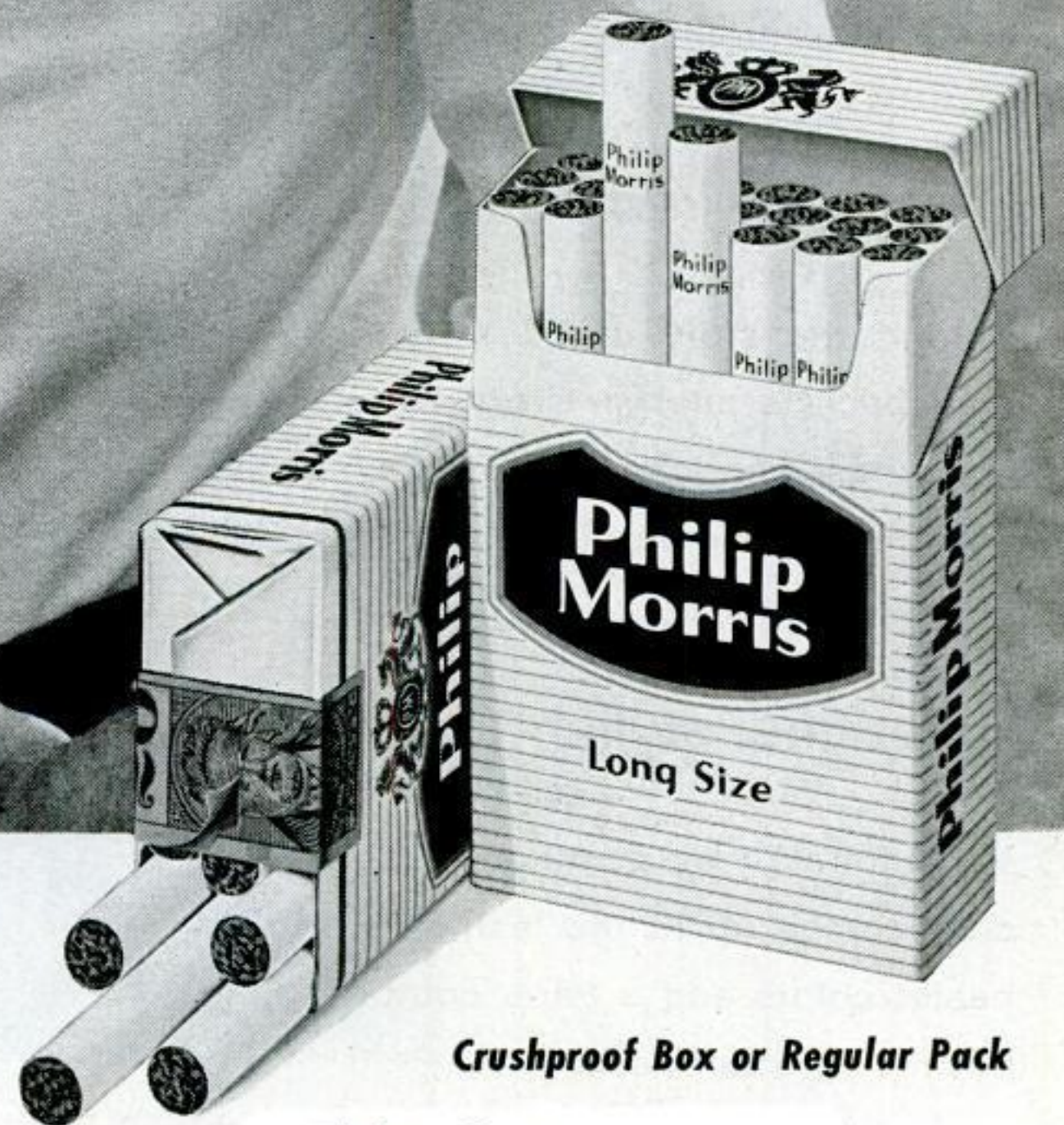




# New PHILIP MORRIS gives you a natural smoke



**Smoke Natural.** No filter, no foolin'. It's just good tobacco...a new roll of sweet, rich, *true* tobacco... probably the best natural smoke you ever tasted.



**Crushproof Box or Regular Pack**

This One



5Y9A-7DB-N5YS

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## Kings, still pretty high

The impressive survival of the European monarchs in a democratic era is shown in color and analyzed by famous historian Lord David Cecil.



ROYALTY OF GREECE

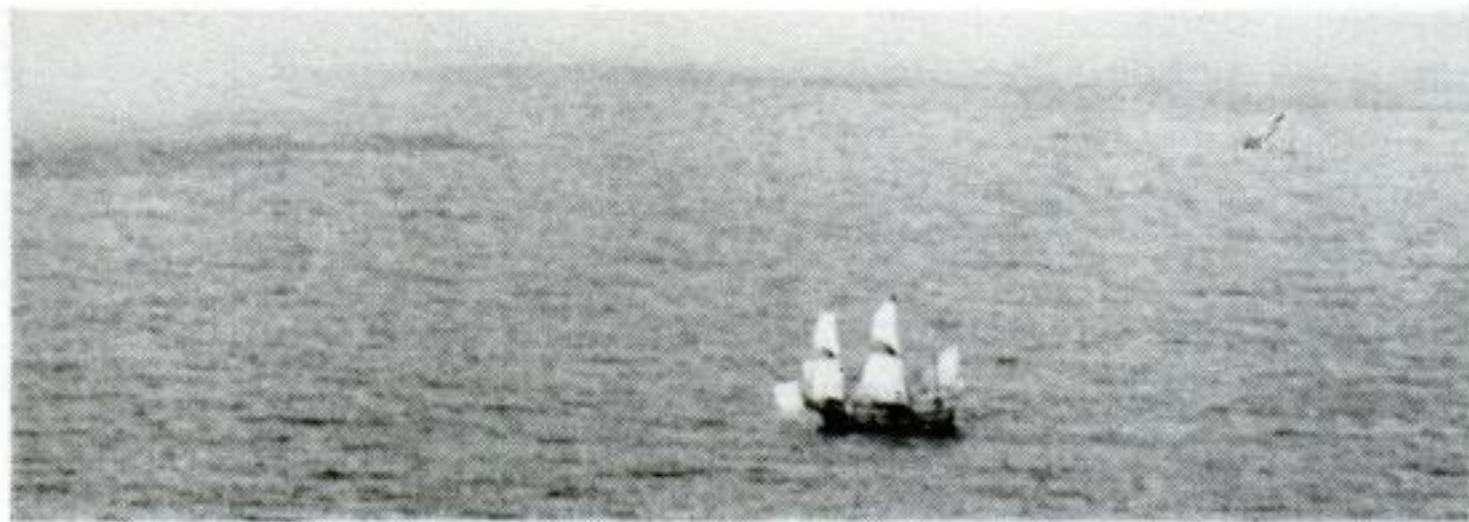
## Whoops! New whoopers!

As two of the rarest chicks in the world break out of eggs, LIFE's color cameras record fidgety whooping crane parents and boisterous offspring.



BABY WHOOPERS

## Exciting reprise from the past



THE "MAYFLOWER II" SAILING IN NEW WORLD WATERS

An exclusive word and picture account of the extraordinary voyage of the "Mayflower II" chronicles the trials and thrills of the men who, making a three-century jump into the past, re-created the historic ocean crossing.

## Father and son success

Behind the story of Ed Wynn's acting comeback is another story—of a loving son whose candor convinced Ed his days as a comic star were over.



ED WYNN

## Scientific, stylish too

Valued mostly as a utilitarian fabric, Dacron comes up in the fashion world as pastel colors and a Paris couturier help put it to prettier uses.



MODISH NEW BLOUSE

58

## COVER

With two men watching from the poop deck and two crewmen standing in the rigging, a fifth steers the "Mayflower II" on a foamy course for the New World (see pp. 19-37)

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HAT BY JOHN FREDERICKS

# because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Moments like these are rare—and who knows *when* or *where*? When a memory is in the making, don't let *anything* come between you. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

VETO is for you in more ways than one



Cream



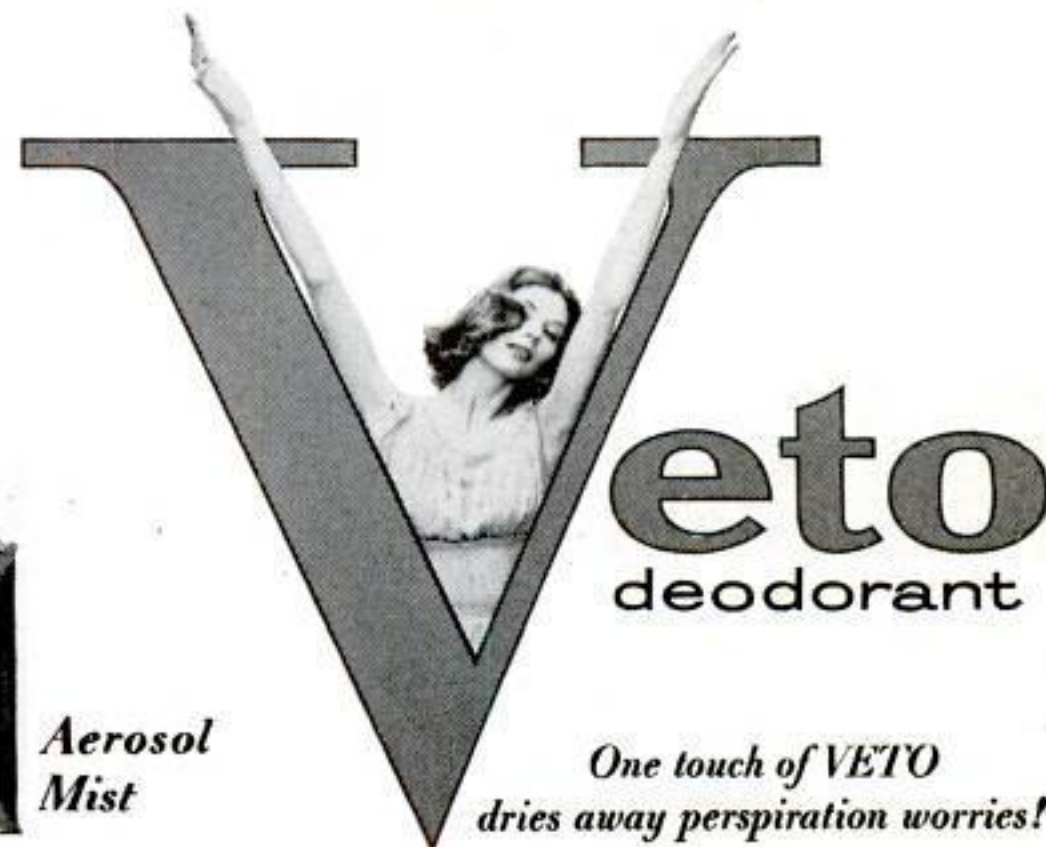
Spray



Stick



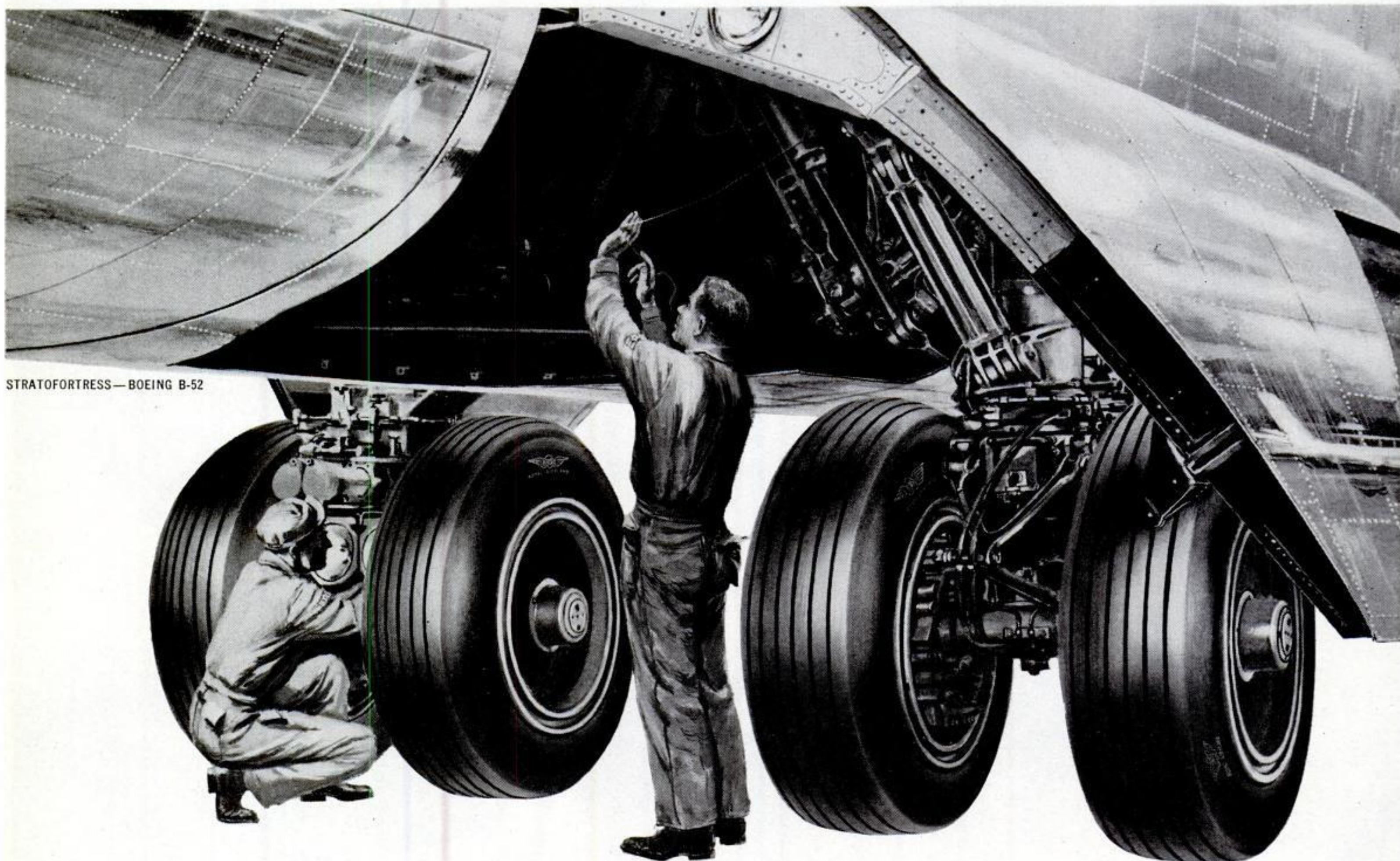
Aerosol Mist



One touch of VETO  
dries away perspiration worries!



# OUT OF THE JET AGE



## BETTER TIRES FOR YOU!

How Better, Tougher Aircraft Tires Developed By U.S. Rubber  
Bring Greater Safety To Your Family.

The aviation industry has made tremendous strides in the speed and carrying capacity of planes. And that's meant some block-buster problems for U. S. Rubber engineers and designers—ever more serious problems of heat, speed, impact and load—and most important of all, the safety of military personnel!

U. S. Rubber is particularly well-fitted to meet these problems. Employing our experience, research, testing facilities and construction know-how, we have worked closely with military aviation for many years. And building more dependable aircraft tires has very directly benefited every man who drives a car or truck.

# U.S. Royal Tires

For example, the advanced construction used to cushion the shock of tons of airplane weight hitting the runway is now available for your car in the new **U. S. Royal Master Tire**. Yes, at U. S. Rubber we are bringing you **more** safety, **more** dependability—right out of the jet age!



## United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.

See Things You Never Saw Before. Visit U. S. Rubber's New Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.



Add a touch of Hawaii to your home!

# HAWAIIAN GOOD-LUCK "TI" PLANT

ONLY  
**25¢**

And a Lipton Tea box top



THE  
"BRISK"  
TEA\*



South Sea natives claim this beautiful tropical-green "Ti" (pronounced tea) plant keeps evil spirits away from their homes. Americans prize it as a decorative house plant.

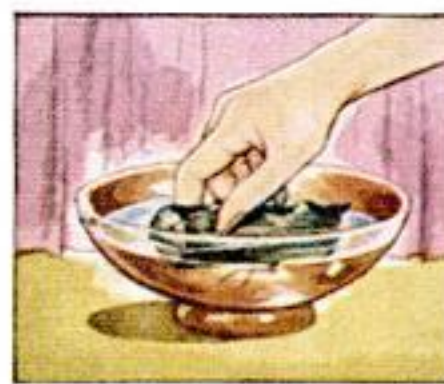
Makes a wonderful gift! And so easy to grow. Your Hawaiian "Ti" plant log will grow 2 feet high or more in an ordinary flower pot. It lasts for years with care.

Such a bargain! Just 25¢ and a Lipton Tea box top. And in that box is the promise of real summertime enjoyment.

Lipton Tea's *brisk* flavor always gives the right kind of gentle lift. It's so lively, so rich it doesn't fade even when iced. Everything brightens up with Lipton Iced Tea. It quenches your thirst better than most summertime drinks.

So enjoy brisk Lipton Iced Tea—and have fun growing your own Good-Luck "Ti" plant.

Easy to grow. Here's all you do



1. Put "Ti" plant log on its side or stand on either end. Half of log should be above water or soil.



2. In a few weeks the first little bud will appear. Then your "Ti" plant will start shooting up.



3. In Hawaii the Good-Luck "Ti" plant grows in moist places. So keep your plant well watered.

## GUARANTEED TO GROW!

Your money back—or a free replacement—if your "Ti" plant doesn't sprout and grow as pictured. Just write to Lipton Tea, Box 768, New York 46, N. Y.

**HURRY!**

Offer subject to  
withdrawal without  
notice! Good only in  
U. S. A. and its  
possessions

**Order your Hawaiian Good-Luck "Ti" plant now!**

Lipton Tea, Box 30, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid . . . Hawaiian Good-Luck "Ti" plant logs. I enclose 25¢, well wrapped (no stamps please), and a Lipton Tea or Tea Bag box top for each plant ordered.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow about 4 weeks for delivery. This offer is void in any state, territory or municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted.





Buick SUPER 4-Door Riviera

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

# Roomiest hit in the Style Parade

(Step in and s-t-r-e-t-c-h

—it's the **Buick SUPER**—and what a dream car to drive!)

**W**E COULD give you facts and figures, chapter and verse, about the '57 Buick as the *roomiest* of America's best-selling cars.

And that's doubly true of the Buick SUPER pictured here.

Just step into a Buick SUPER—move your arms, relax your shoulders, cross your legs.

Then you'll know comfort that gets sweeter the longer you're there—and

styling that looks smarter the longer you stare.

But that's only the start of the thrills you'll find in this most completely changed Buick in history. The real excitement comes from performance that makes this the dream car *to drive*.

**Power?** You have it, in abundance—for you boss more might than ever gave vigor to a Buick before.

**Response?** Like nothing in an earth-

bound vehicle. For you have the instant action of today's new Dynaflow.\*

**Ride? Handling? Roadability? Braking?** Try 'em and see!

Ask your Buick dealer for a demonstration—and for figures that make Buick your best buy today.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

\*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.

# Big Thrill's Buick

SPECIAL • CENTURY • SUPER • ROADMASTER • and ROADMASTER 75



Only Buick brings you this built-in "conscience"  
**SAFETY-BUZZER**

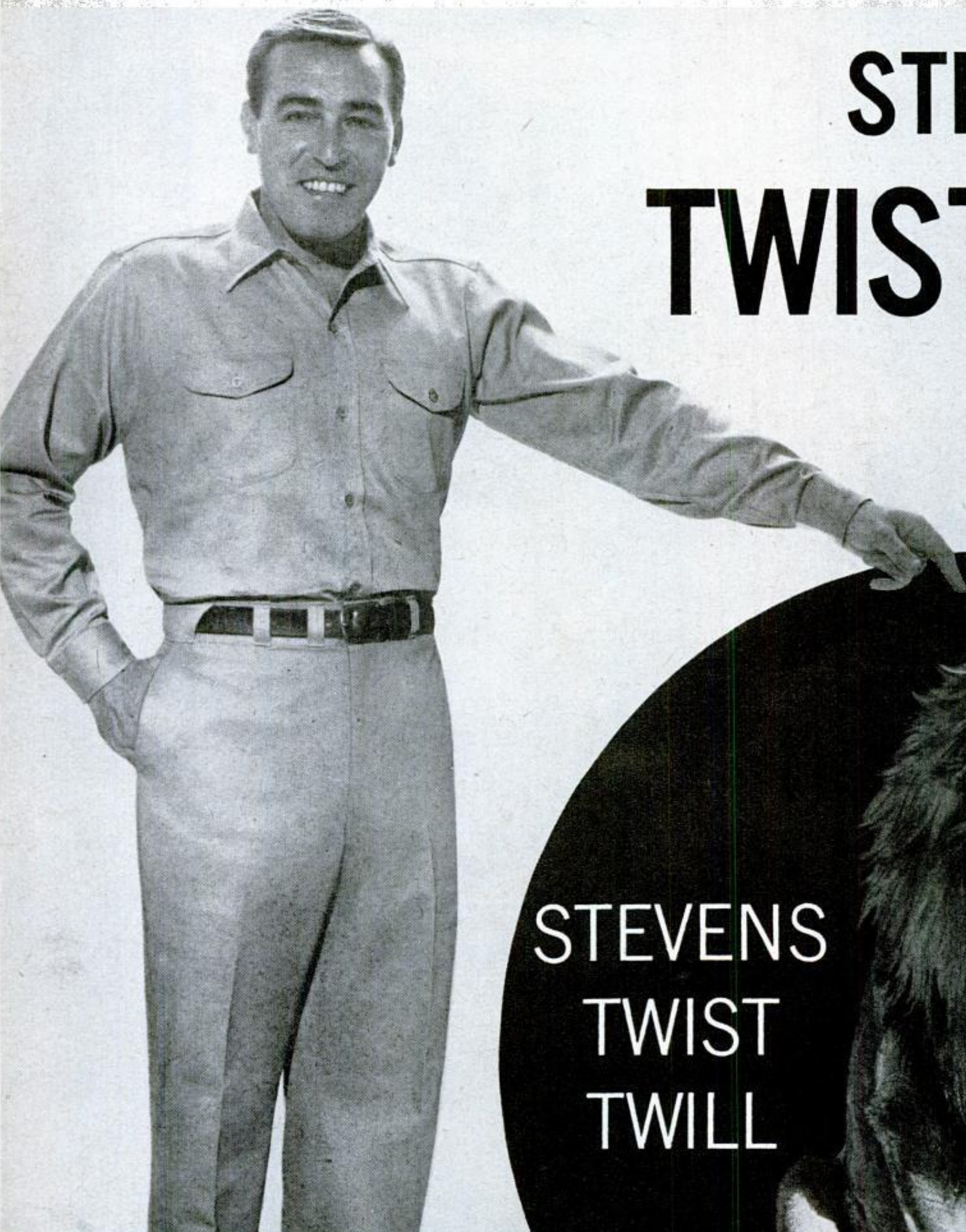
—a simple device that's a great boon to your safety. You merely preset the miles-per-hour you want. When you reach that pace, a warning buzzer sounds. Drop below that pace and the buzzer stops. Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on other Series.

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Right on the job...for work or play

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TWIST  
Twill

KING  
OF  
TWILLS



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On tags of leading shirt  
and pants manufacturers.

It is your guide to a fabric of  
outstanding quality!

Stevens Twist Twill is Delta Finished® for clearer colors and a smoother texture. It's Sanforized® and completely washable.  
Write us for stores nearest you featuring work and play clothes for men and boys—tailored of Twist Twill.

# Stevens Fabrics

J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC.



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You'll enjoy Dave Garroway  
on "TODAY"—Monday through  
Friday mornings on NBC-TV.



Sergeant's (new formula) Scratch Powder kills fleas and lice, checks summer eczema, soothes skin, deodorizes. You see the fleas drop off in minutes! 49¢ and 79¢.

Ordinary soaps or detergents may harm your pet's skin. Sergeant's Soap is made especially for dogs. Kills fleas and lice. Soothes skin. Leaves coat gleaming. 35¢.

Creamy Sergeant's Skip-Bath works without water and saves mess. Helps avoid chills and colds. Kills fleas and ticks. Ends doggy odor. 79¢.

Sergeant's E-Z Groom also needs no water. Simply rub its aerosol lather on your pet and wipe it off. Kills fleas. Helps avoid chills and colds. \$1.50.

Sergeant's SHAMPOO lathers fast. Especially recommended for hard-water areas. Kills fleas and lice. Stops doggy odor. Leaves coat soft and fluffy. 75¢.



## It can really be a "dog's life" in hot weather!

Your dog can't speak up to tell you—but he suffers in hot weather. Dogs do not perspire as humans do—hence there is no self-cooling action for a dog's skin. Hot, humid weather combined with the usual summer epidemic of fleas, lice and eczema make life pretty tough. In fact, dogs often scratch themselves raw in muggy weather.

The only way your dog *can* tell you is by scratching. So, when you see his distress signal—it's time to *do something*. Use Sergeant's Scratch Powder and one or more of the clinically tested products

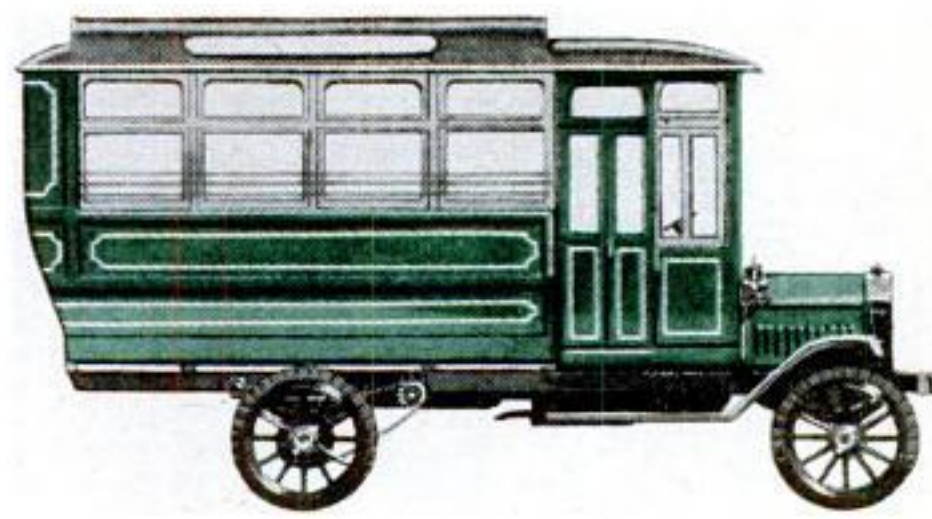
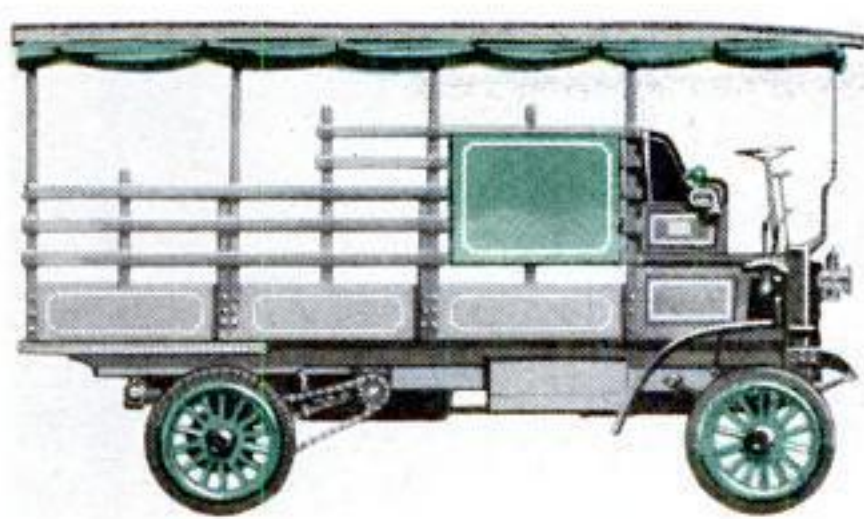
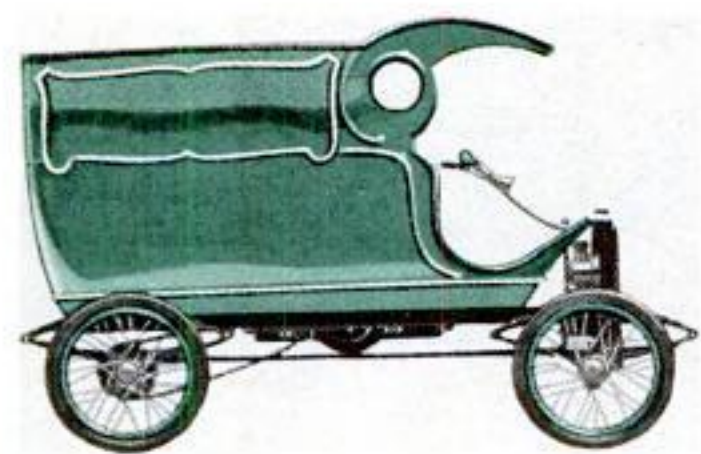
described above. Then you'll see a difference—more "wag" and less "scratch."

Get this revolutionary new powder, and the grooming products shown above, at any drug or pet counter. Ask there for your *free* copy of the 36-page Sergeant's Dog Book. Or write

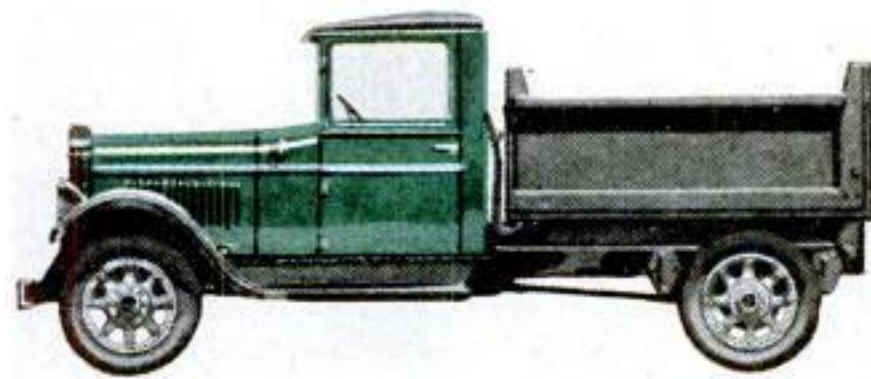
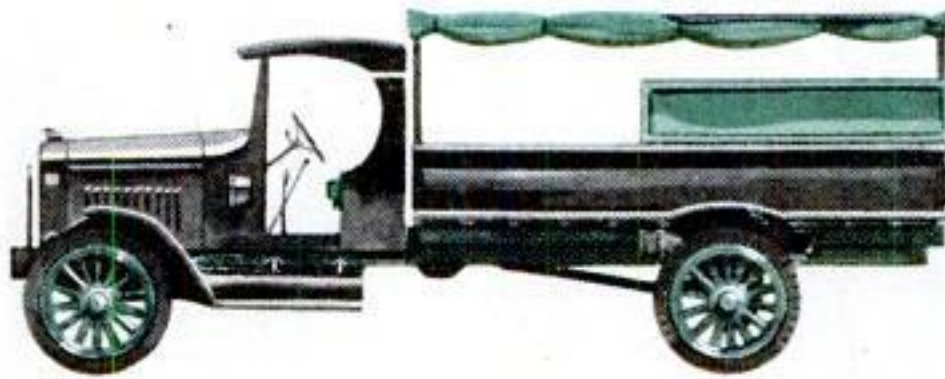
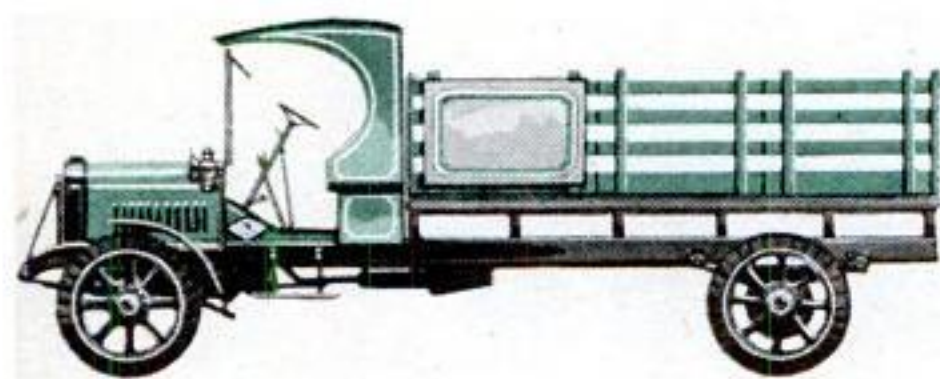
**Sergeant's®** Richmond 20, Va.

The most esteemed name in pet care products  
Most Sergeant's products are available in Canada

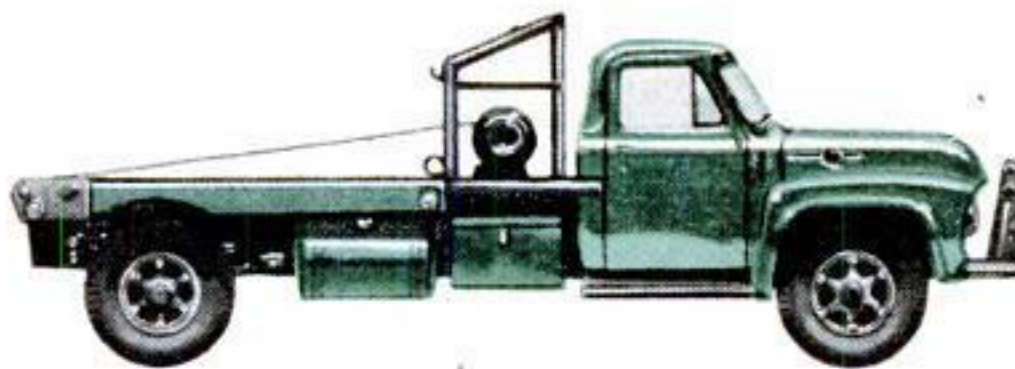
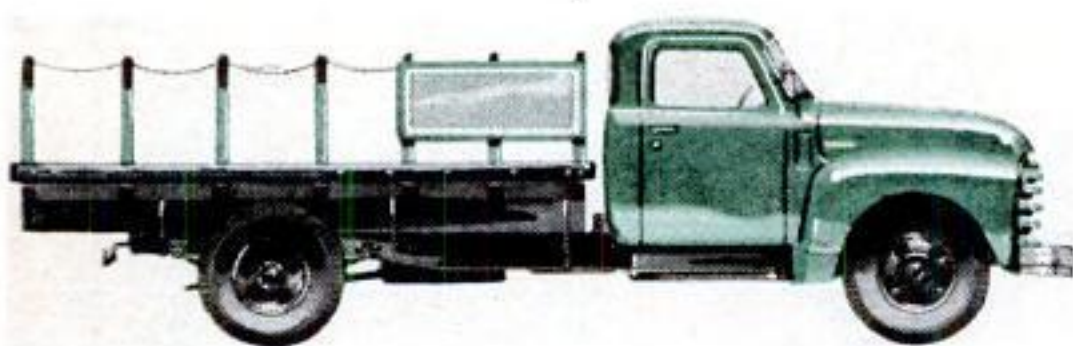




28 million trucks and



2 generations of drivers have proved



you can't buy a truck tire that costs less  
per mile than **Firestone**

**BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH**

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**OPERATOR RECORDS PROVE**  
Firestone Tubeless Truck Tires give extra mileage on original treads, take extra retreads, reduce road delays, cut maintenance costs to a minimum.



HEAVY-DUTY TRANSPORT

SUPER TRANSPORT

TRANSPORT®

SUPER ALL TRACTION

SUPER MILEAGE LUG

RIB EXCAVATOR

ROCK GRIP EXCAVATOR®

ALL TRACTION®



# SAVINGS UP TO 25% ON HOME-HEATING COSTS GUARANTEED IN WRITING!

Only  
With

# TIMKEN

*Silent Automatic*

*Rotoramic Oil Heat*

BUILT BY

## SCAIFE



**Featuring the Exclusive Wall-Flame Burner**

**With Only One Moving Part... Guaranteed For Life!**

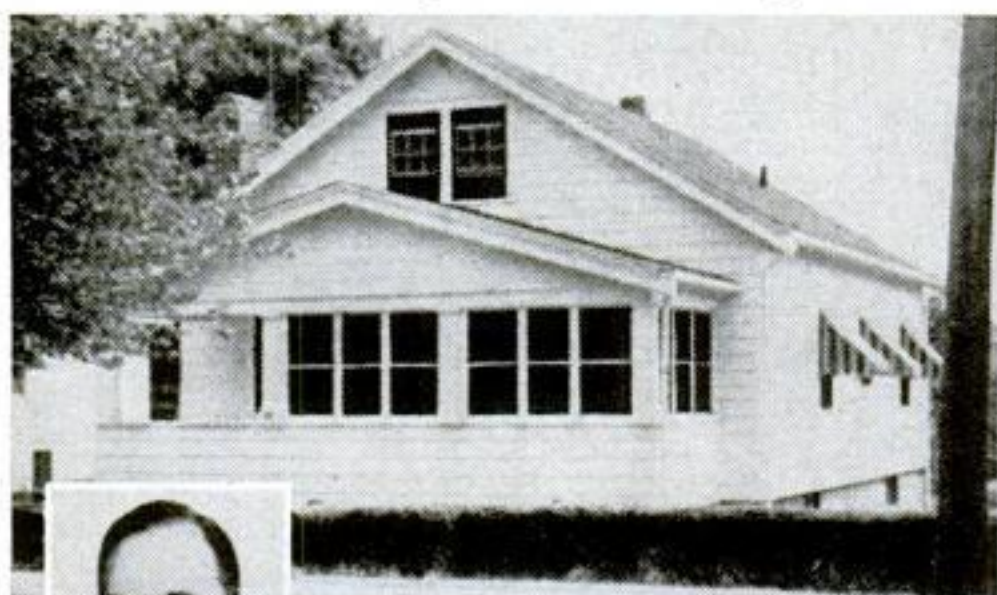
**ONLY TIMKEN STILL GUARANTEES FUEL SAVINGS  
AND ONLY TIMKEN HAS FOR OVER 30 YEARS...**

More than 30 years ago, Timken introduced the Wall-Flame Burner. Thousands of home owners, your own neighbors, have since enjoyed its cushioned comfort and verify the performance and fuel savings.

Now, Timken Silent Automatic brings you the *New Rotoramic Oil Heat* with the newly improved version of this exclusive Wall-Flame Burner... the dramatic application of Thermodynamics that makes home heating as modern as flights to the moon... the first-fashion

styling that brings heating out of hiding... and still guarantees you in writing, *fuel savings up to 25%* for replacement conversion oil burners. This new Rotoramic Action of the Wall-Flame Burner completely blankets all heating surfaces with flames... automatically gives the most instantly responsive heat ever known.

Ask your factory-trained Timken Silent Automatic Dealer to make a free survey of your present heating plant. Let him show you how you, too, can enjoy the comfort and fuel savings these people and hundreds of thousands of others are now enjoying.



"Couldn't beat the savings with another oil burner even if you got it free," says Mr. Harold Haff of Stamford, Connecticut. "I used to have a famous make gun-type burner. Since then I've saved so much on fuel oil with my Timken Wall-Flame Burner that I'm money ahead... even if I'd got an ordinary burner free."



"Got my first Timken Wall-Flame Burner over 20 years ago," says Mr. Frank Kaminski of Chicago, Illinois. "My present home had another make of oil-fired boiler when I bought it. Last year I replaced it with a Timken Silent Automatic Boiler. Although it was a mild winter, I saved \$32.67 on fuel oil."



"We saved \$50 a year on fuel," says Mr. Odell Olson of Crookston, Minnesota. "by installing a Timken Silent Automatic Furnace. Best of all we have never spent a penny on service. We were so delighted we had a Timken installed in our store, The Crookston Paint, Glass & Linoleum Co. for more savings."



"Saved \$145.25 on fuel oil this past winter," says Mr. Ernest Aufero of Methuen, Mass. "Our famous name boiler burner was using an excessive amount of oil, so we replaced it with a Timken Wall-Flame Burner known for fuel savings. The savings were unbelievable."



"8 years of real savings for me," says Mr. A. Kent Underwood of Cleveland, Ohio. "I've kept detailed records on fuel oil used since 1946. Heating with my Timken Silent Automatic Wall-Flame Burner cost me only \$60 to \$65 a season... over \$500 savings so far."



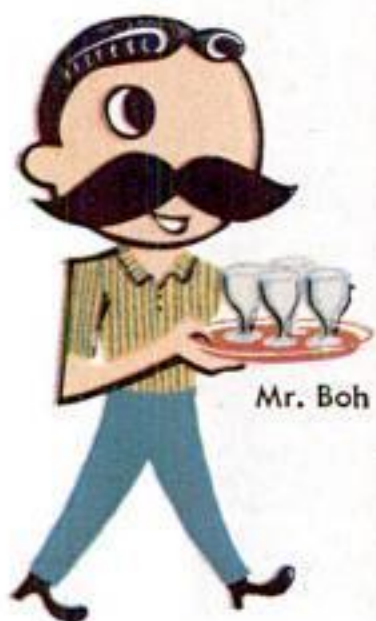
# ***Wet, cold and delicious...***

When you're thirsty, *really* thirsty . . . reach for a bottle of National Bohemian Beer. Here's a taste that's earning its way across the country. Today . . . there are three National

Brewing Company plants, in Maryland, in Michigan, in Florida. Soon you'll be able to enjoy National Bohemian Beer, "wet, cold and delicious" . . . wherever you live.



"Oh boy,  
what a beer!"







# Bassett

lovely furniture...so easy to own...



Over fifty different Bassett Modern, Traditional and Provincial suites to choose from. Prices range from \$149 to \$399 for complete bedroom or dining room suites.



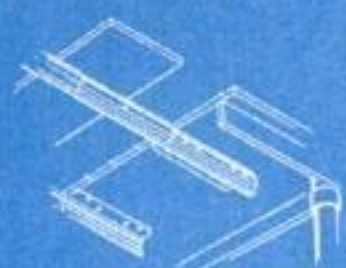
**F**IRST BUMP on the road to bliss is the meeting between the groom's budget and the bride's imagination.

But there's never a bump for the bride who takes her housefurnishing problem to a store where Bassett furniture is sold. For there she'll find furniture made by the world's largest manufacturer of bedroom furniture: Modern, Traditional and Provincial bedroom and dining room suites—all of them lovely, none of them expensive!

For a practical beginning, take the group shown here in a soft pastel finish (you can have it in Limed Oak, too). With one inexpensive decision, you fill both bedroom and dining room with beautifully matched modern pieces!

See Bassett bedroom and dining room suites at one of the better furniture or department stores near you. Or send 20c for a set of folders to Dept. O, BASSETT FURNITURE INDUSTRIES, Bassett, Virginia.

## FINE DETAILS SHOW BASSETT CRAFTSMANSHIP



Extensible Steelslides on dining tables—won't sag—open smoothly, easily in any climate.



Hand-rubbed, high-gloss DuPont "Dulux" finish. Pittsburgh Plate Glass mirror.



Drawers center-guided to slide smoothly. Waxed interiors, dustproof construction.



Look in left-hand dresser or buffet drawer for Bassett seal—your guarantee of quality.

BASSETT—World's Largest Manufacturer of Bedroom Furniture, Bassett, Virginia





# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## THE SEARCH FOR 'NORMAL' VISION

Sirs:

"The Unending Search for 'Normal' Vision" (LIFE, May 27) is an accurate coverage of the field and the position of those who work in it. It should do much to spread knowledge of a field deplorably misunderstood by the layman.

STANLEY D. HILL, O.D.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sirs:

You have served your readers well by presenting the subject so lucidly.

E. W. SCHUMACHER  
President

American Optical Co.  
Southbridge, Mass.

Sirs:

It is obvious to me that the writer is more intent on vilifying optometrists than clarifying any issues.

GEORGE W. DANA

Island Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

To discredit visual training, which you have done, is like discrediting penicillin because it will not cure all diseases. Shame on you.

HARRY I. JANOFF, O.D.

Danville, Ill.

Sirs:

As one of the some 2,000 optometrists practicing visual training . . . one bow, two bows and a third bow for the story.

SHEW KUHN LEE, O.D.

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

LIFE is to be congratulated on presenting both sides of the visual training question. Just as one reputable physician may prescribe surgery and another advise against it, so two optometrists may differ in their handling of the same problem.

Though 2,000 optometrists may practice visual training, only an infinitesimal group would consider it a substitute for glasses rather than an adjunct.

PAUL SLATON

Hopkins, Minn.

Sirs:

In making your test for right or left eye dominance, I discovered what may be an astigmatism in your conclusions. When extending my right arm, the left eye did the focusing; when extending my left arm, the right eye did the focusing. Were you ambiguous, or am I ambidextrous?

E. K. McLAUGHLIN

Trenton, N.J.

Neither eye is dominant, an unusual condition, according to the American Optometric Association—ED.

## A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK

Sirs:

I note with interest the alleged upside-down flying record of an hour and 16 minutes by Leon Biancotto over Paris ("After Upset Ride, a Weary Pilot," LIFE May 27). Somehow I recollect that in the early 1930s there was a duel between the late Milo Burcham and an

Italian flyer by the name of Falconi for the establishment of a record. The final record was made by Burcham with a flight exceeding four hours.

COLONEL JOHN T. L. D. GABBERT, USMC  
El Toro, Calif.



BURCHAM GREETES FALCONI DURING THEIR DUEL

Biancotto was not in the same upside-down league with Tito Falconi of Italy or Milo Burcham of Whittier, Calif. In 1933 Falconi held the upside-down record of one hour. Then Burcham flew upside down from San Diego to Los Angeles in one hour 47 minutes. The next day Falconi was upside down for 2 hours 8 minutes. Burcham beat that by 12 minutes. Then Falconi flew inverted from St. Louis to Joliet, Ill. for 3 hours six minutes. On Dec. 29, 1933 Burcham set a record of 4 hours 5 minutes. At this point Falconi gave up. Burcham was killed in 1944 testing a P-80.—ED.

## KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS IN 75th YEAR

Sirs:

I wish to commend you on the fine article, "Knights of Columbus in 75th Year" (LIFE, May 27).

Such articles do a great deal for our country to dispel misunderstanding among our many creeds and clarify the purposes and aims of our various organizations.

JOHN F. CONNELLY

Brooklyn, N.Y.

## SESSION FOR SPACESHIP SIGHTERS

Sirs:

I was indeed sorry to see your story on the spacecraft convention held in California ("A Saucer Session for Spaceship Sighters," LIFE, May 27).

The serious researchers in the UFO (unidentified flying objects) field, currently dubbed "ufologists," are striving to clear the field of its own worst enemies: the opportunist, cultist, or just plain insane elements. They are a danger to our researches.

LEE R. MUNSICK  
Editor

UFO Newsletter  
Morristown, N.J.

Sirs:

I have never seen a spacecraft or talked to a space-man. But I do believe there are some honest people who have had these experiences and who have been courageous enough to report them in spite of the ridicule they are bound to receive.

DONALD W. NOVAK

Chicago, Ill.

## A MIGHTY CITY HEARS BILLY'S CALL

Sirs:

I am sure that I speak for thousands who would like to express their appreciation for your fine article on Billy Graham's New York crusade ("A Mighty City Hears Billy's Call," LIFE, May 27). It certainly did display the efficiency, yet simplicity, of the Graham team.

DONALD C. DOIG

Buffalo, N.Y.

## IN MAN'S WAR U.S. BOYS QUIT

Sirs:

Are those lush, thick whiskers on the face of 15-year-old Michael Carvey real, or is it a photographic trick ("In Man's War U.S. Boys Quit," LIFE, May 27)?

Cuba is the place for me if 15-year-old American boys there grow man-sized whiskers like these!

J. M. DEVON JR.  
(aged 14 and no sign of whiskers)

Dallas, Texas

They are real.—ED.

## WILDFLOWERS FOR GARDENS

Sirs:

Thank you so much for the color pages on the wildflowers ("Wildflowers for Gardens," LIFE, May 27). I have seldom seen such an authoritative display.

CLYDE ROBIN

Carmel Valley,  
Monterey, Calif.

## DEFENSE AND THE DANGER LINE

Sirs:

It is encouraging to read the editorial, "Defense and the Danger Line" (LIFE, May 27). To play politics with our national security at this dangerous time by cutting our defense budget is courting disaster.

ERNEST GARDOS

Sebring, Fla.

Sirs:

If a person is going to buy a house, I am sure that he would not depend upon the owner for an appraisal of its value. Similarly, the Congress should not depend upon the party at interest—the Defense Department—for an appraisal of its own performance. A careful evaluation by the Congress of the Defense Department would point the way to substantial savings.

P. N. GILLON

Lewiston, N.Y.

## A NEW LANDING AT JAMESTOWN

Sirs:

The first settlement by English people on the New England coast was made under George Popham at the same time and by the same company as that at Jamestown ("A New Landing at Jamestown," LIFE, May 27). The colony did not last through the year.

THURLOW S. WIDGER

Wellesley, Mass.



SETTLERS SET DOGS ON INDIANS

On Aug. 19, 1607, 120 Englishmen landed on a peninsula on the Maine coast near the mouth of the Kennebec River. They built a 12-gun fort, about 50 homes and the 30-ton ship *Virginia*. But the harsh winter sent the *Virginia* and two thirds of the colony back to England. Those who remained had fights with the Indians and some recklessly set their dogs upon the natives. The Indians then burned the storehouse. In the spring of 1608 the remaining settlers sailed for home.—ED.

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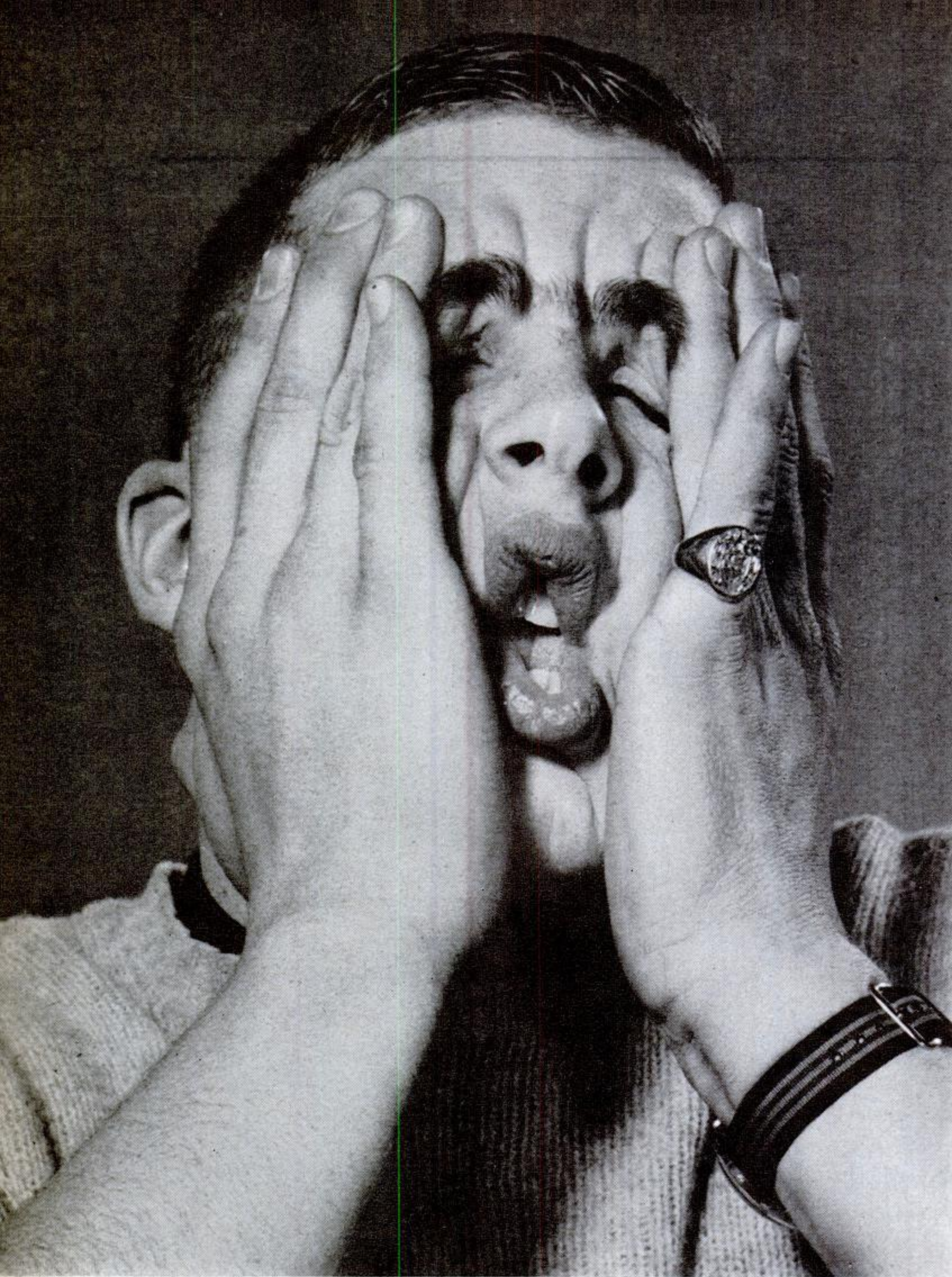
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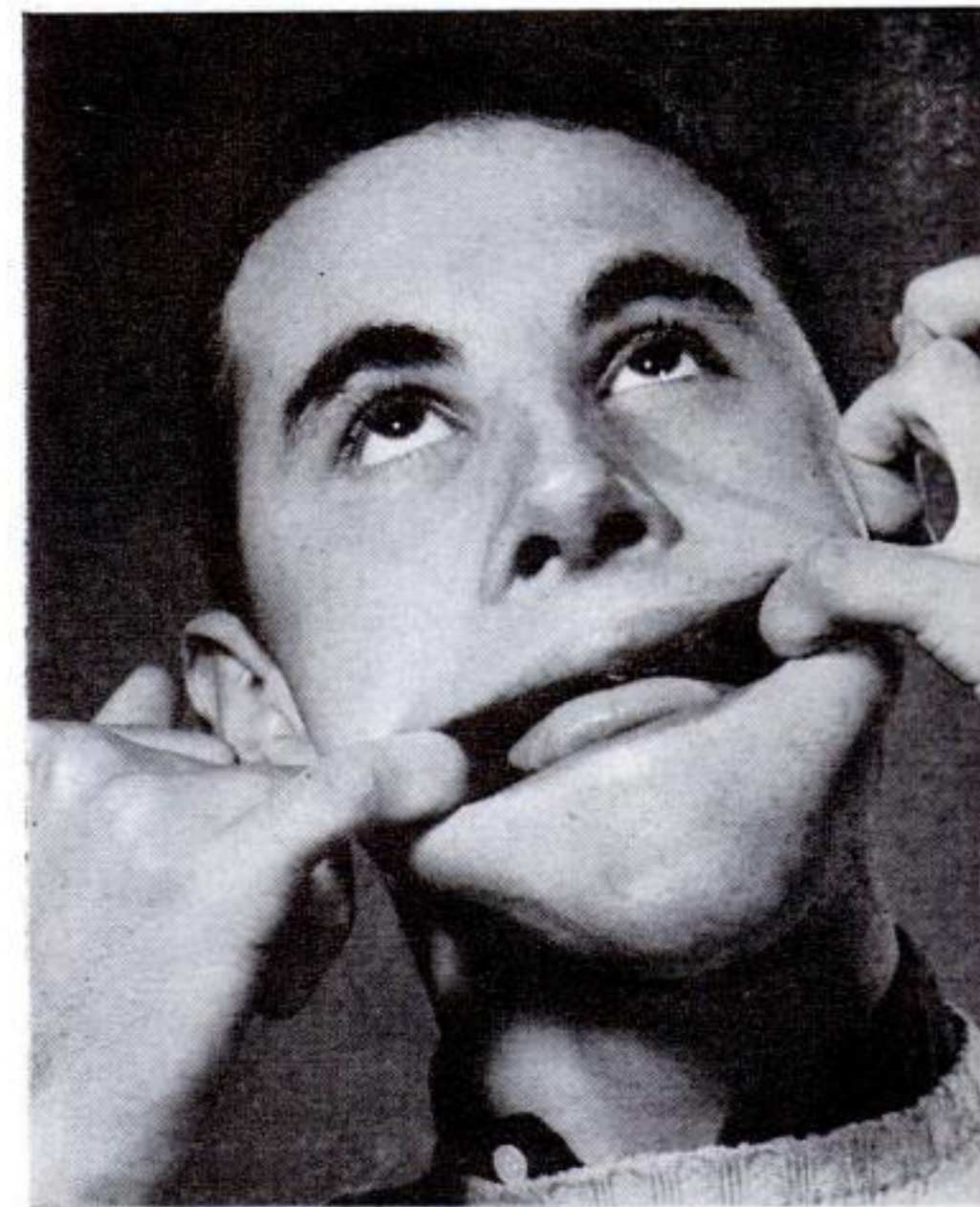




"PLEASE, MR. BUS DRIVER, CAN I COME IN?" DROODLES TERRY IVES,



"MADAM, WOULD YOU REMOVE YOUR UMBRELLA": BINNY FINN



"HELP! MY LOLLIPOP'S STUCK": ROBERT DORAN

## LIVING DROODLERS' EXPRESSIVE FACES

The crazy expressions that are shown here might make people wonder whether the youth of the country has all of its marbles. These rubber-faced young people, however, have not lost their wits. They are using them in a game that is currently sweeping the teen-agers of the nation from Greenwich, Conn. to Jacksonville, Fla. to Hobbs, N. Mex. It is a combination of funny faces and odd situations called "Living Doodles."

Named after the "doodles" that made the nightclub-TV Comedian Roger Price famous, the game is a new version of the familiar fad

of the '30s and '40s known as "handies." Instead of making a V sign in front of the mouth, holding the other hand up behind the head and expecting somebody to guess "Indian in a Ford V-8," the doodler adds facial expressions and speaks his punch line.

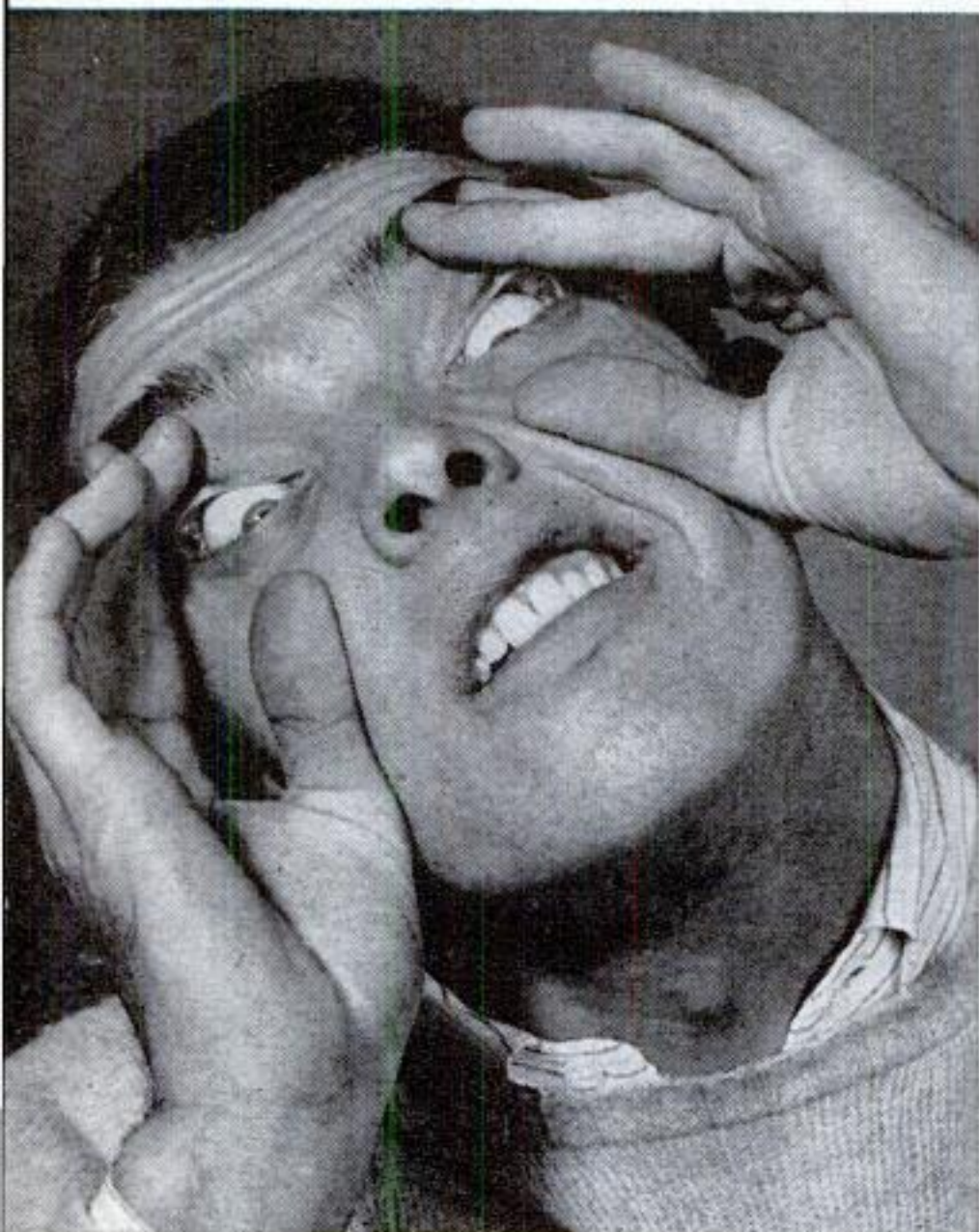
To illustrate the game Photographer Philippe Halsman enlisted a group of high school students from Greenwich to act out the most expressive living doodles that they had seen. Then Comedian Price, the original doodler, was invited to join the fun by contributing some original live doodles (right) of his own.

OLD MASTER DOES A FEW—



"ANYBODY KNOW A GOOD BARBER?"

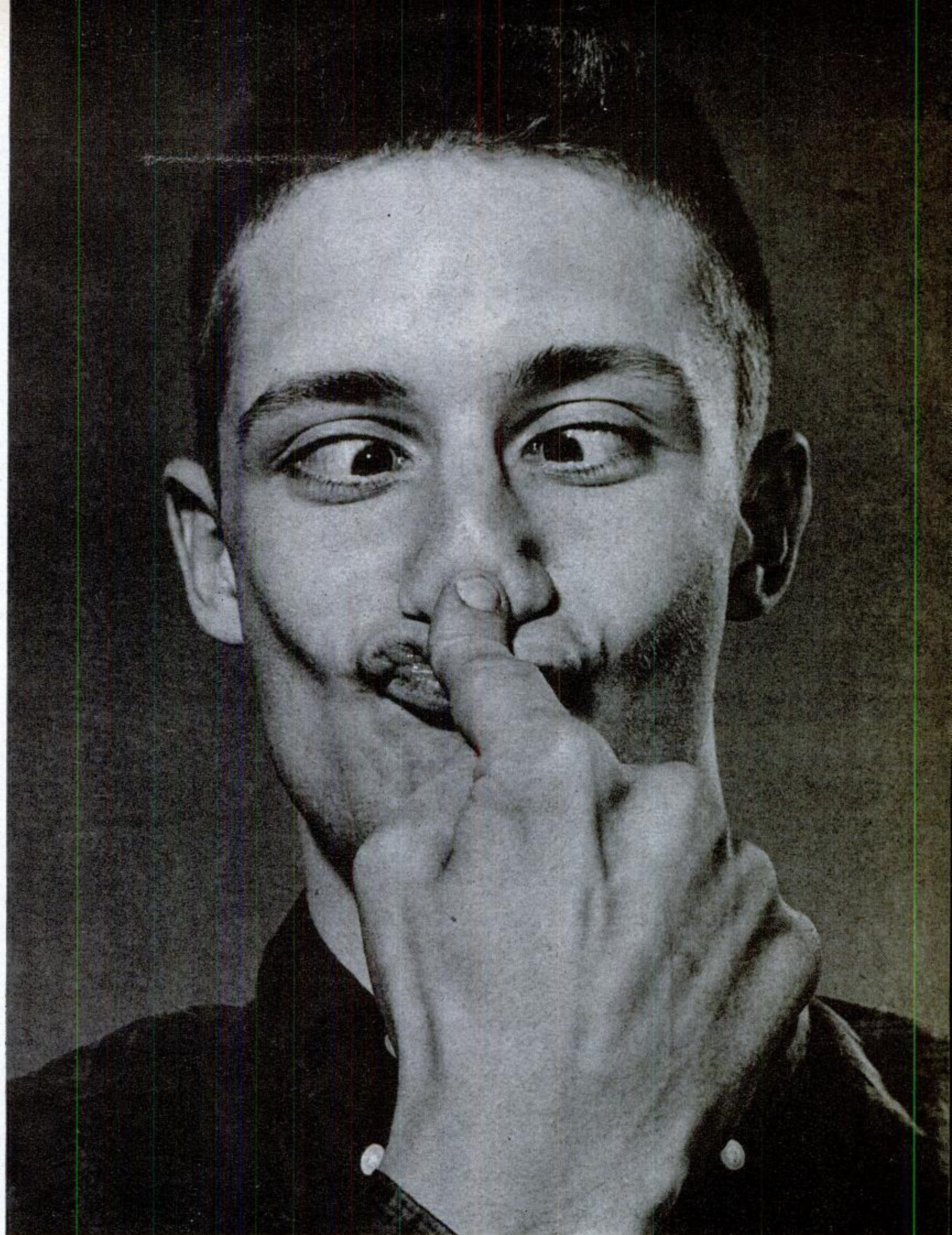




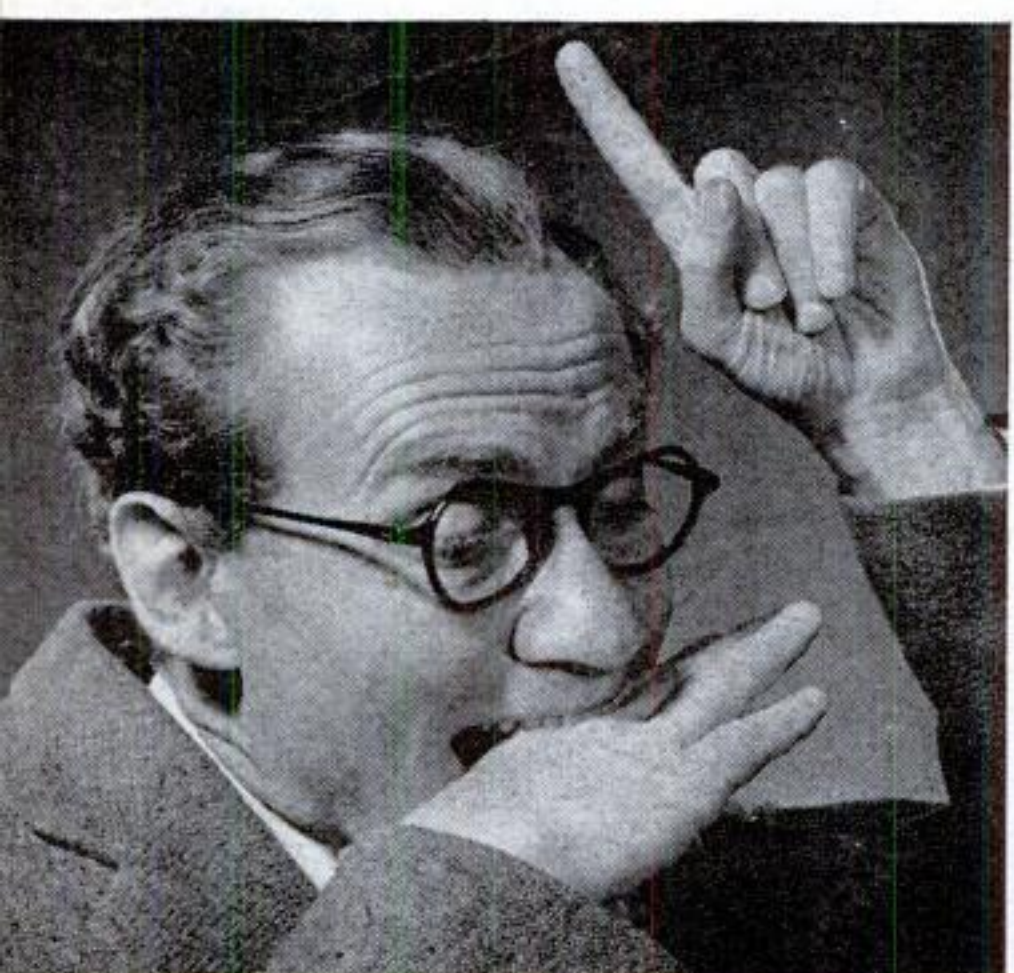
**"DARN THESE CONTACT LENSES":  
BRUCE HOFMANN**



**"MOMMY! YOU MADE THE BRAIDS  
TOO TIGHT": CYNTHIA COLLYER**



**"JOHNNY! COME GET YOUR DART": JERRY BAIRD, AS A DART BOARD**



**"WAITER, THIS STEAK'S TOO RARE"**



**"TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER, EARTHMAN"**



**"MY DOCTOR TOLD ME NOT TO INHALE"**



When flowers won't do...and  
diamonds are impossible

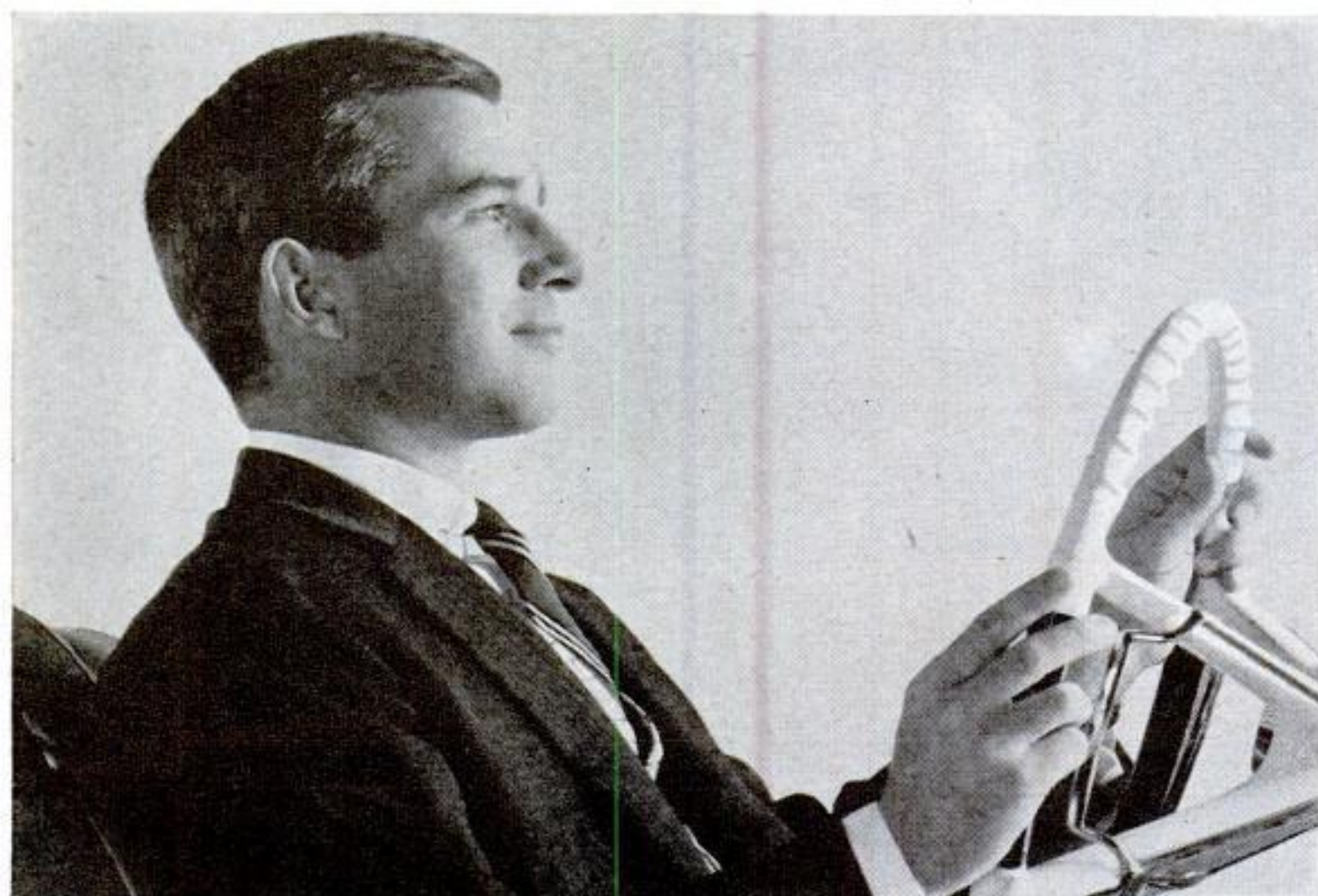
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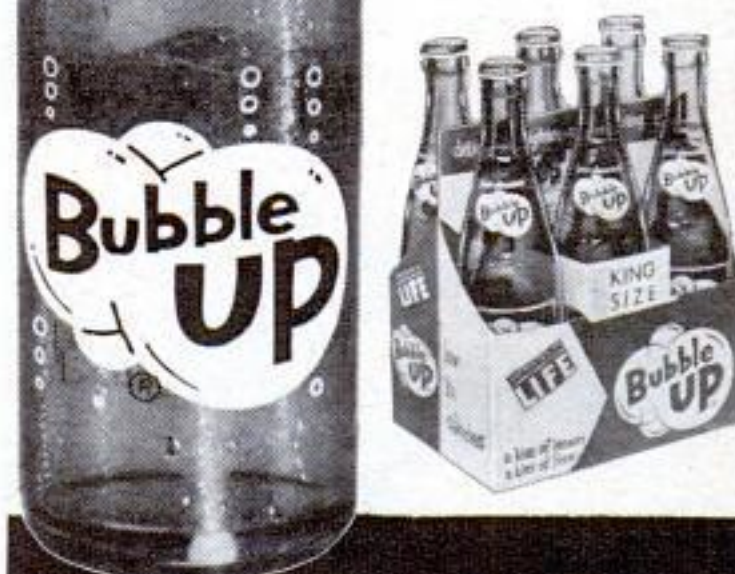
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View from Roan Mountain, North Carolina, in the Great Smokies

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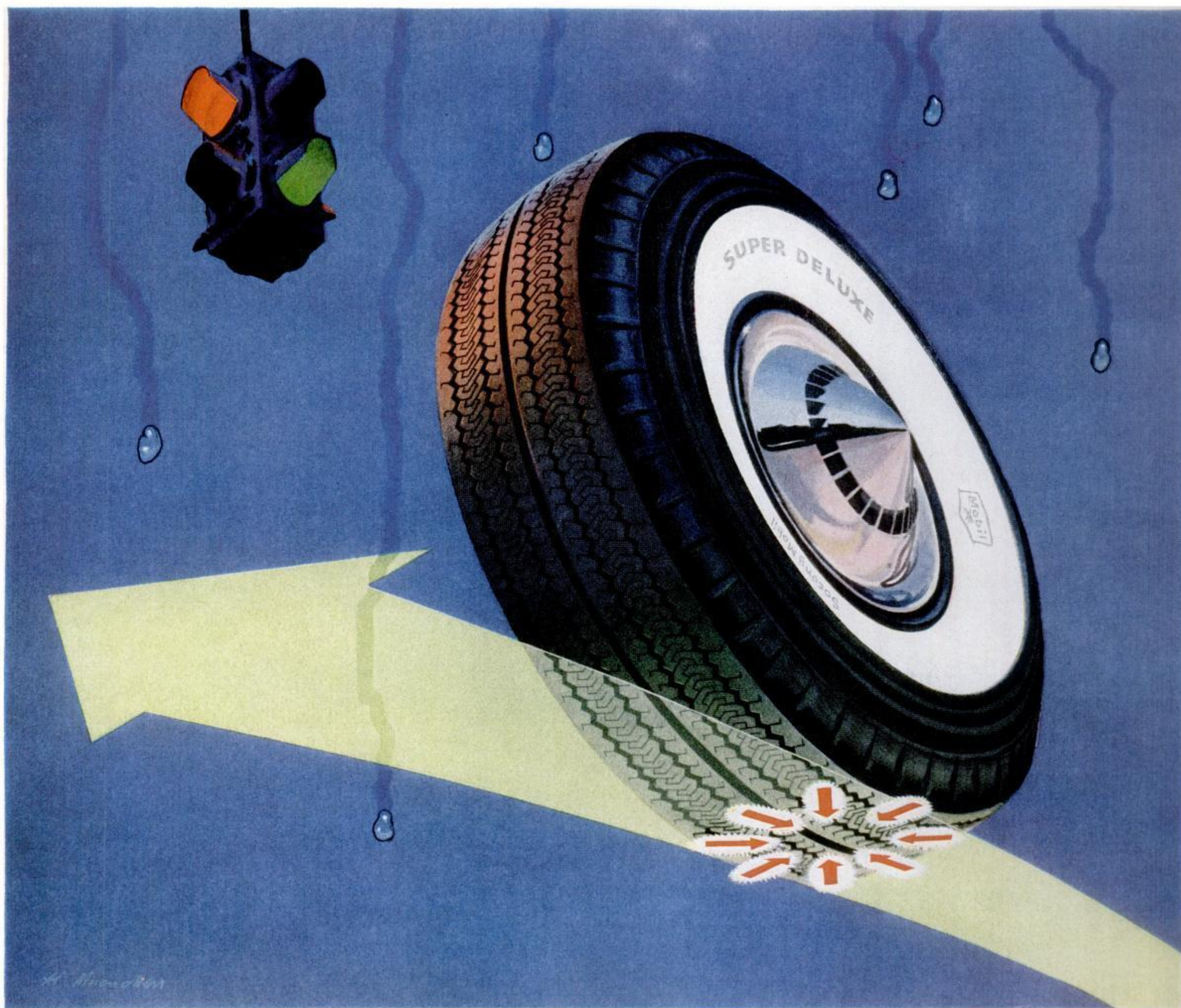
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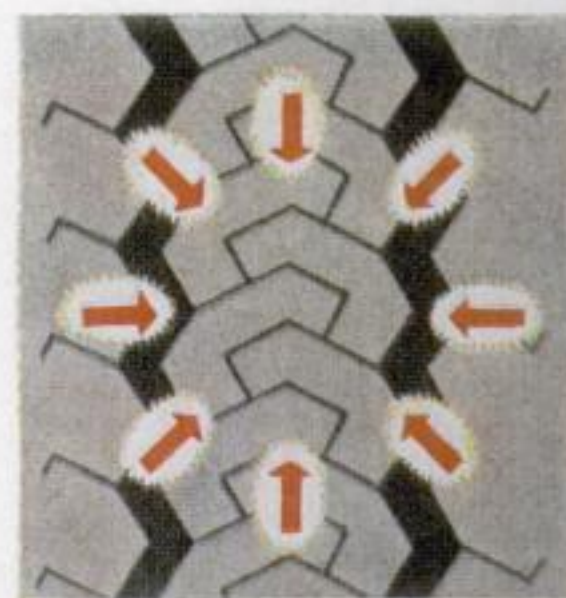
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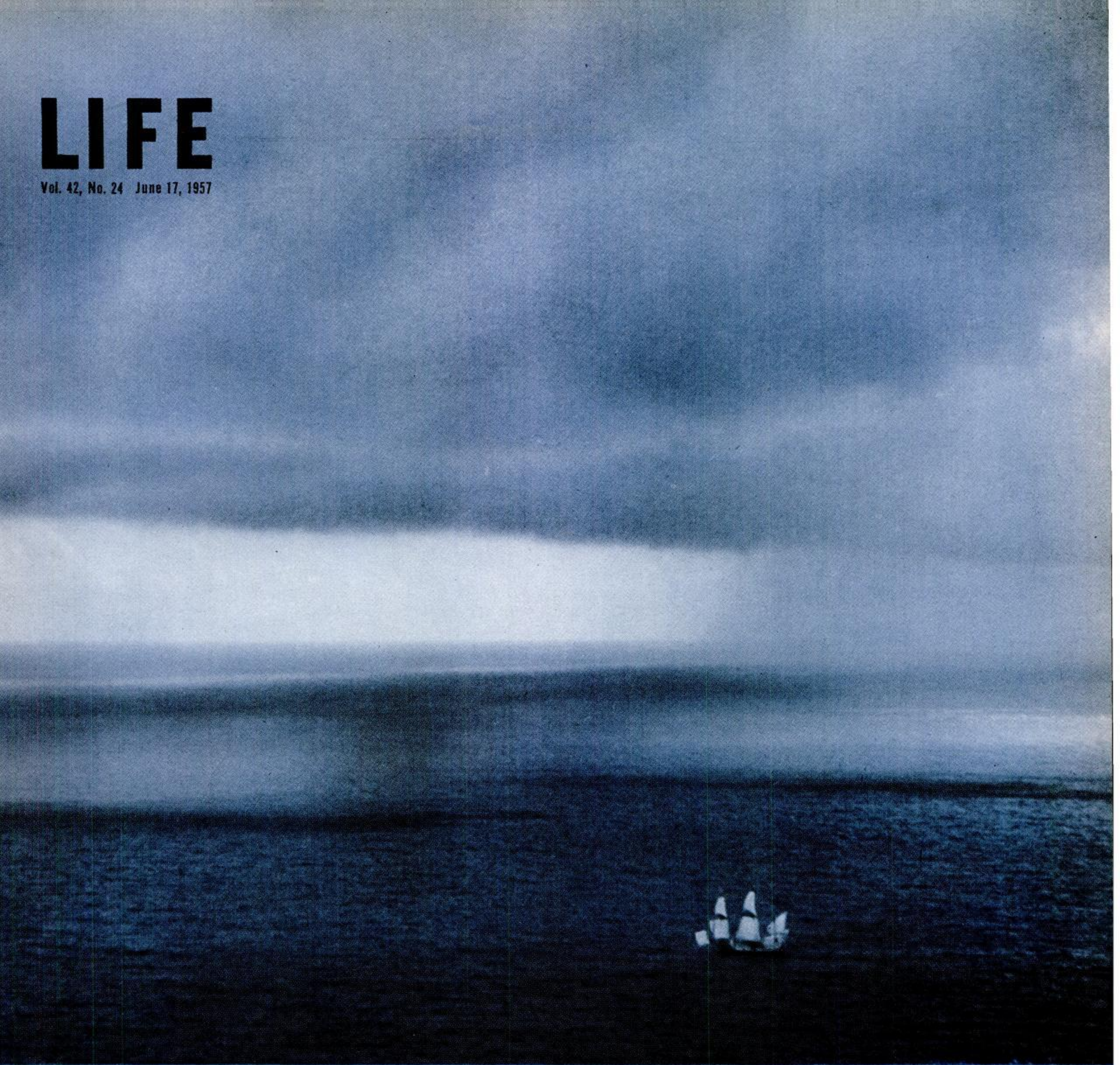


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ON LAST LEG OF VOYAGE TINY "MAYFLOWER" LEAVES A SQUALL 230 MILES OFF BERMUDA, BEARS NORTH NORTHWEST WITH ALL SAIL SPREAD TO 15-KNOT WIND

HIGH ADVENTURE IN WAKE OF A VOYAGE MADE 337 YEARS AGO

## A MAYFLOWER SAILS INTO TODAY

Out of a rain squall off Bermuda one morning last week sailed a little barque, a lonely ship come from history's mists upon the wide waters of the New World. Here, 337 years in the wake of her namesake, came *Mayflower II*, a gift of Englishmen to America. When intercepted by a 1957 airplane, *Mayflower* was 45 days out of Plymouth, England, and logging a brisk five knots. Due soon to pick up the additional two knots of the Gulf Stream, she was promising to raise her landfall at Cape Cod, Mass. in about 10 days' better time than the 66 days the first *Mayflower* needed.

On board was a company of 33, including two representatives of LIFE, Photographer Gordon Tenney and Writer Maitland Edey. In some ways

the modern *Mayflower*'s company had an easier time than the Pilgrim fathers: they were fewer than the original 125-odd crew and passengers and they had the comfort and reassurance of radio. But in many ways they had gone down to the sea as the Pilgrims did, eating salt meat, drinking lime juice, living in cramped quarters. They sailed a much longer course (more than 5,000 miles) to get the southerly trades and, while doing so, had to learn the forgotten art of handling a cranky 17th Century ship. On the following 14 pages today's Americans can get a sense of participation in the voyage of the *Mayflower II* which, for the ship's company, was a curious but thrilling adventure that began in misgivings and ended in pride.



# A TALE OF STOUT MEN AND A GOOD SHIP

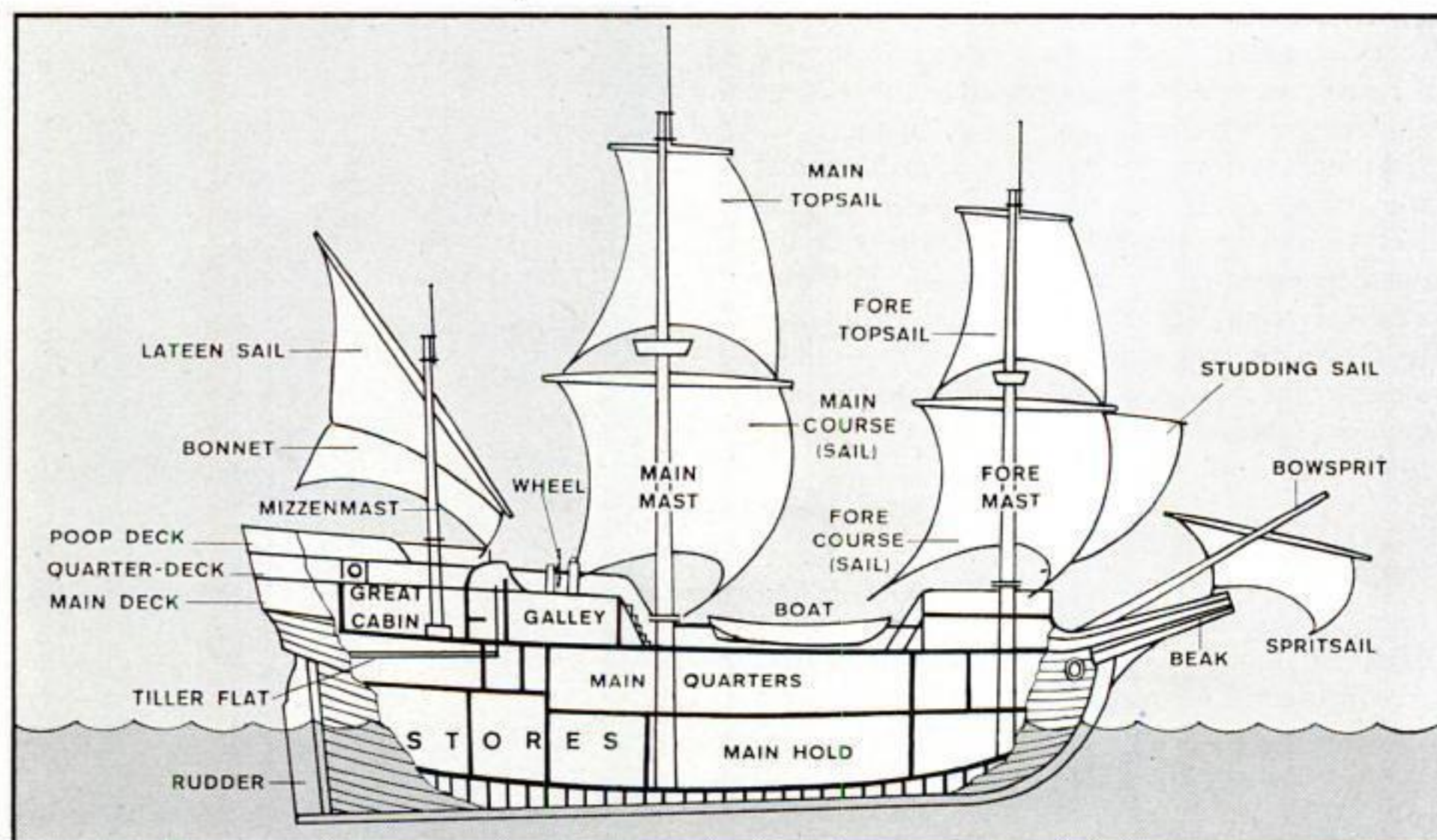


**CREW OF "MAYFLOWER II"** totaled 33, of whom 30 were on the quarter-deck for this photograph which includes figures in voyage narrative. **1** Edey. **2** English Cabin Boy Graham Nunn, 16 and the youngest man aboard. **3** Cook Wally Godfrey. **4** First Mate Godfrey Wicksteed, a schoolmaster. **5** Second Mate, the

28-year-old Adrian Small. **6** Australian Captain Alan Villiers. **7** Third Mate Danish Jan Junker. **8** The ship's builder, Stuart Upham. **9** Mariner and also ship's postmaster Peter Padfield. **10** American cabin boy, 17-year-old Joe Meany. Picture was taken after several weeks at sea, when a part of the crew had grown beards.



# ON A MODERN PILGRIMAGE



**THE CAPTAIN**, Commander Alan Villiers, during a Sunday wears Pilgrim garb, carries camera on deck.

← **CUTAWAY VIEW** shows *Mayflower II*, as designed by U.S. Naval Architect William Baker, built by the Briton Stuart Upham. Ship weighs 180 tons, is 90 feet long, 25 feet abeam, has 100-foot mainmast.

Written and photographed for LIFE by MAITLAND A. EDEY and GORDON TENNEY

ON April 2 I went to Brixham in Devon, where *Mayflower II* was built, to report aboard and find out when the ship would be ready to sail. At her launching she had heeled far over from insufficient ballast, so I was enormously relieved to see her floating right side up in the harbor. At the boatyard I fell into conversation with a husky nautical type. I wondered if he was to be one of my shipmates.

"Going across in her?" I asked.

"In her? Not ruddy likely. I'll keep right on this ruddy quay, thank you."

"Oh?"

"Positively on the ruddy quay."

"Something wrong with her?" I asked.

"Nothing to be bothered about. She nearly turned over when they floated her out of her slip yesterday, that's all."

"But when they get her loaded," I said, "she ought to sit firmer. How do you think she'll go when they get her out in the Atlantic?"

"Straight down."

Half of my friends shared his opinion. They thought I was mad to sign on *Mayflower*. I would freeze to death; I would be seasick for two months; I would never get there at all. But the others were frankly envious. They saw in *Mayflower* what I did—realization of the almost impossible dream which every lover of the sea possesses, a chance to take a long voyage in a square-rigger.

By this time I had taken a long hard look at the toy floating out in the harbor. Being familiar only with the long, sleek lines of modern yachts, I thought *Mayflower* looked fantastic. Her poop went up and up like the facade of a small apartment building. Her masts were raked in all directions like stalks of celery. She was painted the color of milk chocolate with black, white, red, yellow, blue and green trim. Her bowsprit was as long as the mast of a good-sized sailboat and stuck up in the air at a sharp angle. Everywhere I looked was a forest of rigging whose purpose remained obscure to me no matter how hard I studied it.

To set the matter straight at the start, here are the similarities and differences between

the original *Mayflower* and *Mayflower II*. Both were the same size and had the same rig, as far as we know. But *Mayflower II* was steered with a wheel instead of a tiller. She also had a generator, electricity and a two-way radio. She had better pumps. And she had a galley. The earlier ship had a large sandbox forward in which little fires could be kindled. This was not used at all in bad weather because of the fire hazard of scattering coals. Even in good weather the best the Pilgrims could do was stew things in little pots.

On April 16, after many small but irritating delays, we were towed out of Brixham harbor by a tug for sea trials. A deafening salute rang from the cannon of the Brixham Yacht Club, so startling the innumerable gulls that live in the cliffs that they all took to the air. Around and around they went, screaming and circling above us, an immense wailing cloud of confetti.

The next day we were towed to Dartmouth. Then, on the tow to Plymouth, nobody noticed that the tug was pulling us down by the bow so that a constant stream of water was coming in through the hawse pipes. By the time this was discovered there was nearly a foot of water sloshing around 'tween decks. The first mate went down over the bow and, with every other wave drenching him, succeeded in plugging the two cable holes with burlap. A chain gang of bailers was formed, using dustpans and buckets, and we were bailed out by the time we made port.

The following morning there was a ceremony at the Mayflower Steps, the landing stage from which history says the Pilgrims departed for America. Speeches were made by the lord mayor of Plymouth, resplendent in a scarlet cloak and fur stole, and by our captain, Alan Villiers. Then all hands were rowed out to the ship for more speeches and toasts from pewter mugs in the great cabin.

"At last we're rid of the flamin' publicity," said the captain, "and now maybe we can go." But there was one more complication. A member of the ship's crew had inadvertently yanked

on the ripcord of one of our life rafts, which were stored on deck. There was a sound of hissing, followed by a loud report as the raft exploded, unable to inflate properly because its outer canvas cover had not been unlaced. Now the government officials would not let us leave until we had a replacement.

"We have three other rafts," it was argued. "They're built for 36 people, 72 in emergencies. There are only 33 of us." But the government was adamant. Four rafts, or we did not go. Frantic phone calls located one in another city and it was rushed to Plymouth. Meanwhile we sat in harbor. Late in the afternoon the raft was delivered. The wind being very light, we were hitched up to the tug *Tactful* and once again we were towed out to sea, the center of a swarm of 60 or 70 escorting craft, a queen bee on her nuptial flight.

Just before the last escort boat left us there was a sudden commotion below. In the course of his routine stowaway check, the first mate had gone down into the lower hold and put his questing hand against a human head in back

CONTINUED



**THWARTED STOWAWAY**, Bob Lewis, is put over side into launch with swill from galley pelting him.



of a barrel. The man was hauled out, hustled up the companionway and over the side into the escort boat, which had been called alongside. Two buckets of swill from the galley cascaded down on him while we hooted and jeered.

The rest of that day an unfavorable wind held us ignominiously in the Channel. Eventually I went to bed. I lay there in the dark listening to the gentle plop of water against the hull. I also became aware of a persistent squeaking, very faint but going on and on, like an exhausted kitten crying for its mother. It was a kitten. I remembered that before we left Plymouth somebody had brought aboard a tiny black kitten.

"Ship's cat," Graham Nunn, the English cabin boy, had said.

"You're not serious," I said. "It can't even be weaned yet. It'll be dead in a week."

"Not him. Name's Felix."

Now I thought of poor little Felix creeping about alone. I listened to his mewling for a long time before I could get to sleep.

For two days the unfavorable wind held us up, but at last we picked up a northwest breeze. The next day we were far down the Channel. A long swell began to roll in from the Atlantic. The water turned a deep purplish blue. In a freshening wind we sailed off across the Bay of Biscay and all land disappeared. We were to hold that phenomenal wind for 11 days and it was to put us in the Canary Islands.

Meanwhile life on board began to shake itself down. The captain, the three mates, the radio operator, the builder of the ship, the promoter of the project and four journalists, including Gordon Tenney and myself, constituted a so-called aristocracy aboard, an elite officer class which ate its meals in the great cabin in the stern. The rest of the crew, the 22 men who ran the ship and stood watches, ate their meals in the "tiller flat" which was situated directly beneath the great cabin.

This place got its name from the fact that the ship's tiller projected into it from a hole in the stern and swung back and forth constantly with a clicking, creaking sound just over the heads of those in the flat. It became a foul spot. All the dirt, slop, greasy water, stench from the galley and miasmas from the diesel generator seemed to collect there as in a sink. And there they stayed. The tiller flat became slimier

day by day. At its entrance hung a small sign:

50-50 CLUB MEMBERS ONLY

This alluded to the 50-50 chance of arrival given *Mayflower* by a British newspaper.

Food for the tiller flat came down a companionway from the galley above, sometimes carried, sometimes dribbling down the steps if a heavy sea was running. In time these steps became greasy and difficult to navigate.

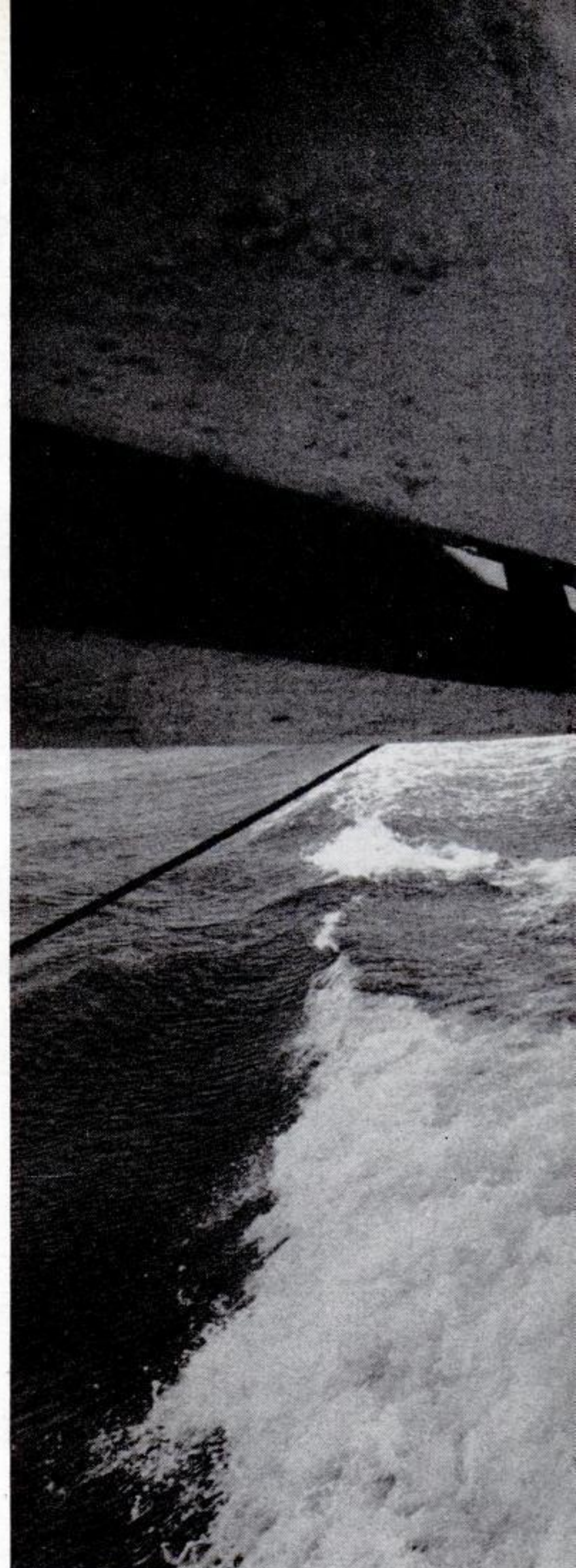
Extending forward from the tiller flat along the 'tween decks was a row of wallboard cubicles, one on each side of the ship with the open space down the middle almost filled with a pile of cargo. These cubicles, measuring nine feet by five feet and equipped with double-decker pipe bunks, were our quarters for the voyage. Gordon Tenney and I occupied the forward-most cubicle starboard.

At the start I decided that the only proper way to make the crossing was not as a member of the aristocracy but as one of the ship's crew. Accordingly I was assigned to the first mate's watch and stood my turn all the way across. For the first couple of days, while we were still concerned with the problem of getting away from the coast, we worked on a two-watch system so that the mates would have a large supply of manpower on deck at all times. This meant that every four hours half the crew would get out of its bunks while the other half went below to eat and sleep.

It was a rugged three days for me. I would feel my way down the companionway, stiff with cold, clumsy in my layers of clothes, crashing against bulkheads, stumbling over great coils of rope. Finally my stretching fingers would encounter what I learned to recognize as the corner of my "stateroom." I would get out of about half my clothes and climb into the upper bunk.

Once in my bunk I would try to relax and fall asleep. But the weather was freshening all the time and I would surge from side to side as the ship rolled. The noise was deafening. Being so far forward, Gordon and I had our ears only a few feet from where the waves were bouncing off the hull. Some sounded like explosions—booming, rocklike smacks of water. Others were ragged thunder rolls followed by prolonged hisses, gurgles and chuckles,

CONTINUED



WELL UNDER WAY, THE SHIP PLOWS CHURNING BOW



← **CRAMPED CUBICLE** in crew quarters is half taken up by bunks, leaving little room for visitor (left).



**SALT PORK**, standard sailors' ration of old, is carefully inspected by ship's cook, Wally Godfrey.



**IN THE TILLER FLAT** below decks, crewmen eat a meal during cold part of voyage. Flat soon became





WAVE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM BEAK. TENNEY, EDEY HAD FORWARD BUNKS, FELT WAVES LIKE "RAGGED THUNDER ROLLS FOLLOWED BY HISSES, GURGLES, CHUCKLES"

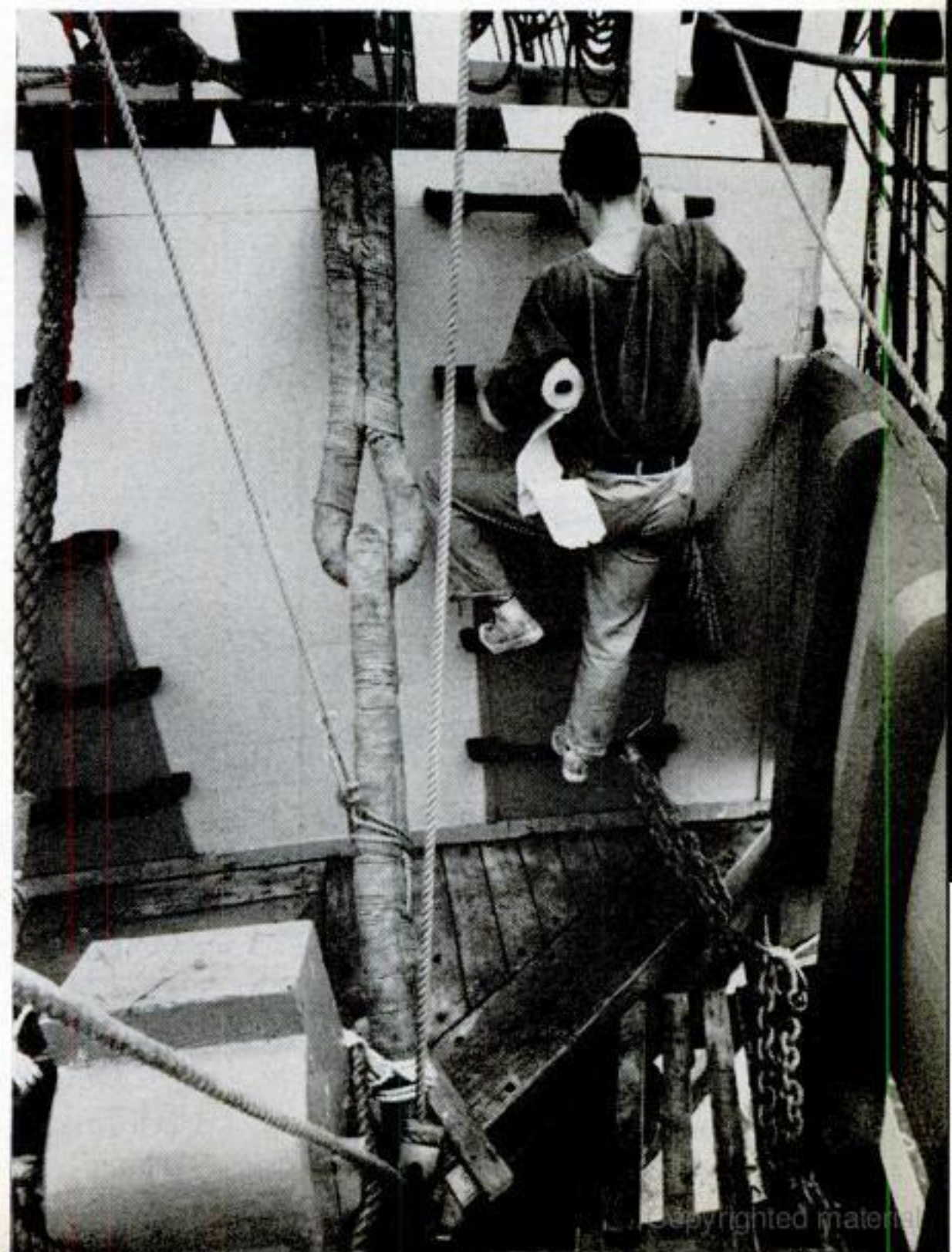


obnoxious from slops and smell of galley above. Whenever weather permitted, crew ate out on deck.



IN CRAMPED HOLD Crewman Charley Church crawls along narrow tunnel between banks of cargo.

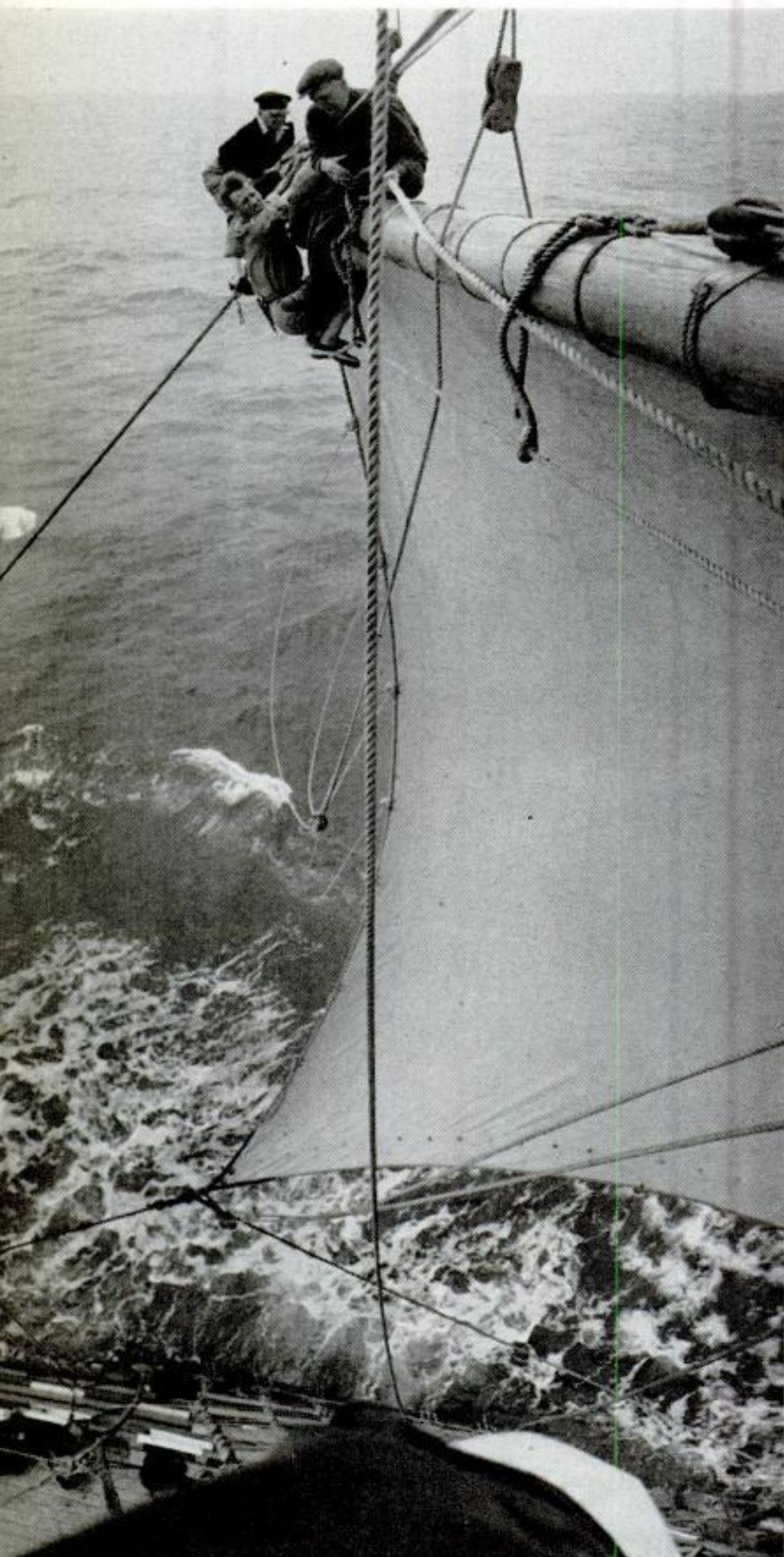
BACKING TO HEAD, an opening in boards of beak (center foreground), sailor comes from fo'c'sle.







**AUTHOR AT WHEEL**, Edey, who was a working member of crew, takes his daily turn on *Mayflower*.



**ON THE YARD** crewmen toil over the complicated lines and blocks customary in square-rigged ships.

## 'Mayflower' CONTINUED

slowly dying away to silence. But before the next wave could hit, the ship would roll—way, way over, the motion enormously magnified in the dark. I would go squashing against the retaining bar of my bunk, and then would begin the sounds of protest from hull and cargo: a symphony of creaks, groans, complaints, cracklings and ticking noises, rising louder and louder until it seemed as if every beam in the ship were splintering, every box and bale in the cargo about to burst its bonds and come crashing through the walls of our cubicle. But these sounds too would moan and whimper away to nothing as the ship righted—and the cycle would be repeated.

The northerly wind that carried us away from Plymouth held. Every day it blew stronger and the seas grew higher. We went tearing off to the southwest and in three days we were far enough from the land to go on three watches instead of two. What luxury! Four to eight in the morning and four to eight in the evening, with nothing to do the rest of the time except eat, sleep and enjoy the scenery. The more knowing ones among the crew began hinting that if the wind held the captain would be forced to take the southern route instead of the northern one he proposed.

And the wind held. The next day we were off Cape Finisterre in Spain, and the captain announced that the southern route was official. As we went steadily southwest, it gradually became warmer. The weather was perfect, one clear windy day after another. Great foaming seas rode up under our stern hour after hour, and I began slowly to get acquainted with the strange craft we were traveling in.

The quickest way to gauge the personality of any sailing ship is at the wheel, and I had waited my turn with impatience. It came one blustery afternoon about three days at sea. I stood there in the high slanting quarterdeck, with the whole ship leaping and surging below me, feeling the lift—up, up on a following sea, then the hanging for an instant, then the long rushing dive. The horizon ahead would climb halfway up the mast as we plunged. We would halt momentarily in the trough and I would desperately spin the wheel to keep us on course, and the next roller would begin to build up astern. It was an enormously exhilarating experience. When my hour was over my watchmates asked me how I liked it.

"Wonderful," I said.

They said nothing to dull my enthusiasm, but in a day or two we were cut to four men to a watch and consequently we each stood a trick at the wheel twice a day. In almost no time I came to hate those two hours. One by one I came to know all the vagaries, the little bitches that made this the most maddening boat to sail I have ever been in.

Trying to keep *Mayflower* on course in anything but light weather was about as easy as rolling a marble along the ridgepole of a roof. Despite her solid chunky appearance, the ship was easily thrown off course. When she began to go, the wind would take hold of her poop, which was there to be taken like a cliff, and she would keep going around. The only remedy was to crank up the wheel, four, five, six turns as fast as possible. Then, when you had checked the swing, the trick was to uncrank before she began to swing the other way. This had to be done quickly but not so quickly that the captain, lurking behind you, might be tempted to growl: "You're sailin' a flamin' ship, not windin' your watch."



**WORKING THE SAILS** for the first time, four crew members look up anxiously. A strong squally wind





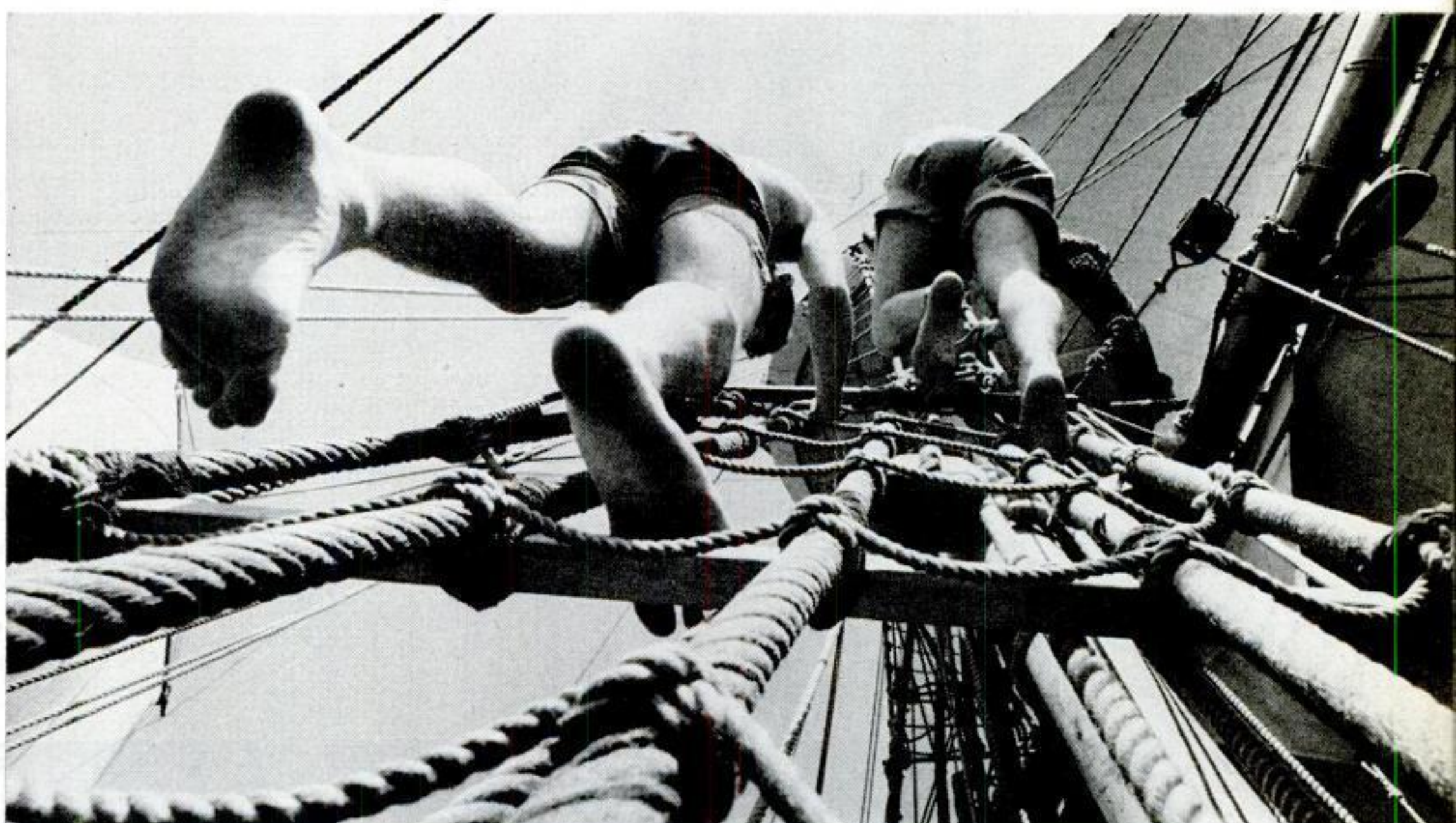
had come up and crewmen still unfamiliar with the complex array of ropes were unsure of themselves.



**ON A SPAR**, wiry bosun's rigger Joe Lacy bends a line onto a bowsprit guy to hold him while he works.



**CAULKING SEAMS**, crewman Church on line and builder Upham in the water plug leaks with oatmeal.



**FOOTING IT UPWARD**, SAILORS ASCEND RATLINES TO REACH ONE OF THE "MAYFLOWER'S" HIGH SPARS



**HANGING OVERBOARD**, second mate Small relies on line as he removes sea growth clinging to hull.



**HANGING ON**, working on a yard, Mate Wicksteed gets hand-and-foot holds on a spar as ship pitches.



Cranking the wheel often had a desperate quality to it because of the ever-present danger of going aback, a characteristic of square-rigged vessels not to be admired. If you swung around so far that the wind began blowing on the wrong side of your sails, you were aback. Your helm ceased to function and you began to drift backward. The least you could expect was a withering comment from the captain and clouds of profanity from your watchmates, who had to turn to and laboriously haul all the sails around. This sometimes took 20 minutes or more while the ship slowly wore around in a 360° circle before coming back on course. Those who went aback became eligible for the Order of the 360° Masons. In due course my eligibility was established.

The wheel trick was an hour long. During the day the remaining three hours of the watch were spent working: painting, scraping, working the sails. At night you sat dozing on deck except for an hour of lookout duty.

Night lookout, if I wasn't too sleepy, was the best for me. *Mayflower* appeared to be going much faster than she did by day. She would tear along, shooting great washes of phosphorescence out from her bows, swaying majestically as she went, obviously on her way to keep an important date with a destiny beyond the western horizon. Her sails took on the shape of fat Moorish crescents. Her rigging was a huge web gathering up a million stars with every roll. My imagination would go soaring away but I would not think of the Pilgrims: this ship at night was far too exotic for them. Instead I would think of Columbus, of Drake, of the ferocious procession of Spanish adventurers who rode these waters 400 years ago.

It was the lookout's job to report any lights, but because of the spritsail you could not see ahead unless you climbed into the rigging. I learned my way up the ratlines during my first night watch, wondering if anybody would hear me yell if I fell into the sea.

Later on I became much more at home in the rigging. In the quiet moonlight of the tropics I would spend my hour as lookout sitting on

the foreyard, my back set comfortably in the rigging, the sail lifting softly against my feet hanging out over the yard. It was extraordinarily beautiful. The ocean stretched for endless, smooth platinum miles. The little clouds would loiter across the face of the moon, leaving us in shadow for a moment. Then the moonlight would burst out again, the sails would glow, the shadow of the rigging making intricate moving designs on them.

It was comfortable enough in the rigging, but sometimes the temptation to fall asleep proved irresistible. I could not walk around as I did on deck, and one night I just dropped off—suddenly. My arm, which had been hanging onto a rope, fell limp and that woke me. But suppose it had not! Suppose I had sat there swaying back and forth until I toppled off. Wide awake now and thoroughly scared, I climbed down for a length of rope and tied myself securely to the rigging. After that I could snooze in peace, but after that, for some reason, I never did.

Wheel, watch, sails. Of the three it took me longest to familiarize myself with *Mayflower's* sails. They seemed ridiculously complex at first. A fore-and-aft sail is simplicity incarnate by comparison. It has a halyard to haul it up the mast and a sheet to pull it or let it out, and that is all. When you don't want the sail, you simply lower it and furl it on deck. But you don't lower square sails to the deck. They are more or less permanently attached to the yards, which are tremendously heavy. Once hauled into place they stay there, the yards being adjusted up and down as necessary by a 'tween-decks crew working the capstan, a kind of seagoing winch.

To furl a square sail you must gather it up against the yard and send somebody aloft to lash it up in a neat, tight roll. To trim sail, you don't simply pull in a sheet. You have to brace the entire yard around to the proper angle. This sounds simple, but it is not. To handle *Mayflower's* six regular working sails we had

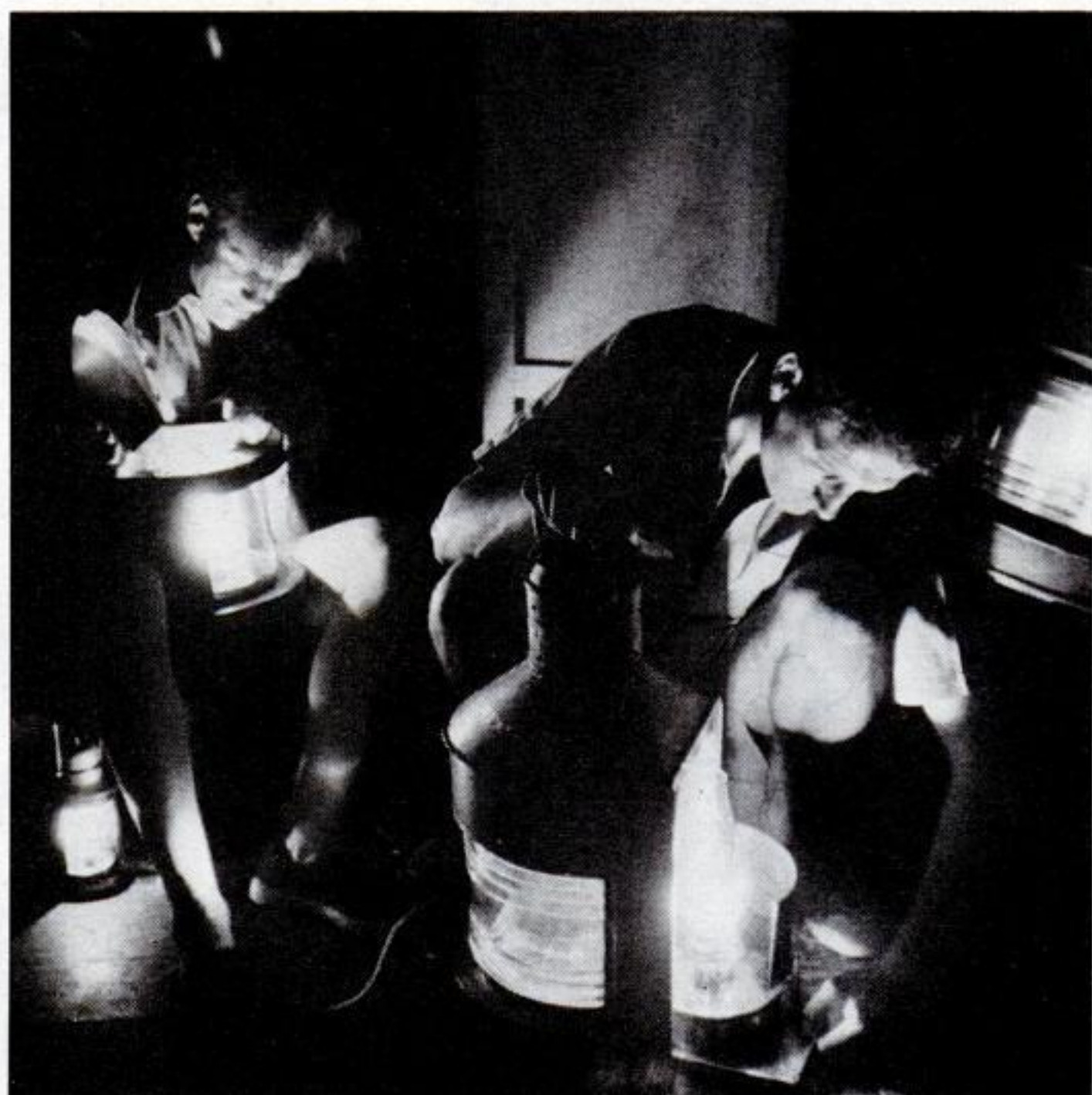
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WORKING SHIP'S GREAT CAPSTAN BELOW DECKS.



**DINNER ON DECK** is enjoyed by crew as ship sails along in the southern trades. As it grew hotter, there was a nightly scramble for sleeping space on the deck.



**READYING RUNNING LIGHTS**, sailors illuminate them in the fo'c'sle. Original *Mayflower* carried none, but *Mayflower II* had to conform to modern rules of sea.





GROANING CREW DETAIL PUSHES ON BARS AND TUGS ON LIFT TO HOIST UP "MAYFLOWER'S" MAIN YARD



**WORST JOB ALOFT**, tarring rigging, is done by Bosun Ike Marsh. His hands were black for weeks.



**WORST JOB BELOW**, scraping down accumulated dirt 'tween decks, falls to sweating, cramped crew.



**SWABBING DOWN DECK** at 6:30 a.m., the 4 to 8 watch performs a tiring daily routine. Duties like

this provoked the usual griping on the crew's part, nonetheless their energy and efficiency never flagged.



**CHECKING HIS WORK**, Builder Upham listens to mast hum for major flaws in vessel. He found none.





**CANTED CAMERAMAN**, Tenney tries to keep his balance and focus as the *Mayflower* rolls to port.

## 'Mayflower' CONTINUED

to memorize more than 50 ropes. And we had to be able to lay our hands on the proper lines, even in the pitch dark.

As our familiarity with *Mayflower* increased, we tended to forget she was a historical phenomenon, and to become more and more critical of her shortcomings. But one might as well criticize a unicorn for not being as bridle-wise as a saddle horse. It would take Stuart Upham, her builder, to remind us of that.

"Mind you," he would say, "that's the way they did it in the 16th and 17th centuries. You seem to think we built her this way because we wanted to. You're living in a museum exhibit and don't you forget it."

On May 2 the steady northerly wind that had been blowing us southwest ran out. We drifted eastward in a fitful zephyr (it was here that I went aback), with the outline of one of the Canary Islands low on the horizon. It was much warmer now. The water turned a lighter blue. Portuguese men-of-war began to drift by in a constant stream. Still we went south, the captain being fearful of turning west until he was far enough down to be sure of getting in the true trades.

It was not until the 6th of May that we "turned the corner" and headed west toward America. The trade wind picked us up and hustled us into an ugly cross sea which promptly made a number of the crew seasick.

"In weather like this," announced Third Mate Jan Junker, "we serve apricot soup in Danish ships. Tastes the same going both ways."

Once we were in the trades, the sea fell flatter. Our day's runs became longer and longer and one day we clocked 164 miles. There began to be talk of a five-week crossing as we forged steadily westward. The trades were just as I had imagined them to be: towering clouds, occasional rain showers, squadrons of men-of-war and occasional splinters of flying fish, a few of which came aboard during the night. One of them was cooked and eaten by the starboard watch before the captain, who had announced that the first flying fish aboard was his, even got out of bed. We also saw a couple of whales and one night a whole school of porpoise, glowing torpedoes scorching through the black water.



**TILTED DINER**, Radioman Jim Horrocks spoons from a tipping plate of soup as catsup bottle rolls.

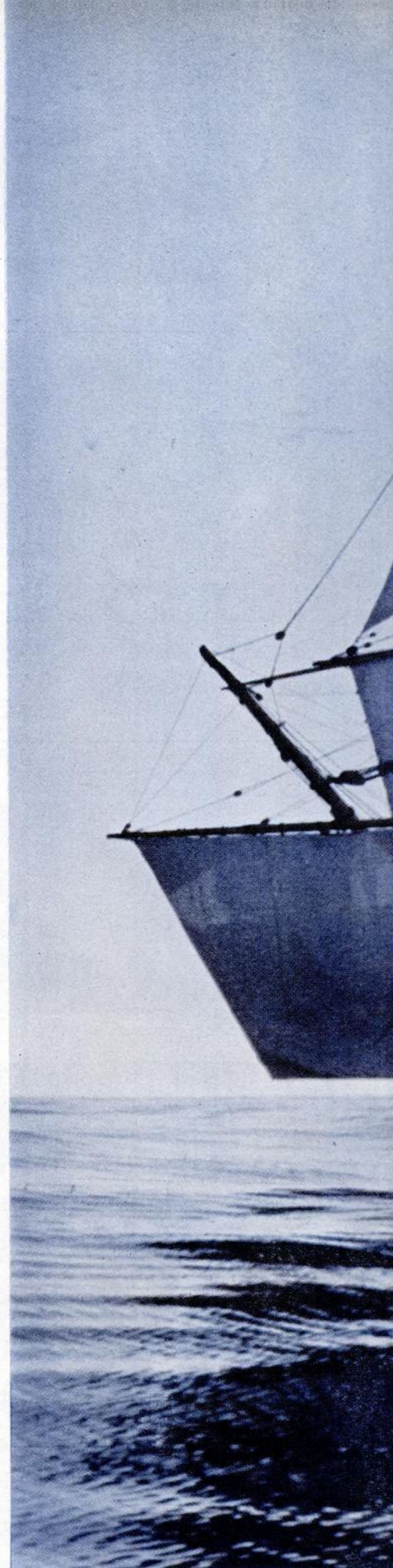
Otherwise the sea was empty. There were far fewer fish than I had imagined, only an occasional bird. Weeks went by without a single steamer smudging the horizon. We were in a lonely part of the world and when, to our dismay, the dependable trades began to falter, it began to seem larger and lonelier every day. Our mileage fell off to 100, to 70 a day. The winds grew increasingly light and fickle. Thunder squalls blew all around us. The captain cursed, the mates cursed, the crew cursed.

It grew hotter and hotter. Had it ever been cold? The cubicles in the after end of the ship near the tiller flat became uninhabitable. No air moved back there for days on end. People began sleeping on deck, and there was a big scramble every night for the four choice places in the lifeboat cover.

Our morale plummeted each noon when the day's run was announced: 43 miles, 29 miles, and on one awful day 11 miles. Many of us became restless. I would wander into the great cabin and look at the chart with its wavery line in ink showing our progress. We had come a long way, true, but we still had a horrendous distance to go.

An adventure can go on too long. Prolong it, and instead of being romantic or dramatic its very extravagances eventually become a way of life through sheer familiarity. We became so accustomed to the noises below decks, to bathing in salt water, going to bed at 8 o'clock and getting up at midnight, holding our soup plates in our hands so that the contents would not go in our laps, moving unconsciously to the ceaseless roll of the sea, that we tended to forget for hours or days at a time the really extraordinary situation we were in: floundering around in the tropics day after day in a sailing anachronism, thousands of miles from home, suspended in a totally artificial little community that was beginning to show signs of chafe in the prolonged calms.

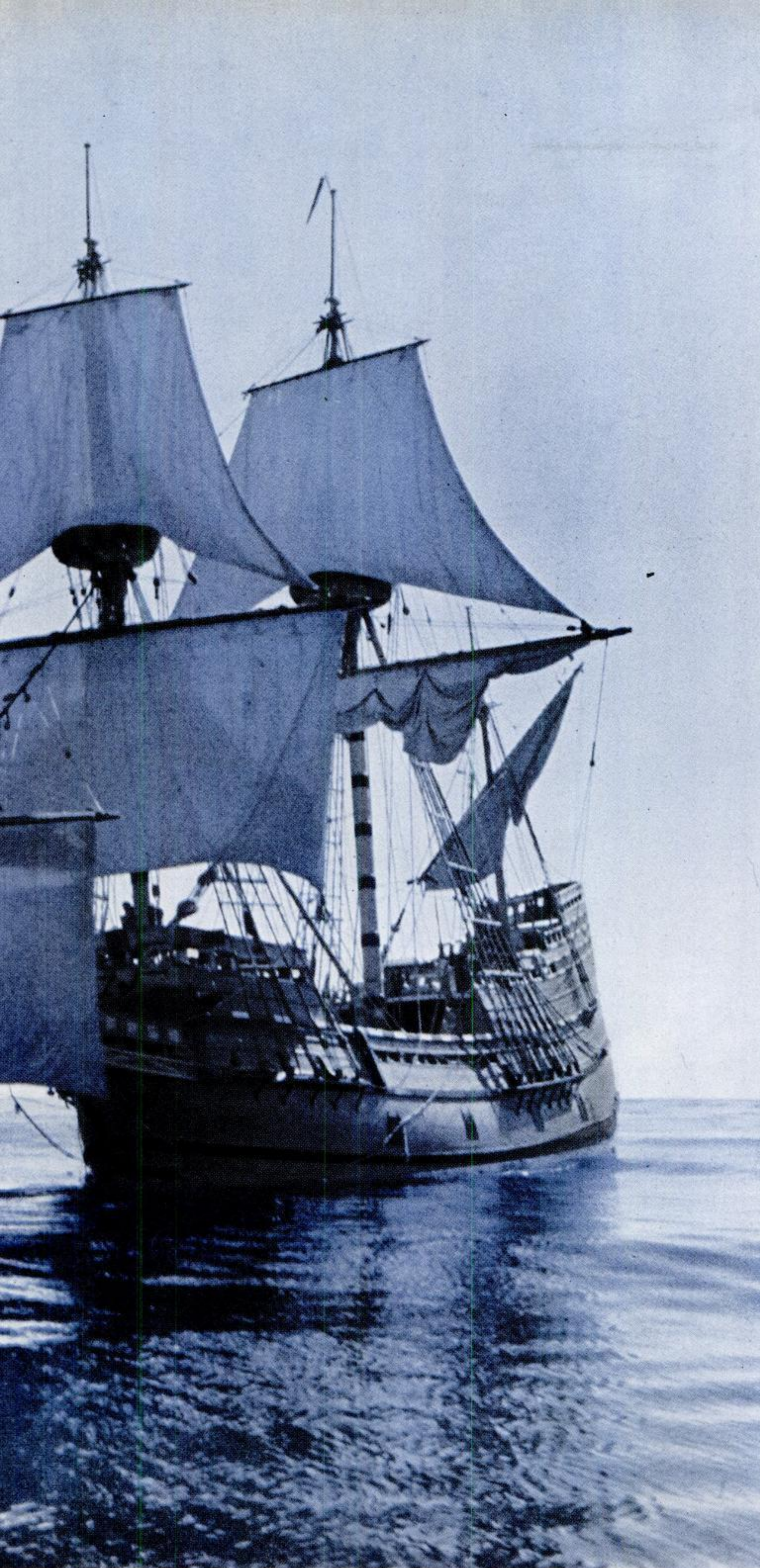
Something happened during these dog days to remind me that however unpleasant my surroundings were beginning to seem, they were still glamorous. The day after we went only 11 miles the ship's boat was put over the side and towed us at one knot for several hours. In the afternoon we were all given a ride in the boat so that we could take pictures of *Mayflower*. I



**BECALMED IN HORSE LATITUDES**, around 30° north, *Mayflower* sits with her main course and

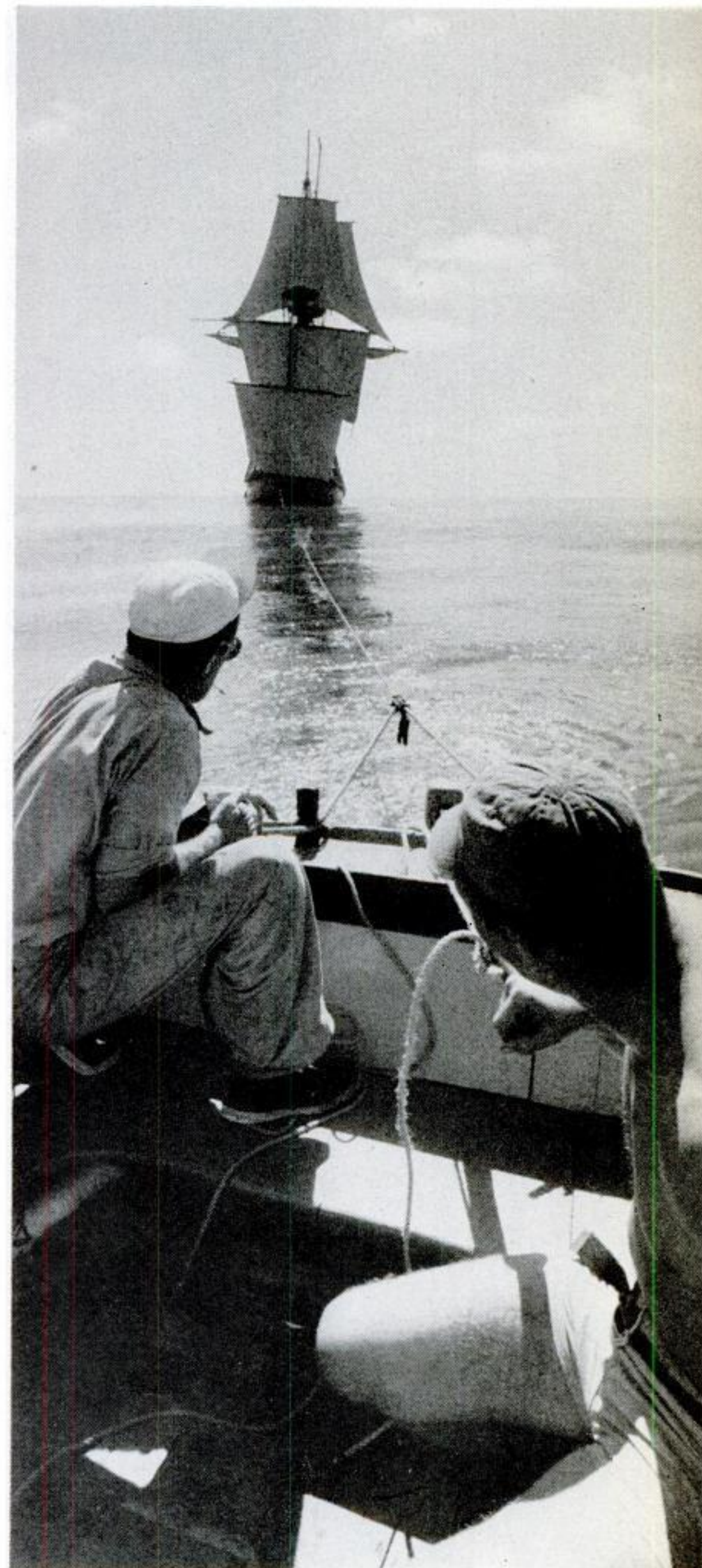
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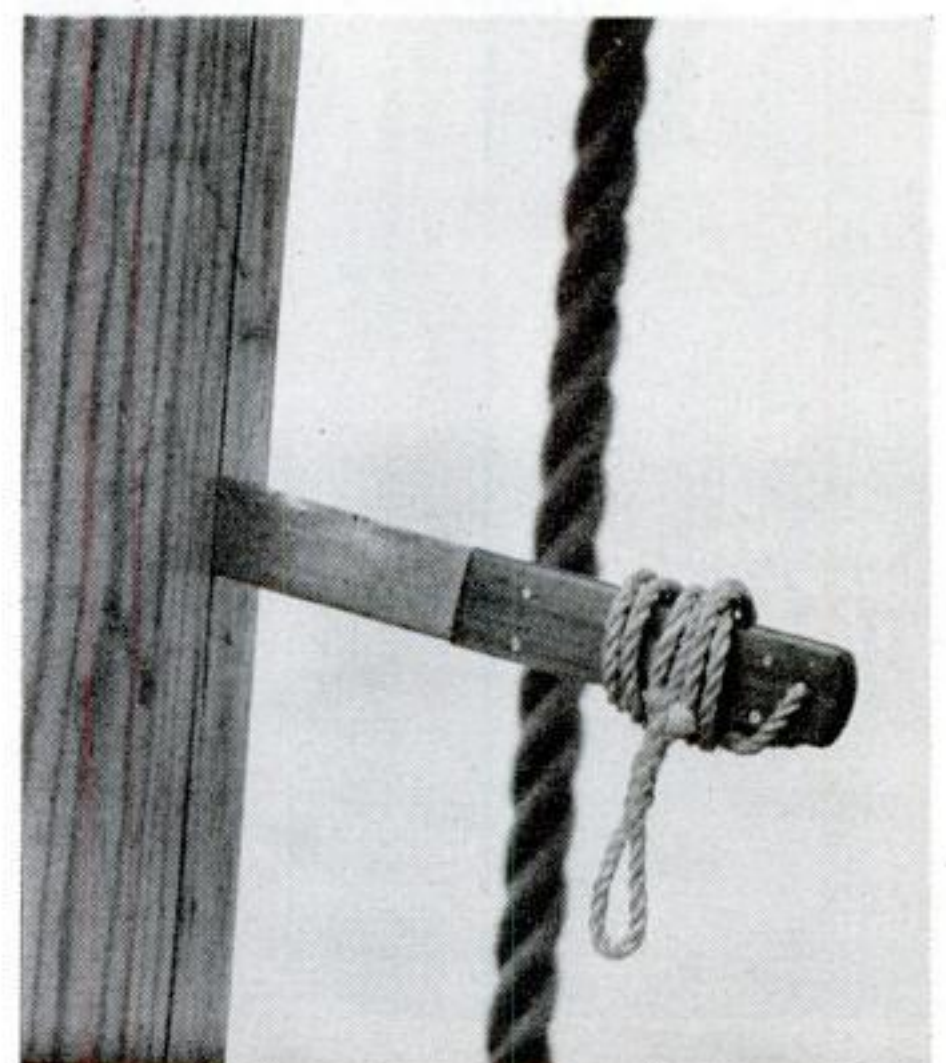


lateen sails furled. This was one of the two times that the trade winds failed and Tenney went out

in boat to photograph *Mayflower*. On the worst day of the entire voyage, the ship made only 11 miles.



**UNDER TOW**, becalmed ship is pulled by motor launch. *Mayflower* made only one knot this way.



**TO ATTRACT WIND**, knife was stuck in mast according to superstition that this brings a breeze.





**MID-OCEAN SWIM**, while the *Mayflower* lay becalmed, sends crewman diving from the rail toward

shipmates in sea below. When temperatures rose to oppressive degree, sea was only place to cool off.



**PARTY ON DECK** celebrated birthday of sport-shirted Dick Brennan (back to camera, center), an

assistant ship's cook. Shipmates raise toast of black rum punch and sing *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*.



**AMERICAN CABIN BOY** Joe Meany swabs dishes on deck, part of clean-up chore called "pegging."

### 'Mayflower' CONTINUED

had become so accustomed to the appearance of the ship from on board that I had virtually ceased to look at it. Now, out on the water, its outlandish lines hit me all over again, as hard as they had in Brixham. But this time my feeling was quite different. I had learned a little of what made *Mayflower* tick, why she was shaped the way she was, and now she looked graceful and somehow right as she moved down the glassy swells. I was reminded of the lines from Masfield's poem, *Cargoes*:

Stately Spanish galleon coming from  
the Isthmus  
Dipping through the tropics, by the  
palm-green shores

That word "dipping" was what did it. *Mayflower* dipped as she sailed, and a lovely sight it was. The forward rake of her foremast and her soaring poop only added to her grace. I came back aboard impressed all over again by the nature of the adventure I was on, sobered by how easily I had fallen into the ship's daily routine.

The most spectacular thing about the trades was the sunrises and sunsets. Dawn seemed to compete with dusk, each trying to outdo the other. One morning my watchmate Beric Watson and I were enjoying a particularly noble sunrise, seeing the horizon get hotter and hotter as cloud after cloud caught fire, wondering just where and when the sun would appear. Suddenly there was a flash of brilliant emerald green suffusing the entire horizon. It lasted only about two seconds, then turned to gold as

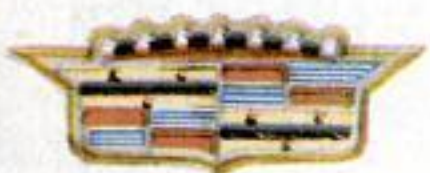
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**ENGLISH CABIN BOY** Graham Nunn performs his pegging by scrubbing deck in the captain's cabin.



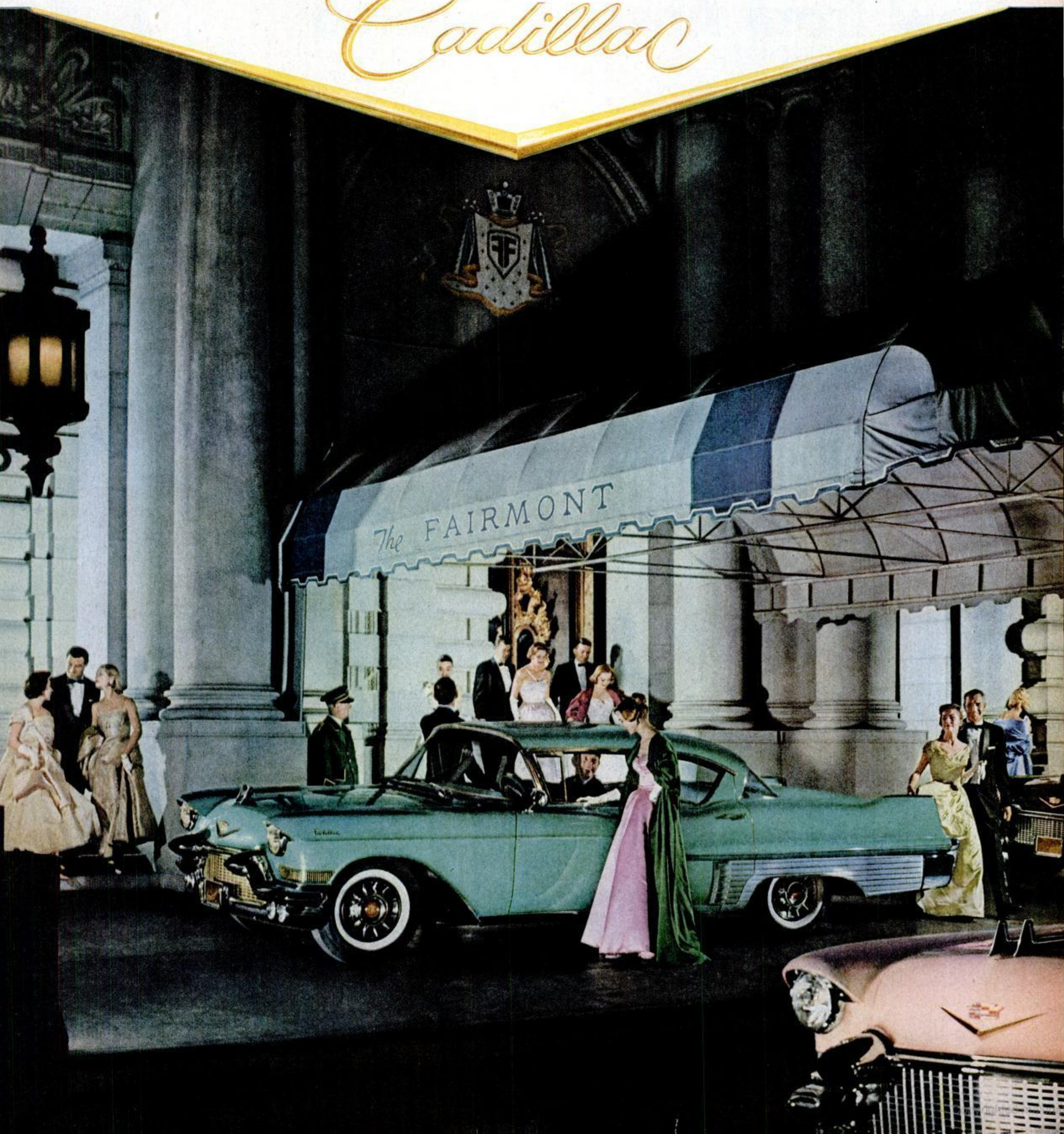
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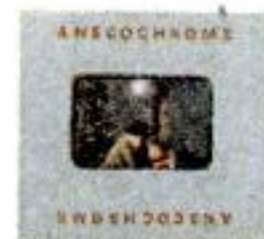


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**FRESH-WATER BATH**, rare treat, is had by dumping rain water on head.



**FINISHED LAUNDRY**, washed in cold sea water and in detergent (then trailed overside in the ocean to rinse out the detergent), is hung to dry on the fo'c'sle.



**SEAGOING GARDEN**, greens grown in box, is pride of ship's Dr. Stevens.

## 'Mayflower' CONTINUED

the edge of the sun swam up over the rim of the ocean. This was the famous "green flash" visible occasionally in the tropics under the right conditions.

Sailing *Mayflower*, which had at first seemed an incredibly complex feat, now looked easy to us. The ship's officers were all experienced square-rig men, members of a once-numerous fraternity who were now as rare as whooping cranes. Captain Villiers' knowledge of square rig was encyclopedic. He grew up racing square-riggers in Australia, sailed his own ship all the way around the world in the '30s and has written, studied and lived square-rig ever since. A large, amiable man, he had a wry sense of humor which he used most skillfully in his dealings with the crew.

Captain Villiers had no illusions about the ship he commanded, and he was frank about her imperfections. He had his quarters in the high narrow stern of the ship, and whenever there was any kind of sea running, the motion up there was excessive. It was like living in the top of an elm tree and it made him feel seasick a good deal of the time.

"This bloody ship," he would growl at breakfast whenever he had spent a particularly rough night in bed. "That bloody cabin of mine. It's the worst in the ship. Can't get out of bed without breakin' your bloody head, bustin' your flamin' shoulder. Never saw such a ship for

things fallin'. Put them on the floor and still they fall."

The ship's first mate was a 57-year-old Briton named Godfrey Wicksteed. Like the captain, he had a master's ticket in square sail, but he also ran a boys' school. He was a white-haired, rugged-featured man with many of the attributes of the absent-minded schoolmaster. He talked to himself a good deal and thoughtfully repeated aloud whatever was said to him. He knew an enormous amount about square rig and he seemed impervious to heat, wet, fatigue or pain.

His absent-mindedness sometimes annoyed us. When the watch was changed we would huddle in the waist, tired and sleepy, waiting for the word to go below. But often as not he would forget to give it. The other watch would come on deck, the lookout and the helmsman would be relieved, and we would stand there, waiting. Finally one of us would pipe up: "Port watch below, sir?" Then at last he would say, "Yes, ye-e-ss. Port watch below. Right." And down we would go, cursing.

The second mate was Adrian Small, also English. He was only 28 and was reputed to hold on his Merchant Navy certificate the last square-rig endorsement ever to be issued. He was a closefaced man with a watchful foxy look and a bright red foxy beard. He paced the ship constantly like a cat and little escaped his eye. At first the men on his watch had been leery of him, but they learned that his manner was self-conscious rather than deliberately disagreeable. He was an excellent officer.

The third mate was the gentle 40-year-old Dane, Jan Junker. His regular job was to run coal up the west coast of Greenland in a ship about the size of *Mayflower*. What the rest of us regarded as a pretty strenuous passage was a luxury cruise to him. This was the first warm sun he had felt, the first chance to wear shorts that he had had in 10 years. He rarely spoke, but when he did he was worth listening to. His watch usually managed to produce more miles out of *Mayflower* than either of the others.

The crew came from all over the place and from all walks of life, united by a common love of the sea. Almost all of them were English, many with backgrounds in the British Merchant Navy. Their knowledge of the sea was extensive and their keenness of a high order. This was not surprising; they had been

selected from more than 3,000 applicants for berths on *Mayflower*. Aside from Gordon and myself, the only Americans were Seaman Andy Lindsay from Maine, Joe Meany, the cabin boy who got his job by winning a national youth award in the States, and Lee Israel, the project photographer.

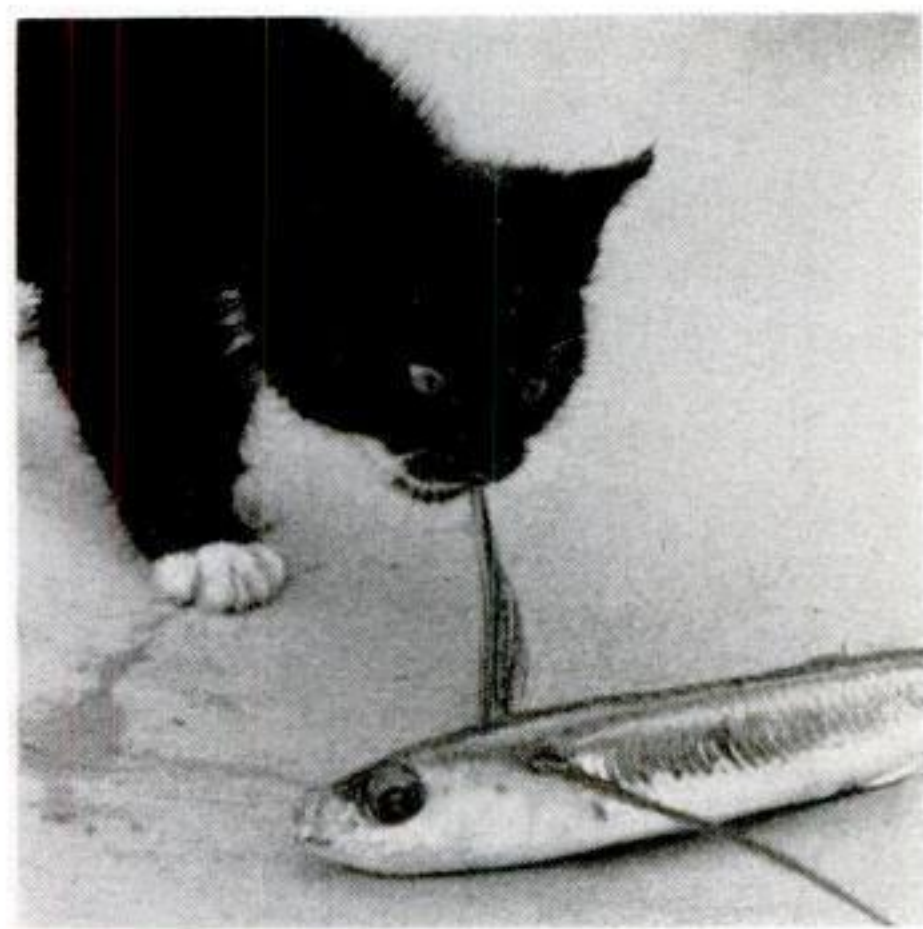
Because I stood watch as a crewman, I was elected to membership in the 50-50 Club. It was an honor, for membership in this exclusive fraternity was not freely bestowed. The seamen were resentful because the aristocracy was spending its days talking and smoking lazily in the great cabin and its evenings playing bridge, while the crew stood all the watches, manned the wheel and lookout, scrubbed the deck at 6 in the morning, painted, spliced, chipped rust, handled sails, did the hundred and one little chores that kept their backs tired and their hands sore. We were living in a rigid two-class society and the bottom class did not like it.

Our doctor was a South African obstetrician practicing in England. His name was John Stevens, but some of us called him Jack the Ripper because it was he who had pulled the cord of the life raft in Plymouth. He was a highly charged, able, intelligent man. A vegetarian, he brought along his own garden of watercress and mustard seeds, planted in a box of wet cotton. During the trip he removed one tooth, treated a carbuncle and diagnosed a green fracture in the hind leg of the ship's cat. He had brought three leeches with him, named Warwick (after

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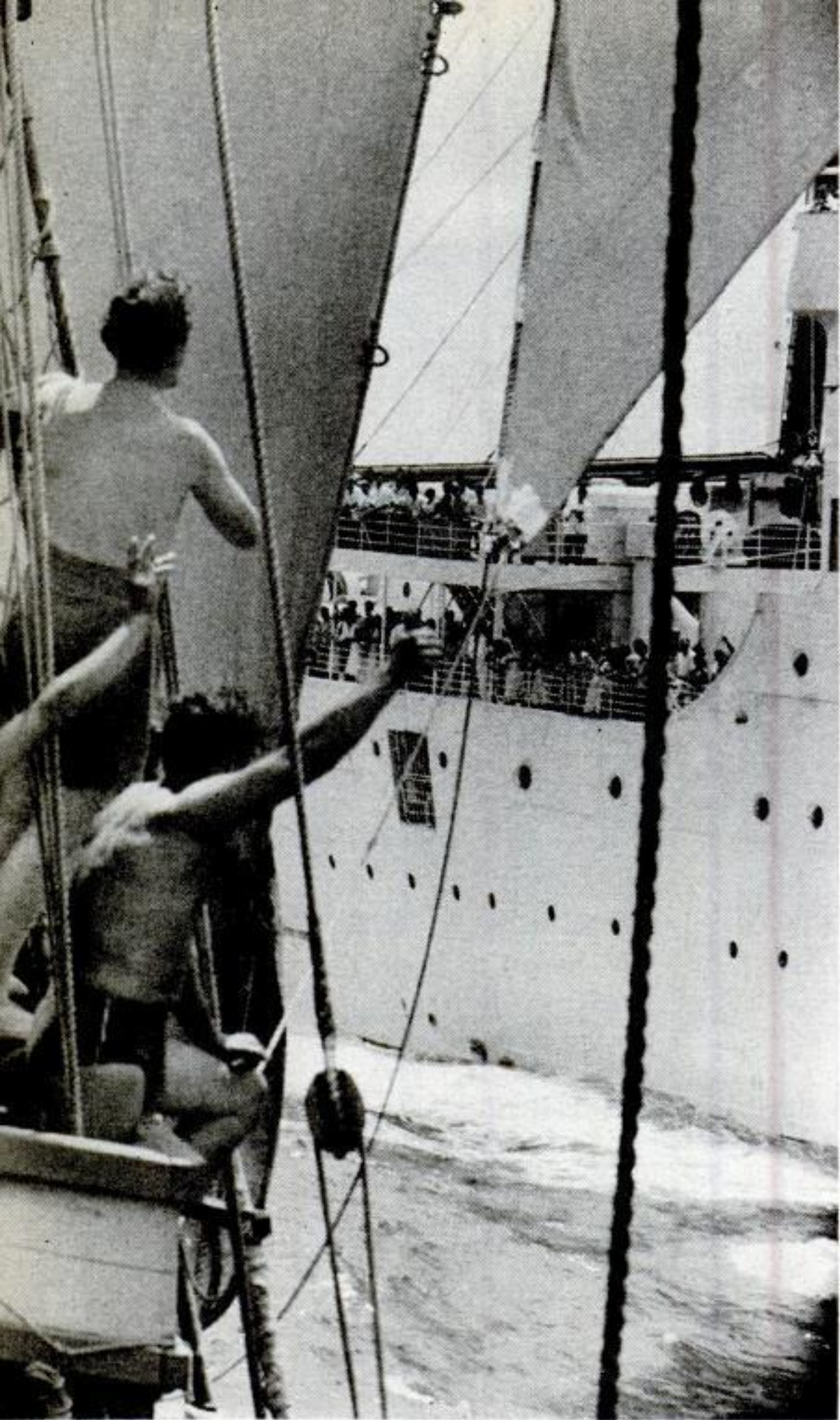


**AGONIZING TRIM** is given by shipmate Scotty Bell to long beard of ticklish second mate, Adrian Small.



**SHIP'S MASCOT**, a cat named Felix, toys with flying fish that flipped aboard near the Canary Islands.





**CLOSE ENCOUNTER** with French liner *Colombie* leaves *Mayflower* rocking in the big ship's wake.

## 'Mayflower' CONTINUED

the voyage's promoter), Apollonius and Fred. When I suggested that the tiny murky can of water they were living in might be changed, he was horrified.

"Why, that's special Suffolk pond water, my dear boy. They would die in anything else."

Halfway across, the leeches were given a refresher meal on the stomach of Warwick Charlton, the promoter, and they promptly did die.

Doc was also responsible for setting up a system of "peggying." In British ships a peggy is a waiter, cleaner-upper and dishwasher and is supposed to have got his name from the fact that disabled mariners (*i.e.*, one-legged or peg-legged ones) were given these jobs in the old days of the fleet. Before peggies were installed on *Mayflower*, meals were a shambles.

After eating, each man was supposed to wash and wipe his own plate and cup, using a bucket of greasy sea water and a disgustingly filthy towel. Before ptomaine set in, a system of two peggies at a time, rotating with the watches, was established. The various teams of peggies came to take pride in their work and tried to outdo each other in neatness and cleanliness.

The food on *Mayflower*, considering the facilities, was at first extraordinarily good. The stove was small and balky and we had no refrigerator. Two weeks after we left Plymouth, the water had turned a disturbing shade of red, as if a half-teaspoonful of blood had been stirred in it.

When we had been at sea for a couple of weeks, two ominous-looking barrels had been rolled on deck. Covered with burlap, they were watered down twice a day to keep them cool and fresh. This was the "salt horse."

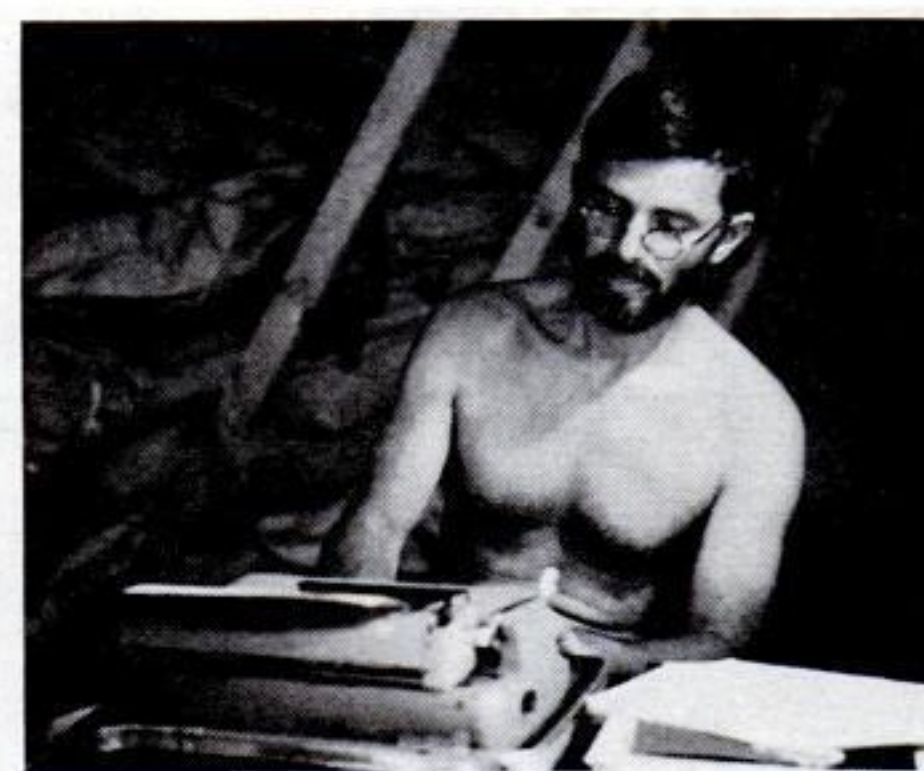
From then on baconlike strips of the tough greasy meat had appeared on table twice a week. I could scarcely eat it but some did with gusto. The captain announced it was the best salt beef he had ever seen: "Mostly lean. No flamin' fat to speak of. No blue mold. No *green* mold. Not even any *taste* of green mold—not much, anyway."

Surprisingly, almost no one got seasick from salt horse, and even at the beginning of the voyage seasickness was never a major problem. Only two of the crew were seriously disturbed for any length of time, and even they recovered eventually. To my surprise and pleasure, I didn't miss a single meal the entire trip.

At about the same time that the salt horse appeared, the supply of fresh fruit ran out. This was a severe blow. Our craving for fruit and fruit juices grew. One afternoon while shifting stores in the lower hold my watchmate Fred Edwards whispered to me: "Behind that door. You nip in."

A minute later I nipped in and grabbed something in the dark. I tossed it to Fred, who tossed it back in disgust. It was a bottle of relish. I tried again, this time getting a quart can of cut-up fruit, and a few moments later another. Fred hid them. That night at 4 a.m. when we came off watch we ate the fruit, a pint apiece, then drank every drop of the juice. I have seldom tasted anything more delicious.

Dick Brennan, one of the galley crew, knew food was being pinched. One day he removed the label from a can of turnips and pasted a peach label in its place. He left this in a conspicuous spot and was highly pleased when it disappeared. What he does not know is that it



**WHISKERY AUTHOR**, leaning with ship's roll, works at typewriter by feeble light of an oil lantern.

has not been opened and that the thief plans to send it to him in London as a Christmas present.

As part of her cargo *Mayflower* carried 40,000 commemorative envelopes for stamp collectors which had been stamped, addressed and "mailed" before we left. During the long period of calms these were unpacked to be canceled. Crewman Peter Padfield was sworn in as postmaster, volunteers were called for, and for days a doleful *plunk-plonk, plunk-plonk* was heard throughout the ship as his deputies smacked first the ink pad and then the envelope. Finally the job was done and a groan of relief arose. But the next morning we learned that there were another 100,000 to go.

These were in the form of blank envelopes and sheets of stamps. The sweating postal clerks not only had to tear up the sheets of stamps but also paste them on the envelopes and then cancel them. This arm-breaking job might have led to a mutiny if a reward of \$20 had not been posted in favor of each man who worked faithfully to get it done. With this reward as a stimulus, some ingenious time-and-motion studies were made and the whole thing put on an assembly line basis. Amazingly enough the job was cleaned up in a week by some of the cheapest labor ever known in postal circles.

This latter operation seemed to me to be the ultimate travesty on stamp collecting. These unaddressed envelopes would go presumably to dealers who would sell them to collectors who would then take them home and carefully write their own names and addresses on the front, thereby "proving" to fellow collectors that they had received an authentic piece of *Mayflower* mail.

**NEARING AMERICAN WATERS OFF BERMUDA. "MAYFLOWER II" MEETS SOME FAST BUT FRIENDLY COMPANY, U.S. DESTROYERS INBOUND FROM MEDITERRANEAN**





Just as the curse of the albatross was lifted at last from the Ancient Mariner's ship, so the completion of the mail signaled the end of the long calms. The breeze gradually picked up. Now we were again knocking off more than 100 miles a day. The next two weeks were a pure delight. The weather was ideal. A few hard rain showers swept over us, and a dozen or more of us would peel off our clothes, run on deck, slather ourselves with soap and revel in the luxury of a fresh-water shower. At length we crossed the 60th meridian and brought the outer West Indies abeam.

Sundays were truly days of rest. At 10 in the morning the ship's bell would ring, an ancient bronze beauty dating from 1638 and donated by the citizens of Brixham. All hands would assemble in their Pilgrim costumes for prayers and a short talk from the captain. Sometimes this was on Pilgrim history, sometimes on early exploration. It was invariably interesting. At its conclusion there would be a ration of tobacco for the smokers and candy for the nonsmokers. The rest of the day was free—no work, no deck-scrubbing, just a trick or two at the wheel.

Now we began to see ships again. The first was the *Belgian Pride*, a tanker from Antwerp who, after an exchange of messages, threw into the sea a package tied to a life ring. We put over the dinghy and picked it up. It proved to contain a bottle of brandy and an assortment of Belgian chocolate bars and cigarettes—a simple but deeply appreciated gift which was rationed out and consumed on the spot.

The next day *Mayflower* was overhauled by the French liner *Colombie*. This ship circled us for the benefit of her passengers who packed the rails, waving, whistling and cheering. The sudden brilliant assault from another world of deck chairs, pretty women in cruise frocks, stewards with bouillon, almost brought tears to my eyes. How must we have looked to them as they flashed swiftly by? Were we nothing more than a bunch of swarthy, bearded idiots standing around in dirty drawers, staring hungrily back at them? I don't think there was a man aboard who did not feel that we were much more than that, and that all the whistles and cheers carried with them more than a little respect.

That afternoon the Australian oiler *Tide Austral* radioed that she would intercept us at about 8 that evening. I had first lookout that night and was sitting on the yard when I spotted her light on the port beam. I sang out. Five minutes later Beric Watson was aloft.



**PASSING IN THE NIGHT**, the *Mayflower* salutes an Australian tanker by firing off a burst of flares

which lighted up her old-fashioned rigging and presented a strange spectacle against the dark seascape.

"You really see a light?"  
"Certainly I do. Don't they believe me on deck?"

"Well, they can't see it yet. I just—uh—you know, maybe a star—"

I had not been mistaken, but it would be a little while before the rest of the ship's company would see the light. A stiff cold breeze began to hum in the rigging. *Mayflower* leaned over and commenced to lumber along at her top speed, about eight knots an hour. In a minute we were blinded by a torrential rain squall. I crept under the foretop and hung on, but I was drenched almost instantly.

The rain squall passed as fast as it had come, and abruptly *Tide Austral* was revealed ranging along a few hundred yards away. We put on a show for her, lighting three flares so that our entire ship suddenly flashed into view, glowing with an unearthly light, surging along in a cloud of smoke. It was a strange sight from the yard. From the deck of *Tide Austral* it must have been fantastic. Her captain radioed to us: "Thanks for the pyrotechnic display. Our Chinese crew are still trying to figure out exactly what they saw."

Well might they wonder. It had been more than three centuries since a ship named *Mayflower*, her square-rigged sails filled to the wind, had plunged through Atlantic waters on the last leg of a voyage to America.

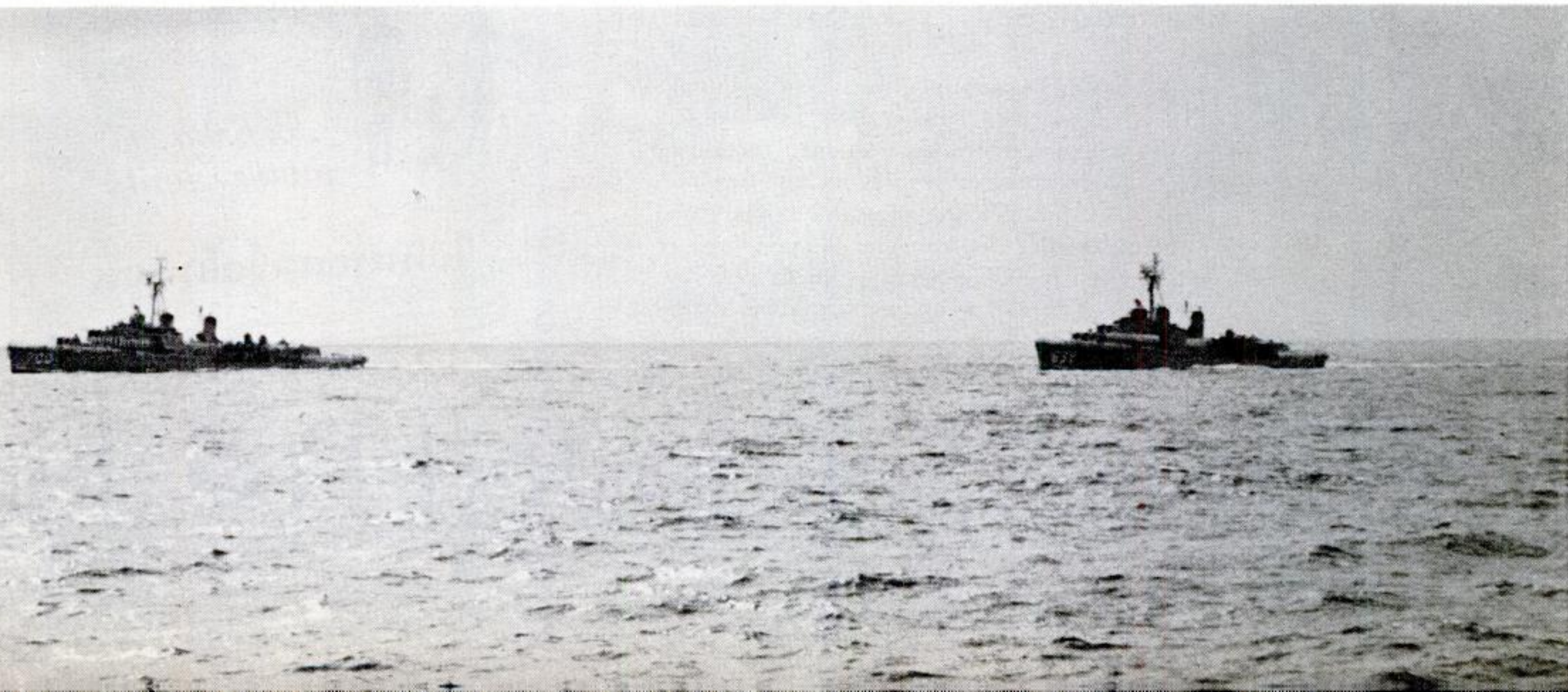
### A MESSAGE FROM THE CAPTAIN AS JOURNEY WAS ENDING

*Rounding out the chronicle, Captain Villiers of the Mayflower last weekend radioed this message:*

"Been exceptional week with ship greeted by . . . vessels of three great nations and steamers and aircraft turning off course to offer salute. Near Bermuda Italian cruisers San Giorgio and San Marco . . . steamed past us with all crews assembled at stations and cheering loudly. Slowing down ahead both cruisers dropped boats with gifts of fruits and wines. Before Italians out of sight four U.S. destroyers led by USS Ault came over presenting magnificent sight. . . . Ault sent boats with fruit and vegetables which very welcome . . . climax with stirring visit of giant [British] aircraft carrier Ark Royal and two Daring class destroyers. All steamed closely by while delighted crews exchanged cheers and helicopters whirled overhead. . . . Thus new *Mayflower* welcomed to New World."

Although hove to Sunday in a gale, Villiers hoped to make Cape Cod Bay this week.

**AFTER SENDING THEIR GREETINGS AND A WELCOME GIFT OF FRUIT, THE WARSHIPS SPED AWAY AND LEFT THE BRAVE BARQUE TO PURSUE HER HISTORIC COURSE**





IMPORTANT SKIN DISCOVERY FROM JOHNSON & JOHNSON

# The first truly effective Medicated Powder

FOR BABY...AND ALL THE FAMILY



For diaper rash, chafing, urine scald

Only powder that clears up and prevents even "problem" diaper rash

New, exclusive Johnson's formula stops not only *ordinary diaper rash* caused by wet-diaper friction—but sore, difficult *ammonia dermatitis*.

Clears up rashes completely—prevents their return. Ends ammonia diaper odor, too. No other powder can give your baby this sure, soothing protection.



For heat rash, bites, minor skin irritations

Stops more kinds of skin irritations than any other medicated powder

The special formula contains two anti-septics...clears up really *stubborn* rashes as well as simple chafing.

And you can feel completely at ease when you use this medicated powder on the baby or children. For it has been hospital-tested, hospital-proved *completely safe* for the most sensitive skin.

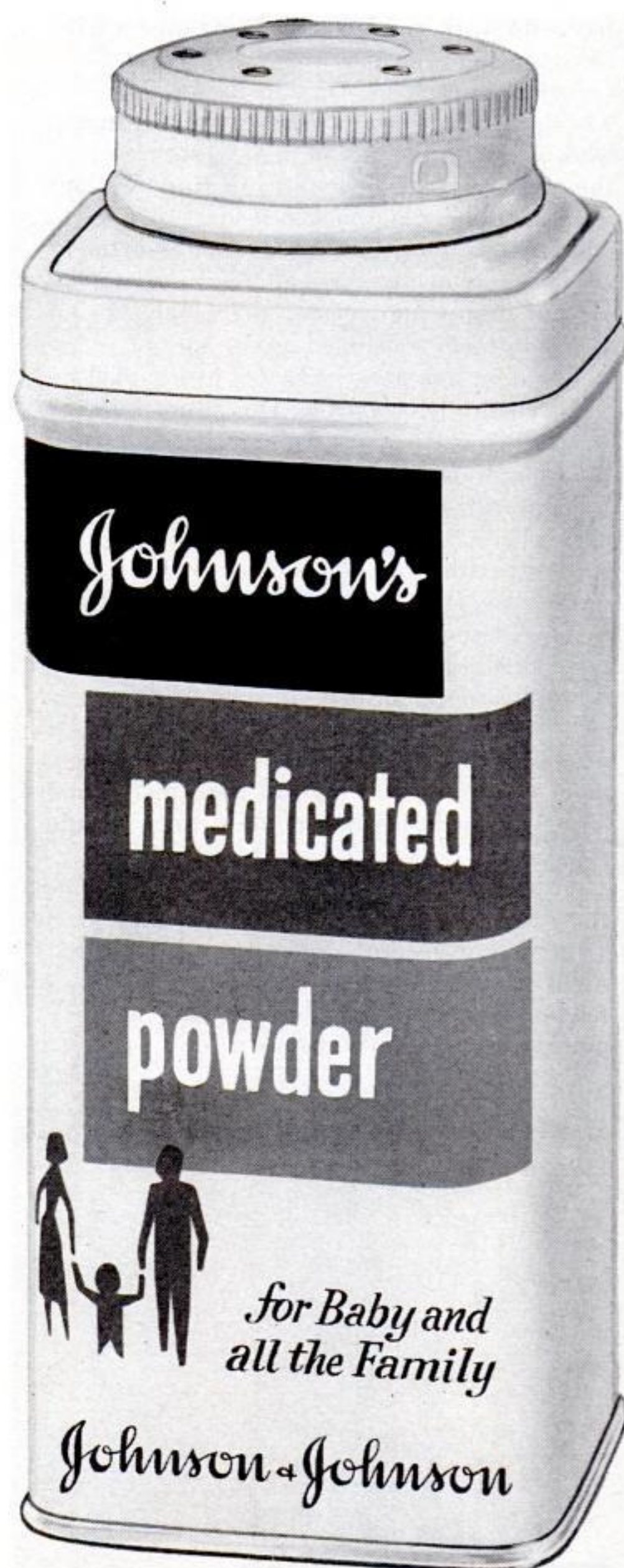


For girdle chafe, feet, underarms

Exclusive absorbent action keeps skin cool, dry—in hottest weather

The moment you smooth on Johnson's Medicated Powder, your skin will feel cooler, more comfortable. Its thirsty absorbing agents dry up moisture *fast*.

And it's the pleasantest medicated powder you can use. Silky-soft, never gritty—clings gently—smells fresh and clean. Get a can for your family today!



4 ounces, 49¢

NEW Johnson's Medicated Powder





**FIRSTBORN CHICK** peers out between mother's legs. She fluffs the straw in the nest and rolls the still unhatched egg around before sitting on it again.



**EGG BREAKS OPEN** and Jo examines the tiny wet chick curled inside. This second bird was hatched so slowly experts considered opening egg with tweezers.

## NEWEST HOPES FOR WHOOPERS

When the time grew near for its female whooping crane, Jo, to lay eggs this spring, New Orleans' Audubon Park Zoo asked for help to prevent another disaster. Last spring, Jo and Crip, the only pair of whooping cranes in captivity, had two chicks which lived just a little more than a month. To help protect this vanishing species, the Fish and Wildlife Service sent experts down and when the two eggs were laid New York's Bronx Zoo dispatched its head bird keeper to act as midwife.

But Jo did very well on her own. Thirty-one days after it was laid, one of the eggs cracked slightly and Jo took up a vigil on her nest. Crip spelled her for short periods, once sitting down with such a thud that he widened the crack in the other egg and jumped up in alarm. As LIFE's Joe Scherschel photographed the event, the eggs, which had been laid three days apart, hatched on schedule to bring the world population of whooping cranes up to 29. Most ornithologists believe the best chance now for the rare birds is to breed them in captivity. They hope the two chicks are a male and a female, which some day may breed more whooping cranes.

AS THE SQUAWKING PARENTS CIRCLE NERVOUSLY, A FIGHT BREAKS OUT BETWEEN THE BABY CHICKS OVER A WORM. TO SEE ITS OUTCOME. TURN THE PAGE







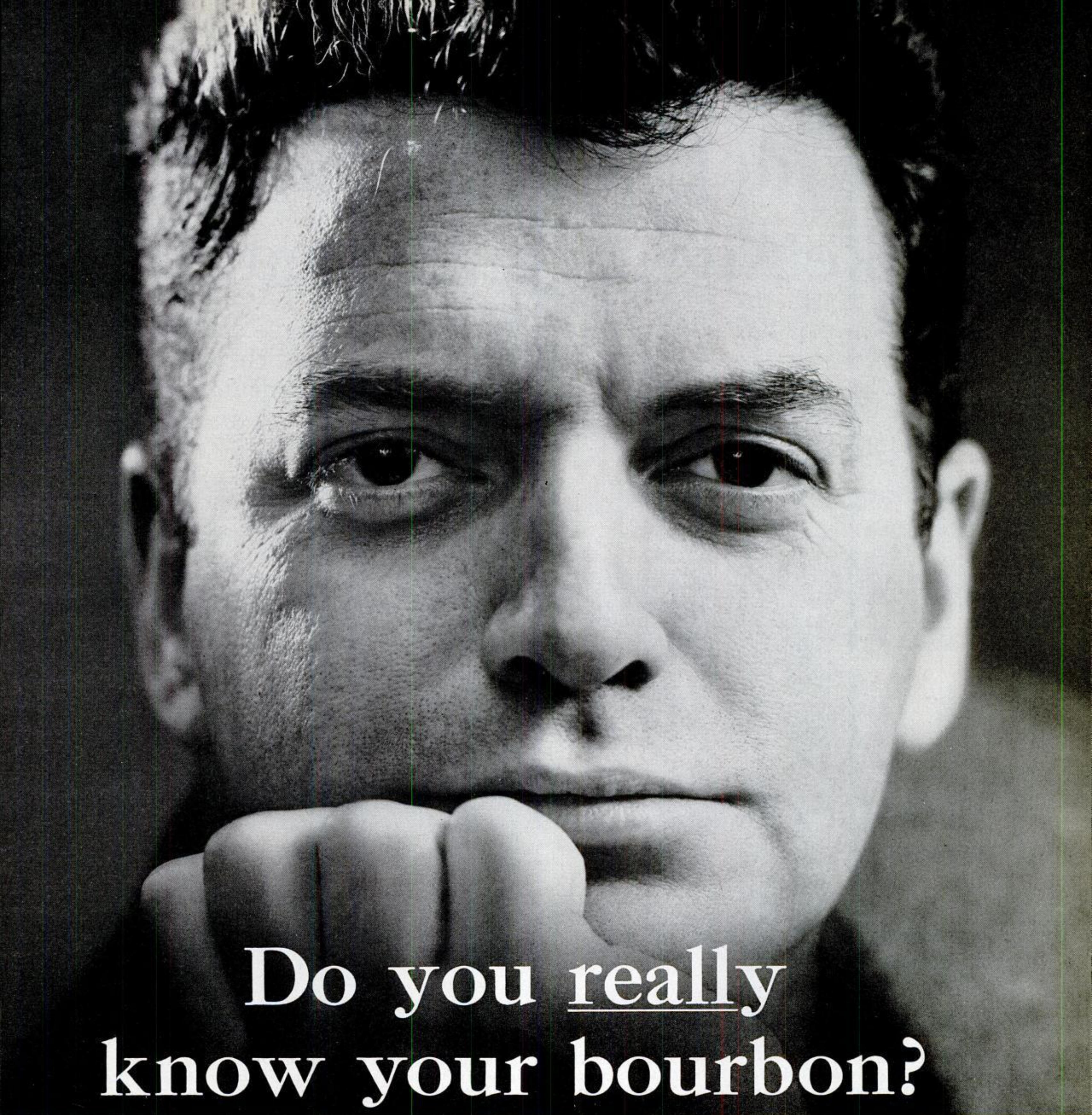
**THE FIGHT CONTINUES** as the younger chick (*foreground, top left picture*), the liveliest and probably a male, advances on the elder, tugs at the worm (*top*

*right*), knocks the other chick over (*lower left*), gives a loud squawk. Neither bird was hurt and the worm got lost in the scuffle, which lasted only three minutes.

**FRIENDS AGAIN, CHICKS NESTLE ON MOTHER'S BACK, ONLY THEIR HEADS SHOWING ABOVE HER RUFFLED FEATHERS. THEY SLEEP HERE OR UNDER HER WING**







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The answer is on the Ancient Age label. It clearly reads, "Distilled and Bottled by Ancient Age Distilling Company." *The word "distilled" tells you that we, and we alone, make every drop of Ancient Age ... that we use nothing but original and genuine Ancient Age Bourbon.*

What's more, Ancient Age is made in one place only ... at the distillery in Frankfort, Kentucky, in the heart of the great bourbon country.

That's why, no matter when or where you buy this superb

bourbon ... the fact that it's all distilled at the one distillery assures you of uniformity. *The distinctive taste and bouquet are always the same ... drink after drink, bottle after bottle.*

For years we have said, "If you can find a better bourbon ... buy it" and millions of people have responded to this challenge. They have made Ancient Age the largest selling six year old Kentucky Straight Bourbon in America.

Try Ancient Age. After one taste you will know why we say "If you can find a better bourbon ... buy it!"

## Ancient Age bourbon

**IF YOU CAN FIND A BETTER BOURBON ... BUY IT!**  
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • ©ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO., FRANKFORT, KY.



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# New dog food discovery makes dogs eager eaters

A full course dog dinner  
complete with  
real meat meal.  
Just moisten and serve!



**NEW FORM!** New Purina Dog Chow looks entirely different from any other dog food. Won't mush down in bowl—stays firm and appetizing.

**NEW TASTE!** New Purina Dog Chow is irresistible with that deep-down satisfying flavor of *real* meat meal. Get a package today.

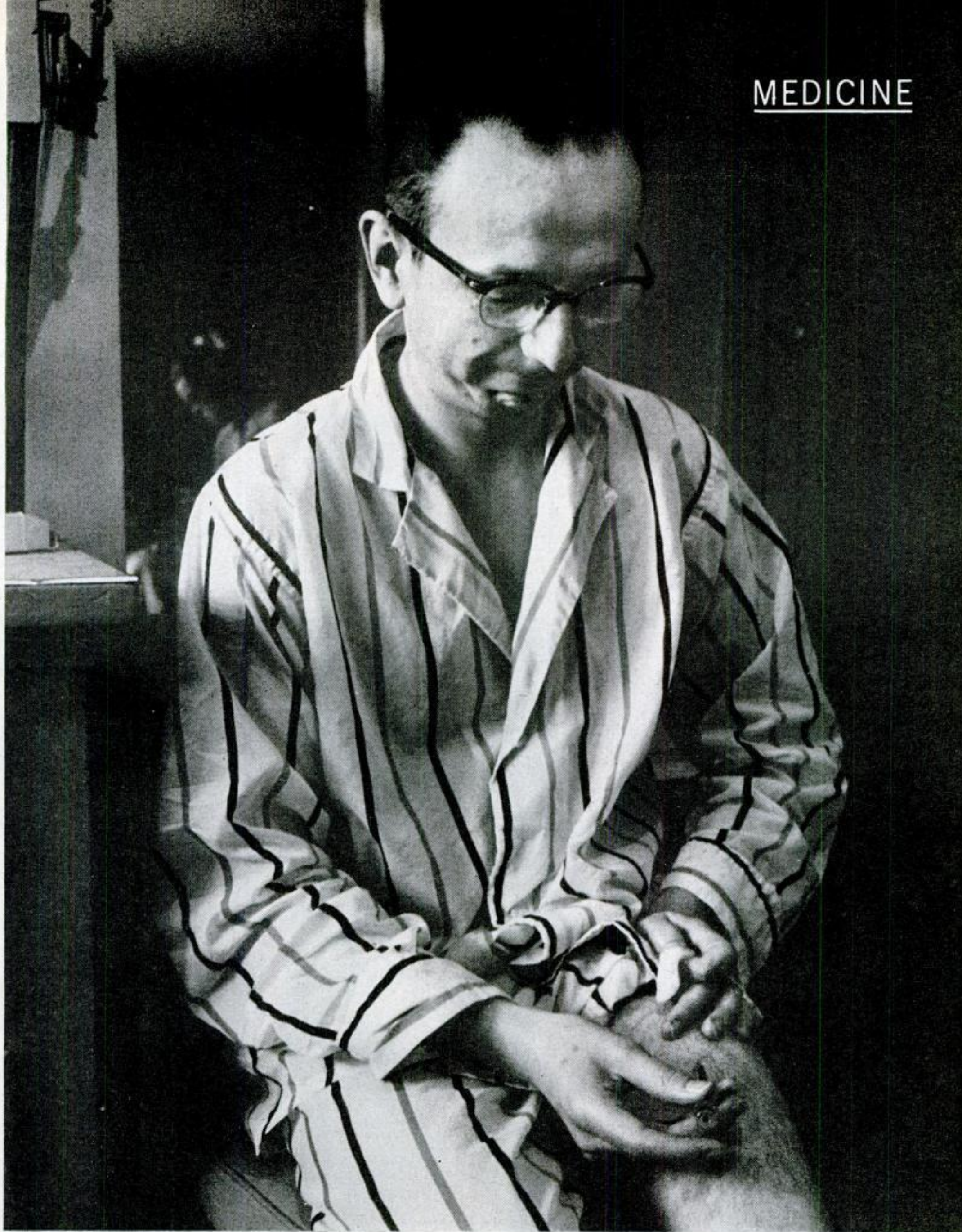
**NEW NUTRITION!** 43 vital nutrients dogs need—better daily nutrition than most humans get! All the flavors dogs like, too.



## New Purina Dog Chow

A PRODUCT YOU CAN TRUST—FROM THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF ANIMAL FOODS





**THE USUAL INJECTION** of insulin brings a grimace to diabetes victim Lyle Lewis Lee, whose wife (background)

cannot bear to watch. By making chart of his thigh areas, he manages to stick the same area only once every 18 days.

## THE DIABETIC'S LIFE-GIVING ORDEAL

Life, for Lyle Lewis Lee, 35, has depended upon the strict observance of a painful morning ritual. He has had to get out syringe, needle, cotton balls, and alcohol, boil water to sterilize the needle, take a vial of insulin out of the refrigerator, and—while his wife is leaving the kitchen—brace himself for another self-administered jab in an already tender thigh. A diabetic, Lee has required a daily injection of insulin in order to lead a normal, active life. He realizes that before insulin was discovered 36 years ago, a man in his condition would have been facing premature death. "Just the same," says Lee, "being a slave to the needle can become an awful nuisance."

The nuisance for Lee has been compounded by his need to go out of town occasionally, which has meant a painstaking packing chore (right). When he leaves, his last worry has been checking his list for the omission of any necessary item whose absence might later cause him discomfort, inconvenience or even danger. His first concern on arriving at his destination has been getting his precious supply of insulin safely installed in a handy refrigerator.



**PREPARING FOR TRIP**, Lee and his wife pack syringes and hot plate for boiling the water to sterilize his needle.

**NOW, RELIEF FROM THE ORDEAL: TURN PAGE→**

**Brush  
Your Teeth  
with Colgate's...  
Brush  
Bad Breath  
Away!**



**And Colgate's with GARDOL  
Fights Decay All Day, Too!**

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,\* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



\*THE TOP THREE BRANDS  
AFTER COLGATE'S.



**Colgate's with GARDOL  
CLEANS YOUR BREATH  
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH**





**FRENCH PIONEER**, Dr. Auguste L. Loubatières of Montpellier turned up clues that led to first oral treatment.



**GERMAN SCIENTIST**, Dr. Klaus-Joachim Fuchs of Berlin tested drug "BZ-55" which reduced insulin need.



**U.S. INVESTIGATOR**, Dr. I. Arthur Mirsky of Pittsburgh was one of the first to test promising oral compounds.



**BASIC RESEARCHER**, Dr. Rachmiel Levine of Chicago is working to find out how new drug works in the body.

## PILL THAT FREES SLAVES OF THE NEEDLE

The disease which afflicts Lyle Lee and 2 million other Americans results from a failure of the pancreas to manufacture a proper amount of insulin, a hormone vital in converting sugar to forms the body can use. Excess sugar in the blood is an indication of the disease. Regular insulin injections permit the body to utilize the sugar properly. Without insulin severe diabetics would not have long to live. But in order to reach the cells of the body insulin must be injected. It cannot be taken orally.

In 1942 an alert French doctor noticed that a sulfa drug used for treating typhoid patients also reduced the level of sugar in their blood. Following up this clue, researchers on two continents started

testing sulfalike compounds (*left*), seeking a diabetes treatment that could be taken by mouth. Last week one of these, tolbutamide (trade name: Orinase), was placed on the U.S. market, to be sold by prescription only. Lyle Lee was one of the first happy customers.

Researchers, testing dozens of other compounds, thought this was only a first small step. But doctors warned that the new drug would not help long-time diabetics, people under 20 and those who normally produce no insulin at all. Even with Orinase, diabetics would still have to diet carefully, eat punctually, carry emergency snacks. For Lyle Lee and about half the adult diabetics, however, the drug is hailed as a great emancipator from slavery to the needle.

SWALLOWING FIRST ORINASE PILL, LYLE LEE SHOWS DELIGHT AT FINAL RELEASE FROM LONG BONDAGE TO INSULIN







MICHAEL REDGRAVE, DISTINGUISHED ACTOR OF STAGE AND SCREEN



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MANHATTANS, 65 PROOF; DRY MANHATTANS, 70 PROOF; EXTRA DRY MARTINIS, 75 PROOF; VODKA MARTINIS, 70 PROOF AND SIX OTHER POPULAR KINDS

*And for after dinner: Heublein full-flavored Cordials. 20 kinds, all at welcome domestic prices.*

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FULL-STRENGTH • READY-TO-SERVE material









"The first Douglas airplane was designed in the back room of a barbershop, thirty-six years ago. From that modest start we have become the world's largest producer of aircraft. Many of our achievements are recognized as milestones of aeronautical progress.

"The Douglas DC-3 made possible the tremendous growth of commercial aviation throughout the world. Military versions of the DC-3 proved to be the very backbone of our military and naval transport services during World War II. The family of DC's since then—the DC-4, DC-6, DC-7—all have charted new courses in global aviation.

"Douglas jets have made history, too. The world's first jet bomber was built by Douglas in 1946. Twice in 1947, twice in 1953 and again in 1955 Douglas jets established new world speed records. In 1951 a Douglas jet set the world's altitude record.

"And now we stand with you on the threshold of commercial jet flight. Soon the jet age will unfold and the Douglas DC-8 will be in service throughout the world. Its arrival into our lives will have a profound effect upon all of us."



DONALD W. DOUGLAS: President and Chairman of the Board, Douglas Aircraft Company

## ***How will jet flight affect the days of your life?***

*One day you'll lunch in Paris... have dinner in Manhattan...*

... or tea in London, cocktails in Boston. Or breakfast in San Francisco, lunch in Honolulu. You'll go from New York to Los Angeles in 4½ hours. New York to Chicago in 1½ hours. Be in Washington, D. C. and Louisville, Ky. at the same hour on your watch!

*Time* will take on a new meaning, have greater width and depth, when the DC-8 jetliner brings the jet age into your life.

It will allow you to be in two places at once. Let you race with the sun ... and almost make it stand still. Make the most of the hours in your day ... and give you a sense of creating new ones.

### ***New-found sense of time***

This new definition of time will make family weekends in Europe as practical and as leisurely as going off to the seashore. Lengthen your business day by *hours*. Create extra days for your vacations. Bring summer as close as 100 minutes away, even in the bitter dead of winter.

In the DC-8, flying through the stratosphere

*In the stratosphere, occasionally the sun's rays filter through a crystal mist and sparkle like gems tossed on velvet.*

at almost the speed of sound, you'll find an ocean of calm.

Eight miles higher than the earth, where weather can't reach you, you'll travel in unimagined serenity. There will be no beat or drone of engines, no vibration, no sensation of speed. You'll feel a kinship with the open, intensely blue sea of sky around you. At night, the stars will seem closer, brighter. The moon will hang lower and more sharply defined. The air outside your window will be 60 degrees below zero, but in your pressurized cabin you'll soar through the sky in the climate of a lovely, sweet summer's evening.

Nearing your destination, your descent towards earth will be placid, almost unnoticeable. You'll touch the ground lightly, and suddenly you'll be there, at some distant place, not quite believing that you've covered so much space in so little time.

So much space. So little time. This is the essence of jet flight. The modern miracle of travel which will alter the days of your life, and the hours of your days.

# **DOUGLAS** *DC-8* **JET**

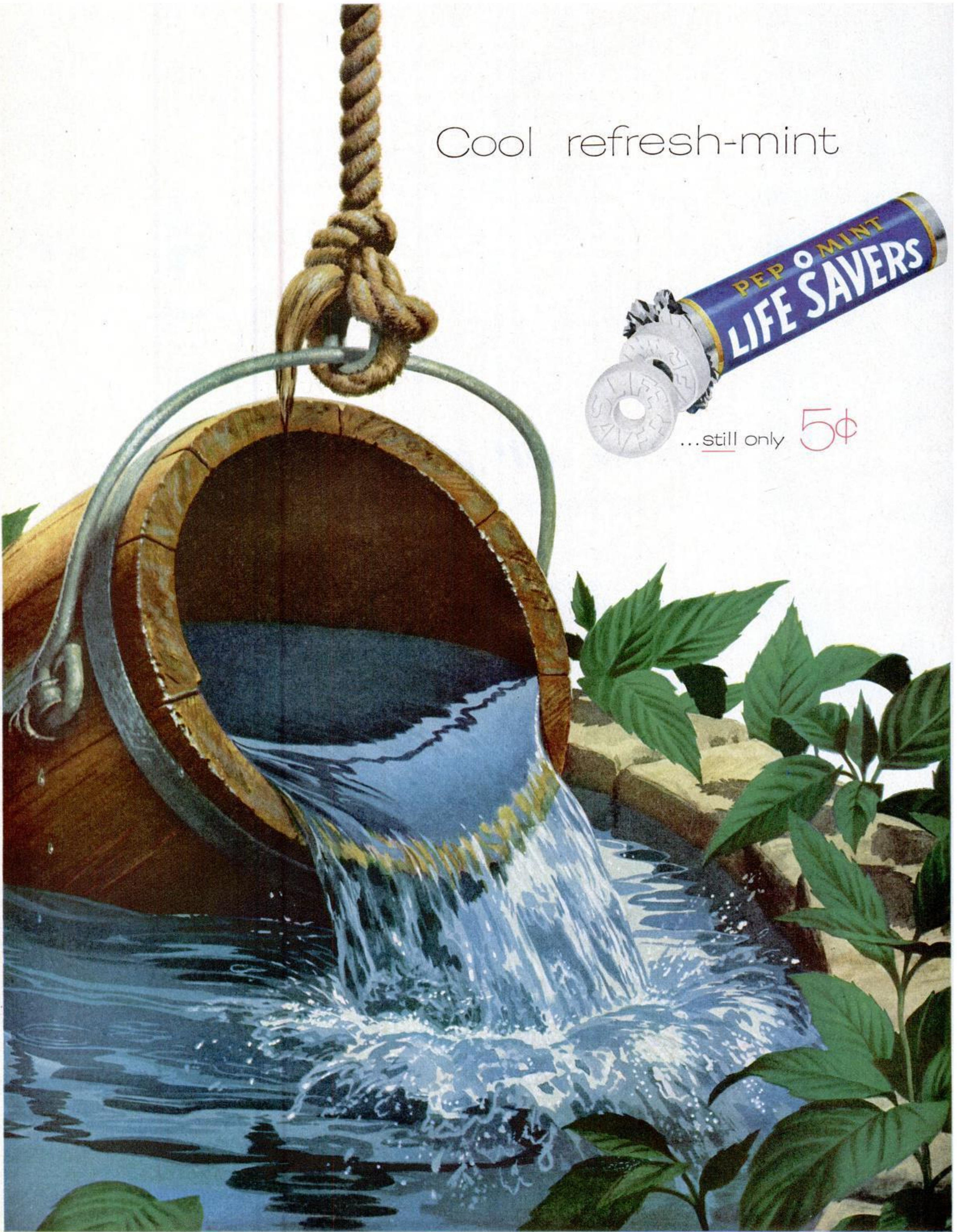
*These airlines already have purchased DC-8's: Delta Air Lines • Eastern Air Lines  
Japan Air Lines • KLM Royal Dutch Air Lines • National Airlines • Pan American World Airways • Panagra • Scandinavian Airlines System  
Swissair • Trans-Canada Air Lines • Transports Aériens Intercontinentaux • Union Aéromaritime de Transport • United Air Lines*



Cool refresh-mint



...still only 5¢







DACRON AND COTTON PLEATED SKIRT (\$40) AND TEXTURED NYLON TOP (\$12, BOTH SPORTWHIRL) ARE SHOWN IN DU PONT FACTORY AT SEAFORD, DEL.

## A Useful Fabric Turns Fashionable

In its brief six-year life Dacron has established its sturdy virtues as a nonwrinkling washable fabric but was largely bypassed by fashion. The Du Pont synthetic, blended with cotton, has appeared mostly in utilitarian travel dresses which could survive summer in a suitcase.

Now, at last, Dacron is being given a stylish lift by designers in all price brackets, in varied fashions which take advantage of the fabric's useful qualities. There are crisp pleats, tailored designs and fragile party

dresses. Despite their fluffy appearance, these clothes need little pressing and do not wilt even on hot, soggy days. The newest Dacrons come in bright colors or pastels, in prints and in plenty of luxurious white which looks great in hot weather but has heretofore been off-limits for anyone who wanted to get away from the ironing board for the summer. The pictures on the following pages were taken in the birthplace of the Du Pont empire in the Brandywine Valley which has just been restored.

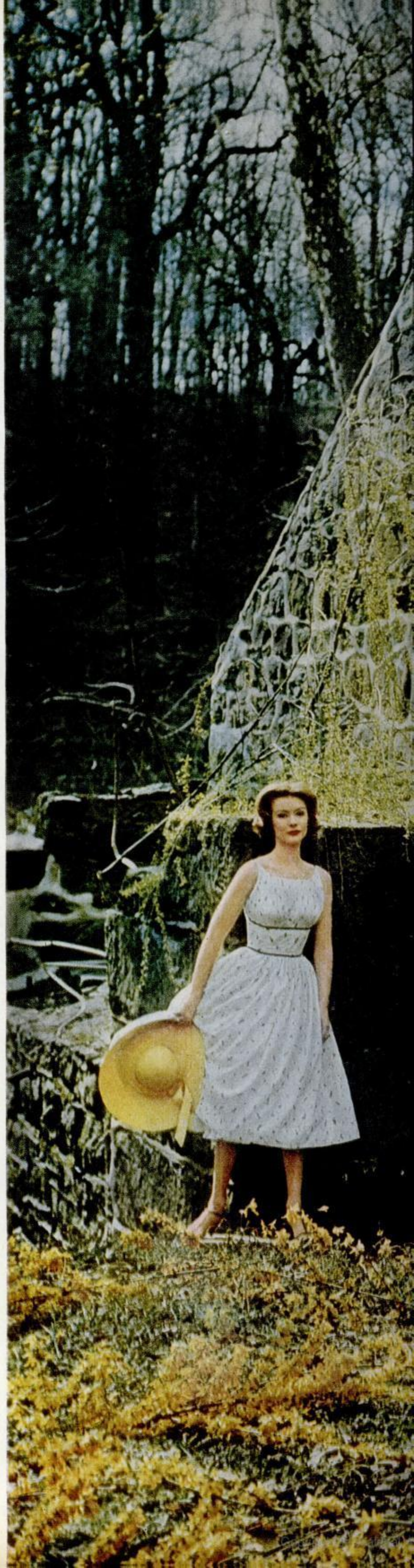
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**SHIRT DRESS** of dotted Dacron and cotton with full skirt (Rappi, \$40) appears inside ruins of old steam plant on historic du Pont property on Brandywine River.

**PARTY OUTFITS** are a print dance dress with gathered skirt (Mr. Mort, \$35), a dotted dress with double-breasted top (Malcolm Charles, \$60), floral print (Mam'selle, \$35) with matching cap, eyelet dress with tiered skirt (Greta Plattry, \$40). This is one of gunpowder mills with which E. I. du Pont began business.











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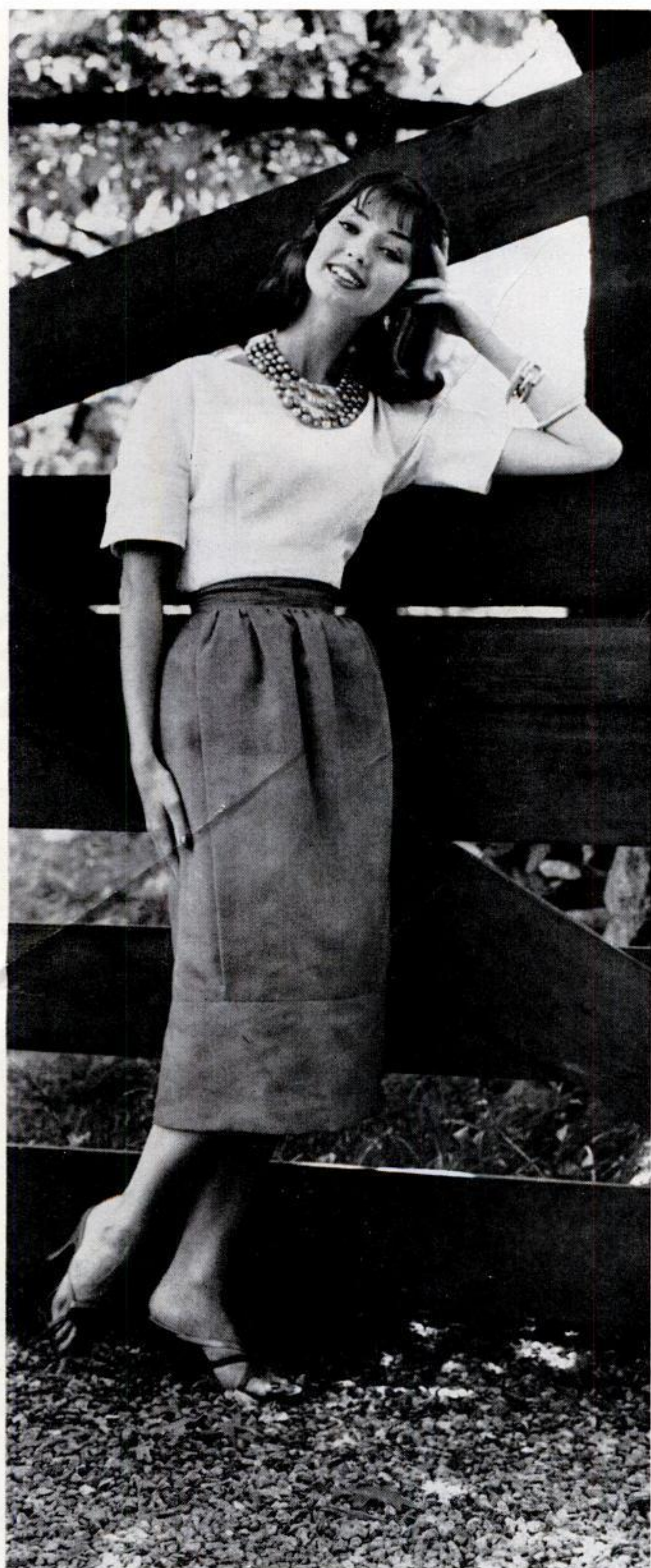
Shouldn't “Snap-Crackle-Pop”—the famous voice of nourishment—be a regular part of your family's fun, and good health?

NOURISHMENT  
WITHOUT WEIGHT



**Kellogg's** RICE KRISPIES





**DACRON AND FLAX** is used by Givenchy for cuffed blouse, skirt with gathered front panel effect. This fabric has look of linen but does not muss.

## French twist for fiber

Dacron's most recent high-fashion advocate is the French couturier, Hubert de Givenchy. Commissioned by Du Pont to make a small group of blouses to stimulate U.S. designers, he went on from there to use new textures and prints (*next page*), added skirts, even hats. De Givenchy likes the heavier weaves of the Dacron blends because they hold their shape in his intricately cut skirts and simple crisp tops. His styles are now being shown by Du Pont to 125 U.S. manufacturers in the well-founded hope that they will copy them for next season.

CONTINUED

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## FASHIONABLE FABRIC CONTINUED



DACRON, ORLON AND RAYON are woven to give a textured surface. Overblouse hangs loose over skirt with characteristic Givenchy bow at hem.



DACRON AND COTTON, most common blend, is used by Givenchy who designed star print for side-buttoned sleeveless blouse, skirt, turban-type hat.





Enlarged from a snapshot taken on Kodak's new Verichrome Pan Film

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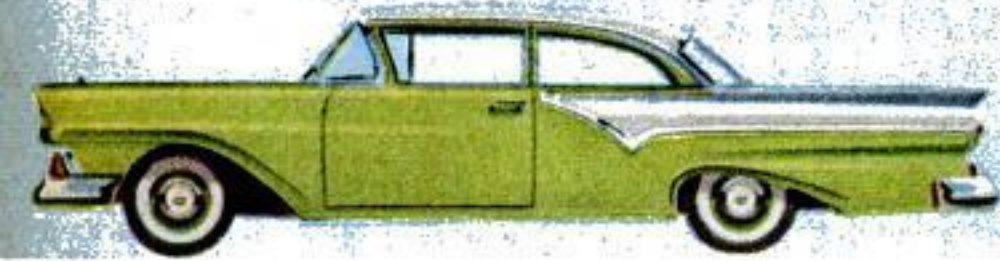
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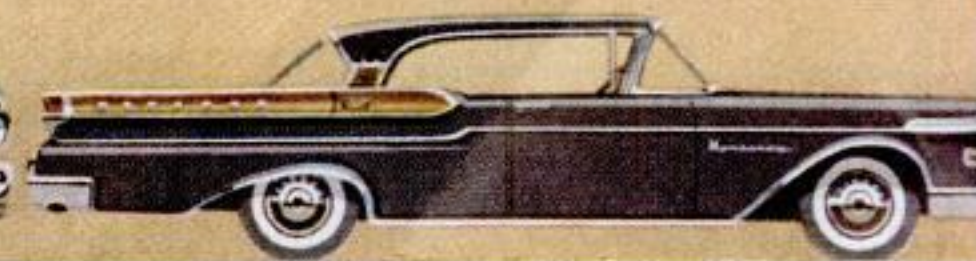
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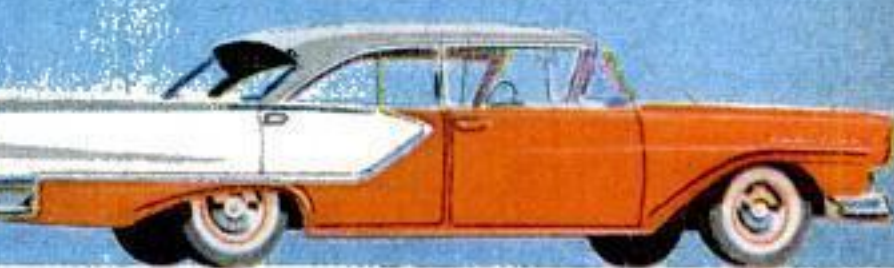
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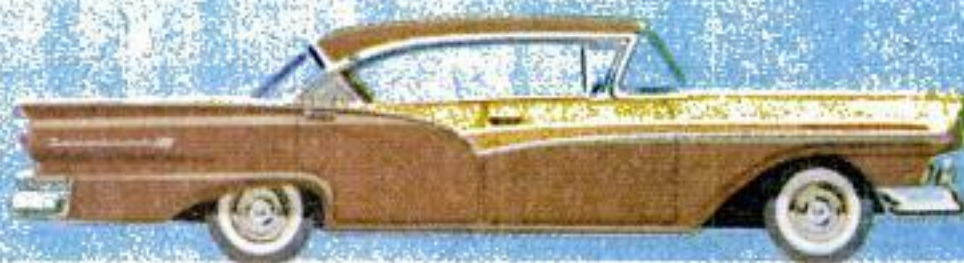
FAIRLANE CLUB SEDAN



FAIRLANE TOWN SEDAN



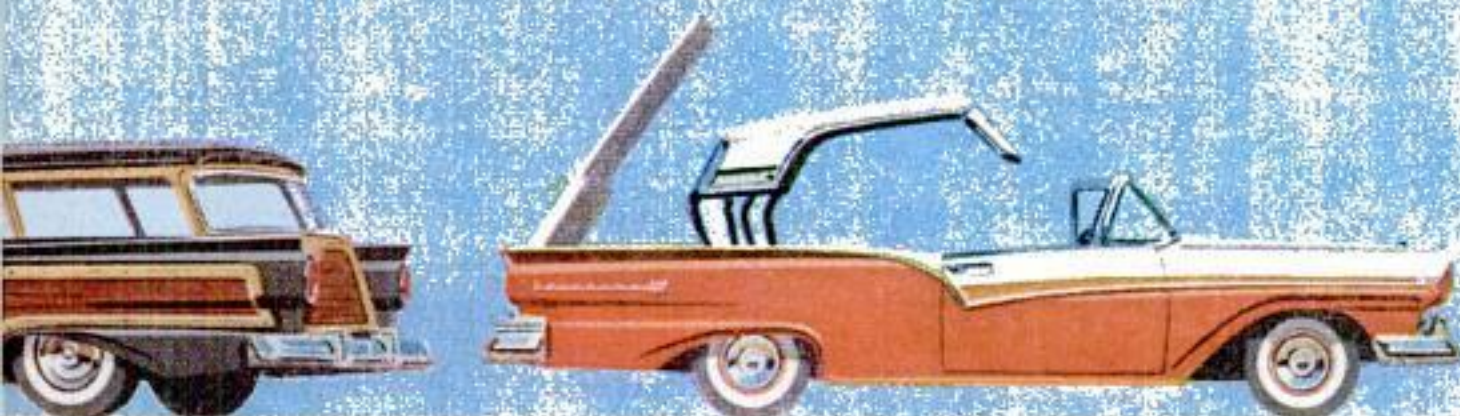
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COLONY PARK 14-DOOR, 9-PASS.

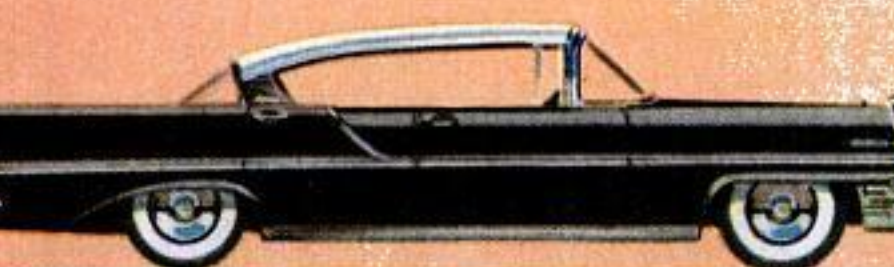


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**A QUEEN AT WORK,** Elizabeth II strengthens Anglo-French ties by graceful speech at ceremony in Paris' Hôtel de Ville. Seated in front on the platform are

(from left) Papal Nuncio Monsignor Paul Marella, Pierre Ruais, the president of the Paris Municipal Council, French President René Coty and Prince Philip.



# The Reigning Royalty of Europe

## IN A DEMOCRATIC ERA, THEY SURVIVE BY SERVING IT

Although the modern theories of government seem to render it obsolete, the institution of royalty survives in Europe to an amazing extent. An impressive number of European royal houses have not only made their peace with democracy but they serve it and strengthen it. At the same time the once autocratic royalty stands out today as a firm foe of tyranny: the dictatorships generally cannot abide kings.

LIFE here explores the remarkable process of

royal survival. These and the following pages show how the seven pre-eminent royal families of Europe live and go about their work. And Lord David Cecil, a citizen and scholar of the most venerable monarchy on earth, the British, explains the *raison d'être* of modern royalty.

Seven other important European thrones are vacant. The next issue of LIFE will portray the former kings and the royal pretenders of Europe and study their chances of reigning again.



LORD CECIL

by LORD DAVID CECIL

WHEN the present queen of England was crowned, Americans were crowded around their television sets to see the ceremony. The streets of Paris were blocked by people watching the event on sets in shop windows. Both the French and the Americans watched not out of mere curiosity but in a spirit of sympathetic enthusiasm. This is very odd, for the French cut off their own king's head and the Americans fought their War of Independence to free themselves from the rule of one of the present queen's ancestors.

But then monarchy is an odd phenomenon in the modern world, implying a bygone view of society completely different from that held by most people today. Society, the old view maintained, is a hierarchical affair ordained by God, in which everybody has his appointed place and degree. The king was the divinely ordained head of this hierarchy, the earthly vice regent of the God who had appointed him to wield the secular sword, just as His popes and bishops wielded the spiritual sword.

In England even now the splendid coronation service, a form surviving from the Middle Ages, stresses the spiritual nature of the royal position with an unforgettable emphasis. The archbishop gives the monarch the various emblems of power—the sword, the orb, the scepter, the crown—with words that draw attention to the fact that they are the gifts of that God whom she represents: "Receive this kingly sword brought now from the altar of God and delivered to you by the hands of us the bishops and servants of God." And then, when the ceremony is finished, she goes up to the high altar to take part in the most sacred mystery of the Christian religion, the sacrament of the Communion, as the embodiment of all the English people dedicating themselves to God.

From earliest days the semidivine position of kings meant they were very powerful. At the

height of their greatness in the 16th and 17th centuries they were absolute autocrats. "I am the state," said Louis XIV of France. Certainly he was its master, not its servant. He could imprison people without trial, tax them without their consent and make war or peace without asking anyone's permission. He was above the law, and he was treated with a ceremony befitting his power. Louis XIV went to bed and got up in the morning in public; and every phase of his toilet by night or day was regulated according to a rigid state ritual. In 16th Century England the ministers of Queen Elizabeth I fell on their knees before addressing her. She generally dined in public and the pages who brought the food knelt three times before offering her a plate.

This kind of autocratic monarchy—religious and medieval in view, ceremonious and resting on divine sanction—is completely out of harmony with modern society, which is rational and egalitarian. We now take it for granted that society is an association of equal citizens who have the right to choose their governments and get rid of them as they please. But this conception first became powerful only in the 18th Century. It lay behind the American War of Independence and the French Revolution; indeed the French Revolution is the great historical dividing line between the medieval and modern views. It was followed by an attempt to undo its work: fallen kings were restored and republicanism all over Europe was driven underground. This did not last long however. By 1950, little more than a century later, most European states were republics.

But not all. Certain countries—Great Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Greece and the Duchy of Luxembourg—retain their rulers. In fact these monarchies today seem, if anything, more permanently established than was the case 30

years earlier: republicanism in these countries has weakened, and there are signs of more monarchies coming. In Spain, Dictator Franco has re-established the institution, although he has not yet acquired a monarch to take the job. Only this year the Malayan Federation has begun to consider a scheme by which its rulers should each in turn hold the position of constitutional monarch to the federation. It looks as if the tide is actually in favor of monarchy.

But European monarchies of today are a very different thing indeed from those of the past. For one thing they are constitutional. They also thrive in liberal democracies, where the government is conducted by the heads of the majority party in the elected chamber of government. Theoretically the king is head of the state. But he always acts on the advice of his ministers, so this does not amount to much. The one important occasion in which Britain's constitutional monarch can influence events is when a party takes power without an accepted leader. The monarch can then choose, as Queen Elizabeth II did recently when she named Harold Macmillan to be prime minister, rather than Richard Austen Butler. But even here a monarch is unlikely to act against the wishes of the substantial body of the party in power. And though the monarch can advise the government, which may pay attention to the king's wisdom and experience, he does not direct policy. For good or ill, the political teeth of the monarchy are drawn.

Monarchy today has also lost its religious halo. The religious conception of the royal position does not fit with the secular views that lie behind modern democracy—all the more so because a large number of the citizens of these democracies no longer believe in any religion.

Only in England is the institution still sacramental, the monarch being crowned in church and still recognized as head of the national

Color Photographs by NINA LEEN

with others by JACK GARAFALO and JOE WALDORF

CONTINUED

59



church. Other countries manage to forego the religious ceremony of coronation: the monarchs of Europe mark their accession by swearing an oath in the legislative assembly, according to a constitutional concept that does not accept any idea of divinely appointed monarch.

Has the king's social and personal position changed with the decline in his religious status and political power? The answer to this question is different in different countries. In Scandinavia it has. The general sentiment is democratic. The Norwegians, the Swedes and Danes do not like the idea that the royal family is something apart, leading an existence of courtly formality and stately splendor. The royal families, so far as we can gather, agree with them. Certainly they fall in with their wishes. The kings and queens of these countries perform their public functions with traditional state and dignity; but when these are over, they return to a home life which differs in no essentials from that of their subjects.

They go out unattended by courtiers; and in Norway, at any rate, the young princes and princesses are educated at the national school along with the children of clerks and laborers. Norway is the most informal, for it has broken the most with the predemocratic past: members of the aristocracy no longer use their titles. In Sweden and the Netherlands they do, but here also the monarchy lives simply. The present queen of the Netherlands went to the university in the same way as her subjects. There were photographs of her in the paper walking arm in arm with her fellow students through the streets and singing student songs. Greece is also informal by old-fashioned standards. I remember, when lunching at the palace at Athens before the war, that the crown prince came down to see my father and me off at the front door, just as an ordinary host would have done.

In Belgium and England the story is different because there the traditions of aristocratic society and court life are still alive. The British royal children are privately educated; the queen of England does not go out unattended and the Belgian king rarely does; there are courtiers and splendor. Yet even in England royal life has modified a great deal. An English princess will now dine out with friends without a lady in waiting in attendance. The little Duke of Cornwall is beginning his education not at home under the care of a tutor but at a school. It seems possible, too, that when he is older he may become the first heir to the British throne to attend a public school. Altogether the English royal family today leads a life which, while retaining many of its old forms, is growingly democratic in spirit.

What keeps modern monarchy going then? The answer lies in the fact that it is a practical



**A CHARITABLE QUEEN**, Juliana of the Netherlands at her Soestdijk palace entertains children evacuated from badly flooded areas of her country.



**A HEAD OF STATE**, Sweden's King Gustaf VI Adolf reads throne speech for opening of parliament this year. Ceremony takes place in the Stockholm

royal palace since king is forbidden to enter chambers of parliament. Below dais stand Prime Minister Erlander (left) and Foreign Minister Unden (right).

convenience on the one hand, and an embodied ideal on the other. Let us take the convenience first. A country needs a titular head for ceremonial purposes. European liberal democracies which are run on a political party system have found it convenient to place this titular head above party, for, if he represents a party, how can he represent the whole nation? But it is difficult to find an elective or democratic system of choosing a titular head which does not bring party politics in since every citizen is likely to belong to one political party or another.

## A living symbol of unity

**A** HEREDITARY head, however, stands outside the party quarrel. He is also particularly fitted to unite a divided nation. Belgium, for instance, is made up partly of Walloons and partly of Flemings, who differ in language and race from each other. It is the monarchy that unites them. After World War II, King Leopold had to abdicate because he had surrendered to the Germans—and then stayed in Belgium during the Nazi occupation instead of setting up a fighting government in exile as his ministers advocated. But there was no question of doing without a king; when Leopold withdrew, his son Baudouin took his place. The Belgians realized that without a king their country might split into rival factions, just as the Malaysians, in quest of unity, are now considering a rotating monarchy. They have before them the example of the queen of England, the steadiest and therefore the strongest link binding together the British Commonwealth, the one living flesh and blood symbol of its common kinship and heritage.

Unity at home means independence abroad. A great many modern monarchies were created to express national independence. When the Greeks freed themselves from Turkey, they asked for a king to show that they were a nation. When the Norwegians broke away from the Swedes in 1905, they also demanded and got a king. The sense of the monarch as a symbol of the nation's independence is especially strong in wartime, most of all when the homeland is invaded and occupied by an enemy nation. This showed up very clearly in World War II. When the Netherlands, Denmark and

Norway were overrun by the Germans the people of each country rallied round their monarch as the human embodiment of the embattled nation.

Here the convenience merges into the ideal. In the last hundred years nationalism has been as much a growing force as democracy. But whereas the tendency of democracy is against monarchy, the tendency of nationalism is for it. This has been another reason for the monarch's growing strength. A king is an emblem of the nation's solidarity. He symbolizes its historical continuity and is a means of focusing the national loyalty of his subjects. It is worth noting here that this has happened mostly in northern and western Europe where the countries are civilized and progressive, with a high standard of living for all. In less advanced countries, progressive parties regard traditional institutions with hostility as symbols of tyranny and reaction. The average citizen must be pleased with his present if he is to be loyal to his past as embodied in an ancient institution like the king.

In modern England the people's feeling for the monarch as representing the nation has developed into a feeling for him or her as the nation's personal model. They listen to the royal speech on the radio at Christmas as to their national father or mother. The English royal family has become the archetype of all English families, at once typical and ideal. For this reason the English like their royal family to appear homely, normal, friendly, with the



**THE FIRST FAMILY** of Britain attends Highland games in Scotland. Prince Philip and Charles wear tartan of Balmoral, reserved for royal family.



same views and tastes and prejudices as themselves. Thus they see themselves glorified and idealized, better dressed and wiser, better looking and more virtuous.

It is significant that though the English nowadays tolerate divorce easily enough, they strongly object to the idea that the king or his daughter should marry a divorced person. They still hold that divorces do not occur in model families, and that it is the function of the royal family to behave like a model family. Modern monarchy is mythical, not in the false sense, but in the sense that it is the incarnate image of a dream or ideal. All this has exalted the personal position of royalty in England. It seems to attract to itself some of the religious sentiment no longer given to the churches.

There is yet another reason why people like keeping their kings. Monarchy, in addition to being an ideal and a convenience, satisfies man's emotional need for ritual. This is a basic psychological craving. Man is composed of body and spirit and wishes to relate one to the other. When his spirit is excited, it feels frustrated if it cannot show itself in visible form. The body is the medium through which the soul utters itself. Why does a bride generally prefer a religious to a civil ceremony? Partly no doubt for the show; she likes dressing up in white satin and orange blossom and being the center of attention. But it is also because a wedding is a crucial event in her life: she is promising herself for life to the man she loves. Signing her name in a civil register does not express this adequately and a religious ritual does. Human beings feel that serious emotions and important events should be expressed by a body and spirit acting together in ritual.

The ritual of monarchy provides a means by which they can express their national feelings and their sense of great national occasions. It also satisfies their need for ritual as such. There is not much in modern life and people feel frustrated in consequence. How readily they will join any sort of club or troupe which involves them in dressing up in some way, however unbecoming, and performing ritual acts, however undignified. All the more will they respond to the romantic and traditional ritual associated with monarchy. It is noteworthy that most constitutional monarchies are in Protestant countries. This is partly because in Catholic countries an autocratic church has gone along with an autocratic monarchy incompatible with modern democratic ideas. But it is also that in Catholic countries man's desire for ritual is far better satisfied by the Church.

This ritual and mythical aspect of modern monarchy is much more developed in England than elsewhere. But it exists in the other monarchical countries in some degree—and a very healthy thing it is, as recent history has shown. Hero-worship is natural to human beings. If they are not provided with a legalized hero like a king, they may make a substitute hero out of an ambitious adventurer like Hitler, and he will make use of his personal glamor to obtain and increase his power. The advantage of constitutional monarchy is that it identifies public glamor with a figure who does not possess public power. It is not for nothing that it is the liberal wing of the Spanish government that wants the king back, and the extreme fascists who are suspicious of the idea. Whatever they were in the past, modern kings are a safeguard of liberty. Crown and scepter, the sacred and mysterious regalia of medieval monarchy, have become emblems of that rule of law under which modern man claims the inalienable right to speak and think as his conscience tells him.



**QUEEN IN A RITUAL.** Elizabeth helps celebrate the 300th anniversary of British standing army in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where army pensioners

live. She wears the sash and star of the Order of the Garter. Behind her is Queen's Piper. Men in tunics are members of royal Household Cavalry.

CONTINUED





IN SOESTDIJK PALACE, DUTCH QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD GATHER WITH PRINCESSES (FROM LEFT) IRENE, 17, MARIA CHRISTINA, 10, BEATRIX,

## *Dutch and Belgian Dynasties*

Most of the now reigning European dynasties are young, and both 48-year-old Juliana, Queen of the Netherlands (*above*), and 26-year-old Baudouin, King of the Belgians (*right*), are only the fifth monarchs of their nations. In the European political reorganization that followed the Napoleonic wars, the Netherlands, long a republic, became a monarchy and in 1815 tendered the throne to the House of Orange, its preeminent princely family. Belgium, then part of the Netherlands, rebelled in 1830 and took the German house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha as its ruling dynasty.

The goodhearted and unassuming Juliana, who took over in 1948 when her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, abdicated after a 50-year reign, feels that "the queen is nobody special." Yet she is a meticulous student of state

affairs and has made her moral influence felt: for example, she bravely counseled her people to accept the inevitable loss of their Indonesian colony. She also has a sprightly sense of royal dignity. After she married the German Prince Bernhard in 1937, a Nazi suggested a union of Germany and the Netherlands. Juliana answered, "Oh, I think Mama [Queen Wilhelmina] is too old to rule so large a country as Germany."

Baudouin came to the throne unexpectedly soon, in 1951. After the war, his father, King Leopold III, was felt by many Belgians to have been insufficiently anti-Nazi, and he finally abdicated. A shy and gentle person, Baudouin has gradually worked his way into the royal role. He has an important personal task still to fulfill: the finding of a queen.





19 AND HEIR TO THRONE, AND MARGRIET, 14



**FORMER KING**, Leopold (*center*) lives in Belgium. Here actor amuses his daughter, her mother, Princess de Réthy, Leopold's second wife, Baudouin.

**YOUNGEST SOVEREIGN** in Europe, Baudouin stands outside Brussels palace where he transacts court business. He lives at Laeken palace near city.



CONTINUED





**CROWN PRINCE AND DAUGHTER**, Norway's Olav and Princess Astrid, 25, live at Skaugum, their residence overlooking the Oslo Fjord, where she has acted as his hostess ever since the death of her mother, Swedish Princess Martha,

in 1954. The prince wears the uniform of a Norwegian army general. The princess wears her nation's highest decoration, the sash and Grand Cross of the Order of St. Olav, which is named for the Norwegian 11th Century king and saint.



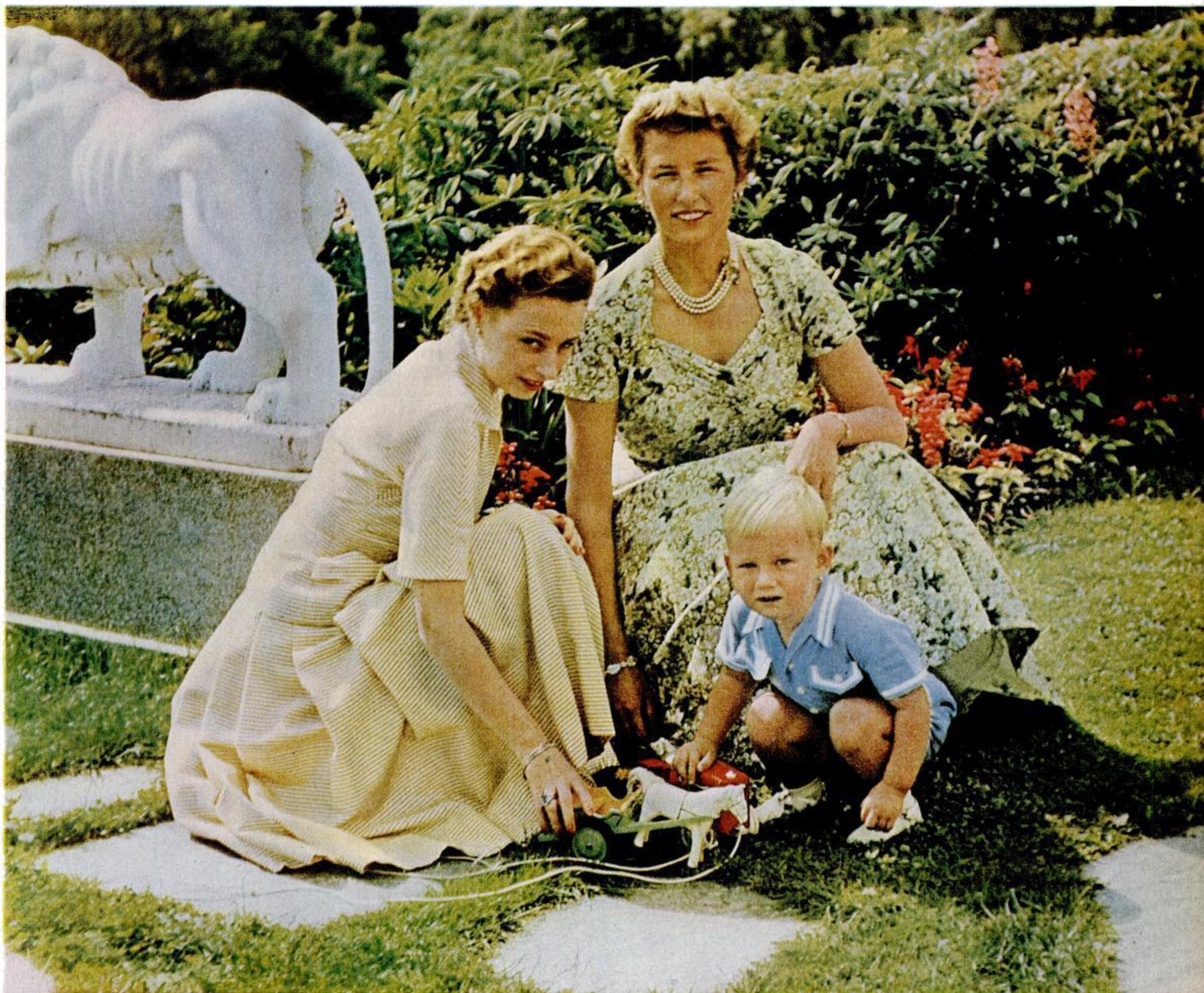
*Royal Families* CONTINUED

## *Four Generations of Norwegians*

Crown Prince Olav, 53 (*left*), has been virtual regent of Norway since 1955, when his 84-year-old father, King Haakon (*right*), went into retirement because of failing health. Haakon is the world's only elected monarch: a Danish prince by birth, he was offered Norway's new crown when the country became fully independent from Sweden in 1905, but he insisted on a plebiscite to confirm his choice. A warm and frugal man, he quickly endeared himself to his people. When he gallantly resisted the Nazi invaders in World War II and led Norway's fight from abroad the people came to worship him. Olav, trained at the Norwegian Military Academy, served as commander-in-chief of the free Norwegian forces and shared the hero's welcome that the royal family got on its 1945 return. And in athletic Norway, Olav rates as a first-class skier and a fine sailor.



**KING AND DESCENDANTS**, Haakon VII fondly plays with his first great-grandchild, Haakon Lorentzen, 2, who is held by mother, Olav's daughter, Ragnhild, 27. When she married Erling Lorentzen, Ragnhild gave up rights to throne.



**IN A ROYAL GARDEN** at Skaugum, Princess Ragnhild (*left*) and Princess Astrid play with little Haakon Lorentzen. Ragnhild has a second child, daughter Ingeborg, born this February. She divides her time between visits to royal family

and residence in Rio de Janeiro, where her Norwegian businessman husband has shipping interests. Astrid is unmarried. The princesses' brother Harald, 20, now serving in the Norwegian army, is next in line after Olav for succession to throne.

CONTINUED





**ROYAL DANES**, Frederik IX, 58, and his queen, Ingrid, 47, relax in their private apartment in the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen. Married in 1935,

they were called "the world's handsomest royal couple." They have three charming daughters, the eldest of whom, Margrethe, 17, will inherit throne.

## *The Danes and Swedes*

The Danish and Swedish royal houses were linked when King Frederik IX of Denmark married Princess Ingrid (*above*), daughter of King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden (*right*). The 6'5" Dane is a fine athlete and a passionate musician, while his wife is a gifted decorator and gardener. Frederik takes part in national affairs by presiding impartially over the meetings of Denmark's ministers. To keep himself informed, the king does his own telephoning to officials who are no longer startled to hear the royal voice say, "Good morning—I'm sorry to bother you but may I ask a favor?"

King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden is descended

from the French country boy, Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte, who became one of Napoleon's marshals. He was given the Swedish crown in 1818 because the Swedes, whose own royal line had failed, wanted a soldier-leader to protect them against Russia. Gustaf Adolf spent 68 years preparing to be king, serving in many of Sweden's government departments, and ascended the throne in 1950 when his father died at 92. It has been said that if Sweden should become a republic, the king could easily be elected its first president. But if Gustaf Adolf had had a choice, he would probably have given up statecraft for his great love, scholarship.



**MUSICAL MONARCH**, Frederik during visit to Stockholm conducts the Royal Court Orchestra in rehearsal for concert. He always wears scout knife.

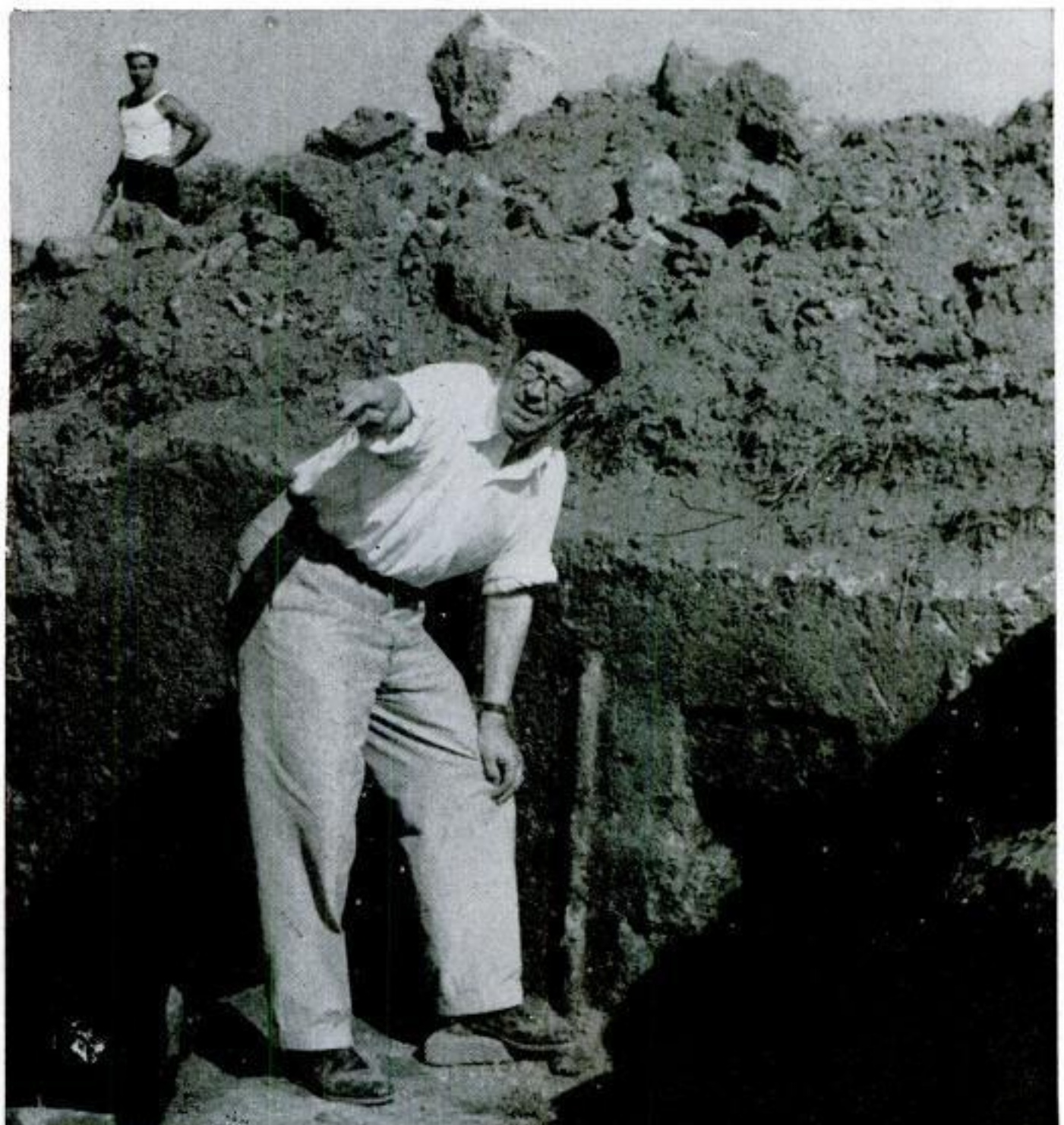
**SWEDISH SOVEREIGN**, Gustaf Adolf sits in Stockholm palace with second wife, who was Lady Louise Mountbatten. Late first wife was also British. →







**YOUNG CROWN PRINCE** of Sweden, Carl Gustaf, 11, lives with his mother, Princess Sibylla of the German Saxe-Coburg-Gotha house in the Stockholm palace. Carl's father, eldest son of Gustaf Adolf, was killed in a 1947 plane crash.



**ROYAL ARCHAEOLOGIST**, Gustaf Adolf supervises an excavation in Italy, has also taken part in archaeological expeditions in Greece, Egypt, China, Japan and his own Sweden. He owns a particularly good collection of Chinese pottery.

CONTINUED





**CHARMING PRINCESS** Sophia of Greece, 18, is the oldest child of King Paul and Queen Frederika. Here she holds her Maltese dogs in the garden of Tatoi Palace outside Athens. A trained nurse, she works in an Athens nursery.



**CROWN PRINCE** of Greece, Constantine, 17, wears uniform of cadet in Greek naval academy in which he is enrolled. He also has younger sister, Irene, 15, born in South Africa where family lived after Germans invaded Greece in 1941.

## *Greece's Attractive First Family*



**HUGGING THE KING**, whom she always refers to as simply "my husband," Frederika greets him as he lands at Athens airport after a trip abroad.

A Greek king's lot is not a peaceful one. There have been six kings since the nation gained its freedom from the Ottoman Empire in 1832. The first was deposed by rebellion. The second was assassinated. The third died in exile. The fourth was killed by a monkey bite. The fifth was thrown out twice and restored twice. When the present King Paul I came to the throne in 1947, he promptly had to defend his kingdom against a savage rebellion launched by the Communists.

"Modern kings must earn their keep to survive," genial Paul says. During the civil war he and his energetic Queen Frederika toured every inch of the country and the fighting fronts, heartening their loyal adherents. And both of them dramatized their country's case to the world. After hearing Frederika speak, U.S. Senator Alexander Wiley said, "If you could have a vote taken this minute, you would get the American aid to Greece doubled."

After the Reds were beaten, Frederika did not find it easy to be merely a national symbol. But Greek politicians politely put a stop to her dabbling in their affairs. Since then, both king and queen have gracefully eased into their less strenuous job of lending some joyous glitter to the hard life that the Greek people lead.



**PLEASING THE PEOPLE**, Frederika cheerfully leads a village dance in the northwest of Greece at a festival which was organized in honor of her visit.





**THE GLAMOR OF MONARCHY** invests Queen Frederika and King Paul as they prepare for a formal occasion at the Tatoi Palace. German-born Frederika wears the crown jewels of diamonds and emeralds which had belonged to Paul's

mother, Queen Sophia, sister of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Her dress is by Jean Dessès, a Greek who has become a leading Paris couturier. Paul wears an admiral's uniform and Grand Cross of the Royal Order of the Saviour below row of ribbons.



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Torsion-Aire suspension is standard equipment on all Chrysler Corporation cars. Shown above: a CHRYSLER SARATOGA 4-door hardtop.

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They like the performance—and *economy!* For the first time ever, *one* manufacturer took top honors—in every class—in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run. No wonder *the switch is on!*

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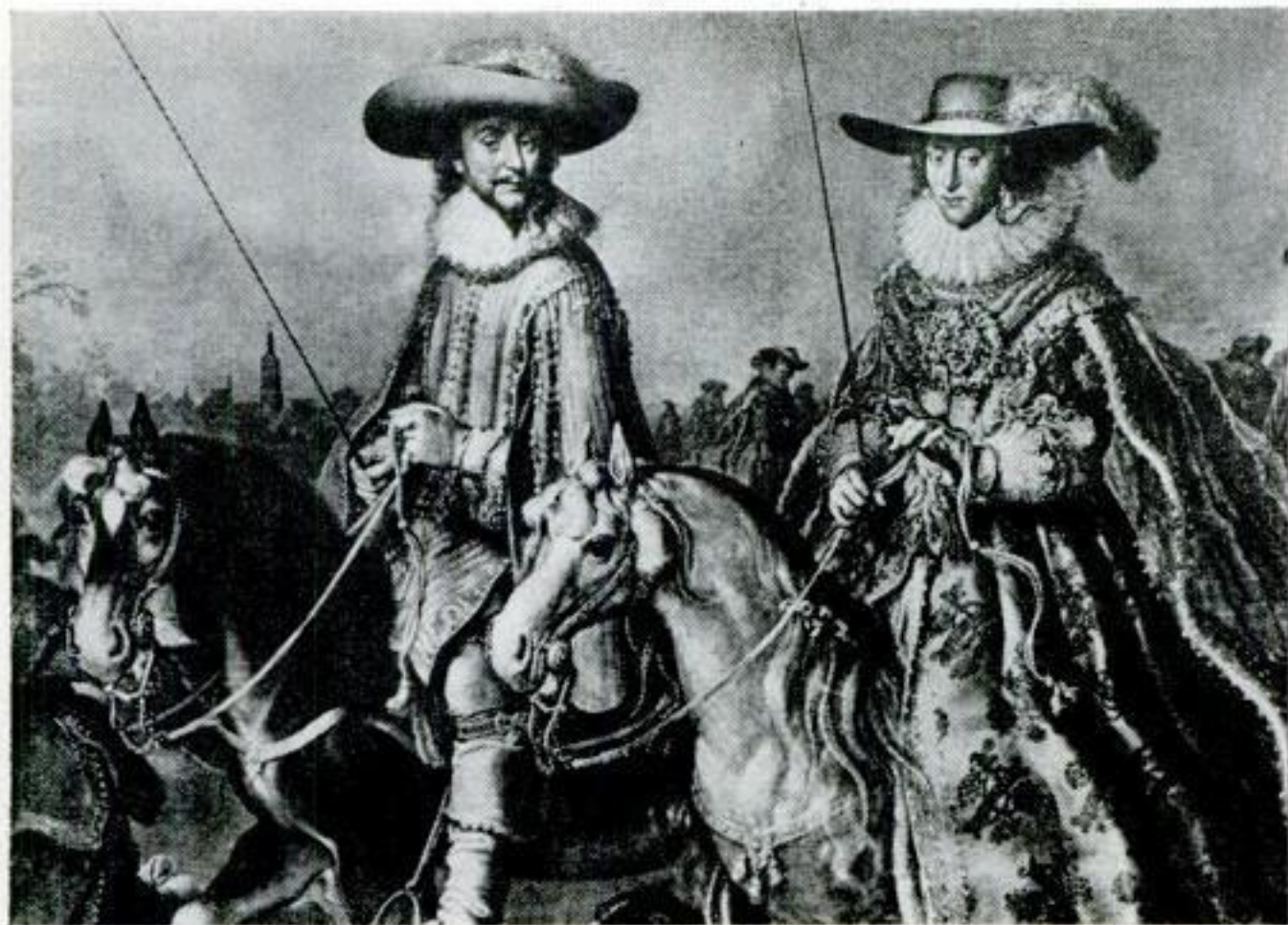
**YOU CAN'T GO WRONG!** The most finicky one in the family will find his favorite in Post-Tens! Seven delicious cereals—roasted, toasted, popped or puffed. One for every mood, every day in the week. So let Pop shop... he can't miss with Post-Tens!



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**COMMON ANCESTORS** of monarchs occupying European thrones today are the 17th Century King Frederick V and Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia.

## The Resources of Royalty

**T**HE family trees of all the European royal rulers go back to a single root: the royal couple shown above, Frederick V of Bohemia and his queen, Elizabeth. Frederick, born in 1596, was himself a grandson of William the Silent, the great early head of the House of Orange that rules the Netherlands today. Elizabeth, whom he married in 1613, was the daughter of King James I of England. With these excellent royal connections, Frederick was crowned by Bohemia's nobles, rebelling against the Hapsburg emperor, as their king on Nov. 4, 1620. But only four days later the emperor's troops routed Frederick's followers and ended his rule. Derisively dubbed "the winter king," Frederick fled to Holland and died in obscurity in 1632.

But if they made little imprint on their own times Frederick and Elizabeth had a profound influence on the future, through two of their children, Sophia and Charles Louis. Sophia married the Elector of Hanover and their son became King George I of England. His son, George II, married one of his daughters, Louisa, to Frederick V of Denmark, and today's Danish King Frederick IX is descended from her. The Danish royal house eventually also provided kings for Greece and Norway.

Another daughter of George II, Anne, married William IV, prince of the House of Orange. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands is their descendant.

George II's son, who never reigned, fathered among others George III and Augusta. Augusta's great-granddaughter married the king of Sweden and became a progenitor of the king who rules Sweden now.

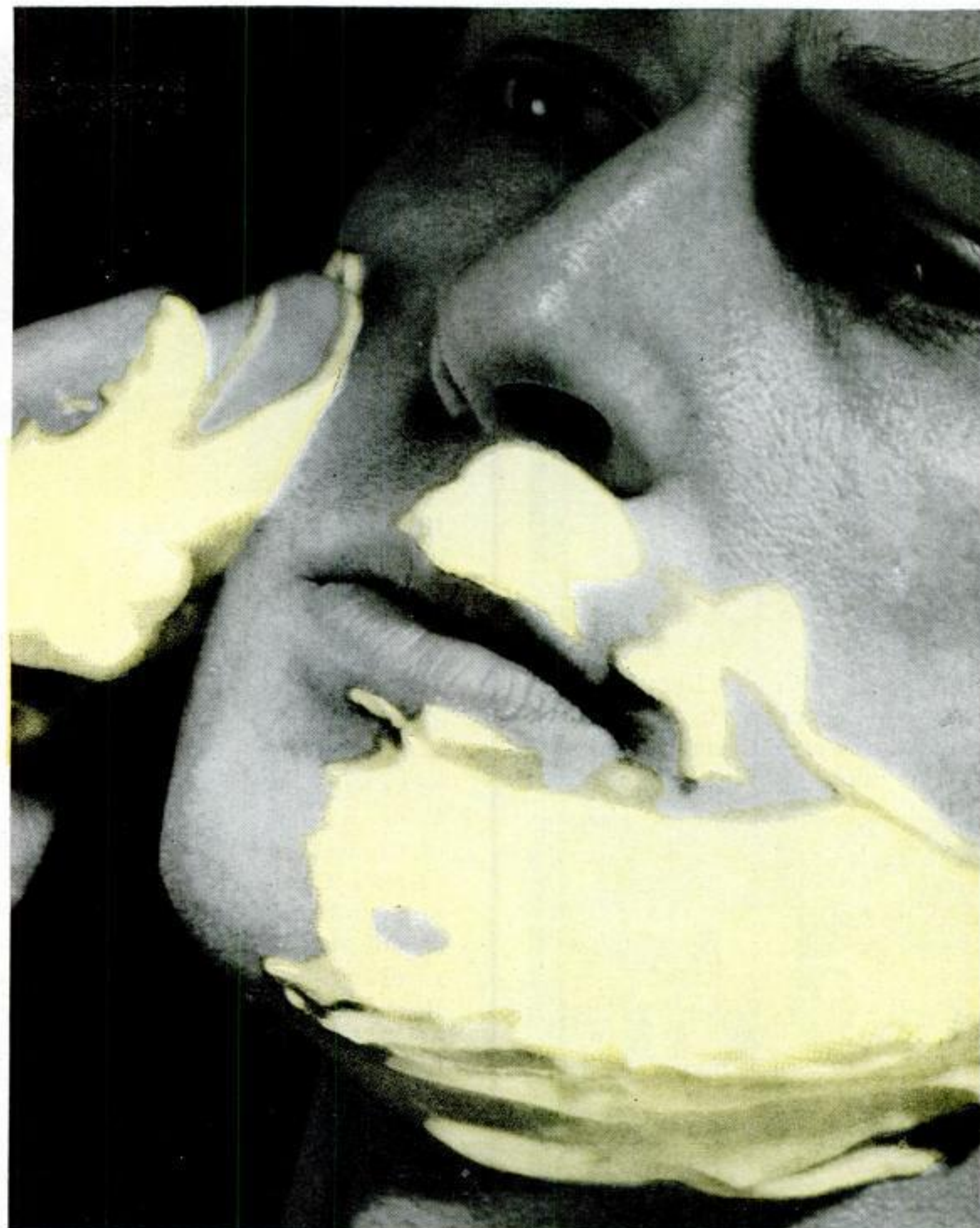
A son of the Bohemian royal couple, Charles Louis, married his daughter to the French Duke of Orléans. Six generations later an Orléans princess married Leopold I of Belgium, ancestor of the present King Baudouin. Thus the blood of the "winter king" Frederick V and his queen flows in the veins of seven successful modern monarchs.

Along with ancestry, Europe's reigning royalty has another thing in common: considerable wealth.

The monarchs of Europe are generally paid much better than the President of the U.S. Their income usually comes from the annual allowances their governments give them, their inheritances and the special privileges attached to their offices. And most of what they get is tax free. The amount of money that the relatively poor European peoples let their rulers enjoy suggests that they not only serve as conveniences, ideals and centers of ritual—as Lord David Cecil has described—but have still a fourth function: they are symbols of a freedom from material care to which their subjects can but aspire. There must be well-endowed kings to keep alive men's dreams of "living like a king."

The British royal family is far and away the most lavishly provided for, their total allowances voted by Parliament running to some \$4.3 million a year. Queen Elizabeth gets the largest personal allowance

CONTINUED



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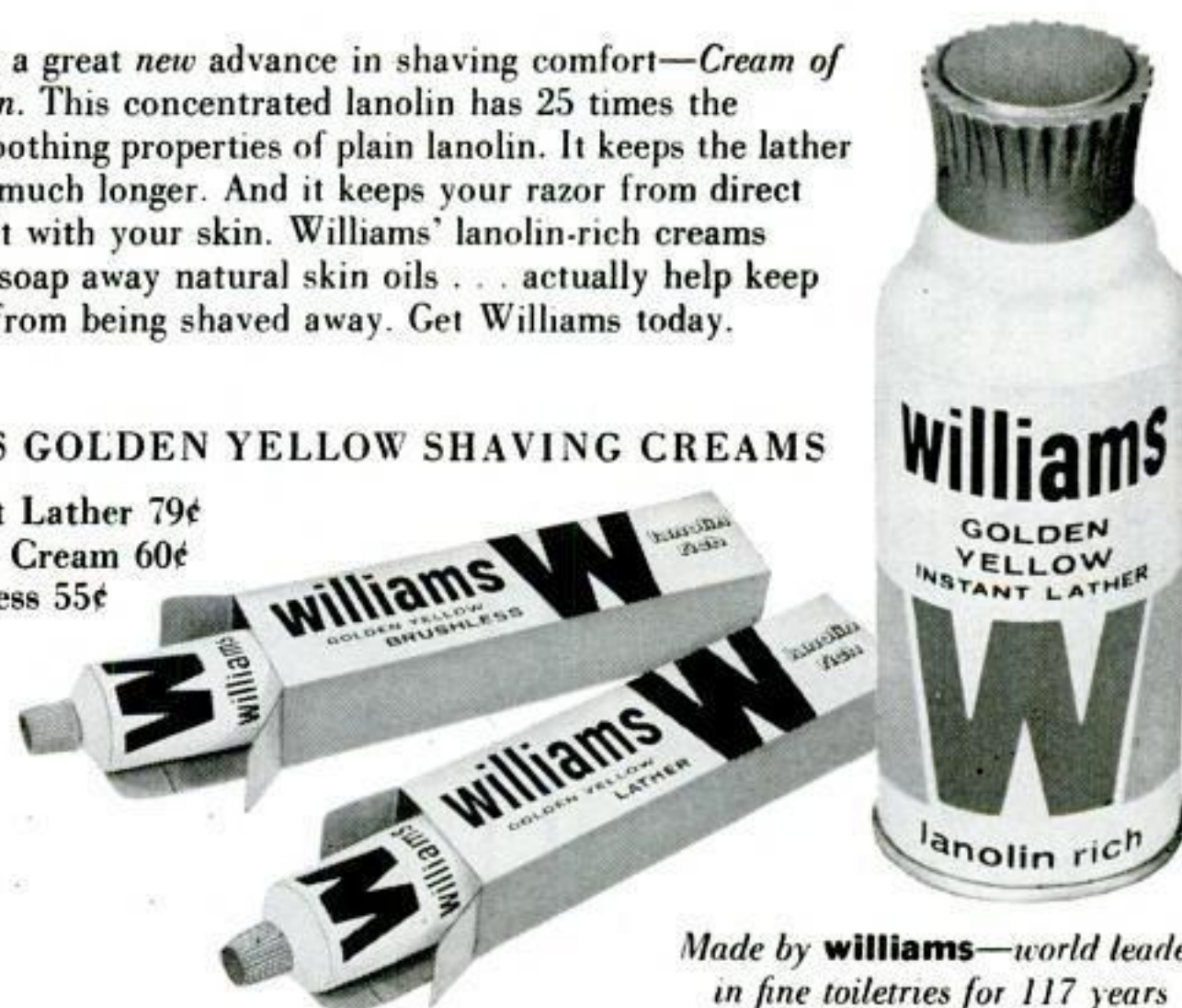
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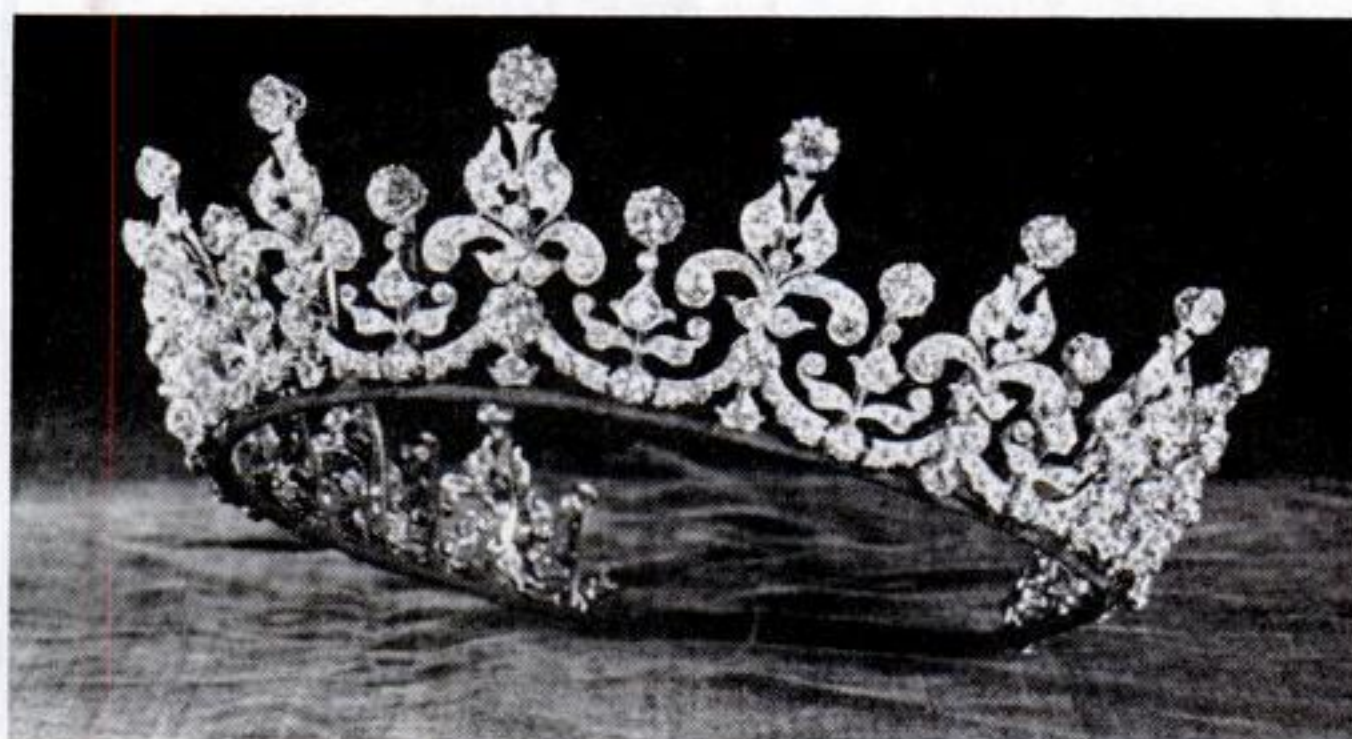
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**BRITISH JEWELRY**, Elizabeth's Fairy Queen diamond tiara, was inherited from grandmother, the late Queen Mary, who received it as wedding gift.

## Royal Families CONTINUED

—known as the Civil List—of any European ruler, \$1.3 million. The rest of the royal family shares nearly \$500,000 in the allowances of Prince Philip (\$112,000), the queen mother (\$196,000), the Duke of Gloucester (\$98,000), Princess Margaret (only \$16,800), Prince Charles (\$28,000) and the queen's aunt, Princess Mary (\$16,800). In order to live in the splendid style that her subjects expect, the queen spends \$860,000 of her Civil List on the salaries and expenses of the royal household. On top of this fantastic housekeeping budget, the British Ministry of Public Works looks after the maintenance and repairs of a dozen royal palaces to the tune of another \$1.5 million. And the Royal Navy budget contains an appropriation of \$1 million a year for the upkeep and operation of the royal yacht *Britannia*, which itself, in 1954, was a \$5.9 million gift to the crown.

Only part of the \$4.3 million a year is, strictly speaking, taken from the British taxpayer's pocket. King George III in 1760 turned over the revenues on crown land in England and Wales to the government in return for the Civil List. In the fiscal year 1955-56, all the crown lands netted the government an income of over \$3.5 million. Further, the \$28,000 a year paid to Prince Charles represents one ninth of the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, whose full income the prince will only start receiving when he is 21. Until then the government keeps the rest. Thus it can be maintained that, with the government's profit of some \$3.75 million on the crown lands and Cornwall, the total upkeep of the British royal family really costs the British people only around \$550,000 a year.

The crown lands consist of 384,000 acres with some 3,500 buildings. They include estates in Somerset, Wiltshire and Dorset, beaches in Cornwall and Devon and huge tracts of farmland. They also include some famous London landmarks. The south side of Piccadilly Circus, both sides of Regent Street, the Haymarket Theater, the Carlton movie house and Carlton Hotel and a number of well-known London restaurants are among the crown holdings. Obviously, if Elizabeth really owned all these properties—instead of surrendering them, as each British monarch formally does on accession—she would be the wealthiest woman in the world.

In addition, Queen Elizabeth enjoys a great personal fortune whose size is a closely held secret but which may be in the neighborhood of \$10 million. The Duke of Windsor, it is believed, inherited something like that amount from George V. After he abdicated, he turned it over to George VI in return for an annual grant, rumored to be the same as the queen mother's Civil List of \$196,000. George VI in turn presumably willed his fortune virtually intact to his daughter Elizabeth.

Finally, Elizabeth owns a staggering collection of jewels, perhaps unmatched in the world. It includes fabulous tiaras, like the all-diamond Fairy Queen (above) and the tiara formerly owned by the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia made of intertwined diamond ovals around 15 large drop emeralds. There is the Pink Diamond Flower, a jewel the size of a jonquil in which white diamonds form the five petals to the central 23-carat rose pink diamond, cut from the priceless 54-carat stone that was her wedding gift from Tanganyika Mine Owner John



**GEORGE III** was the British king in whose reign Civil List system was worked out.

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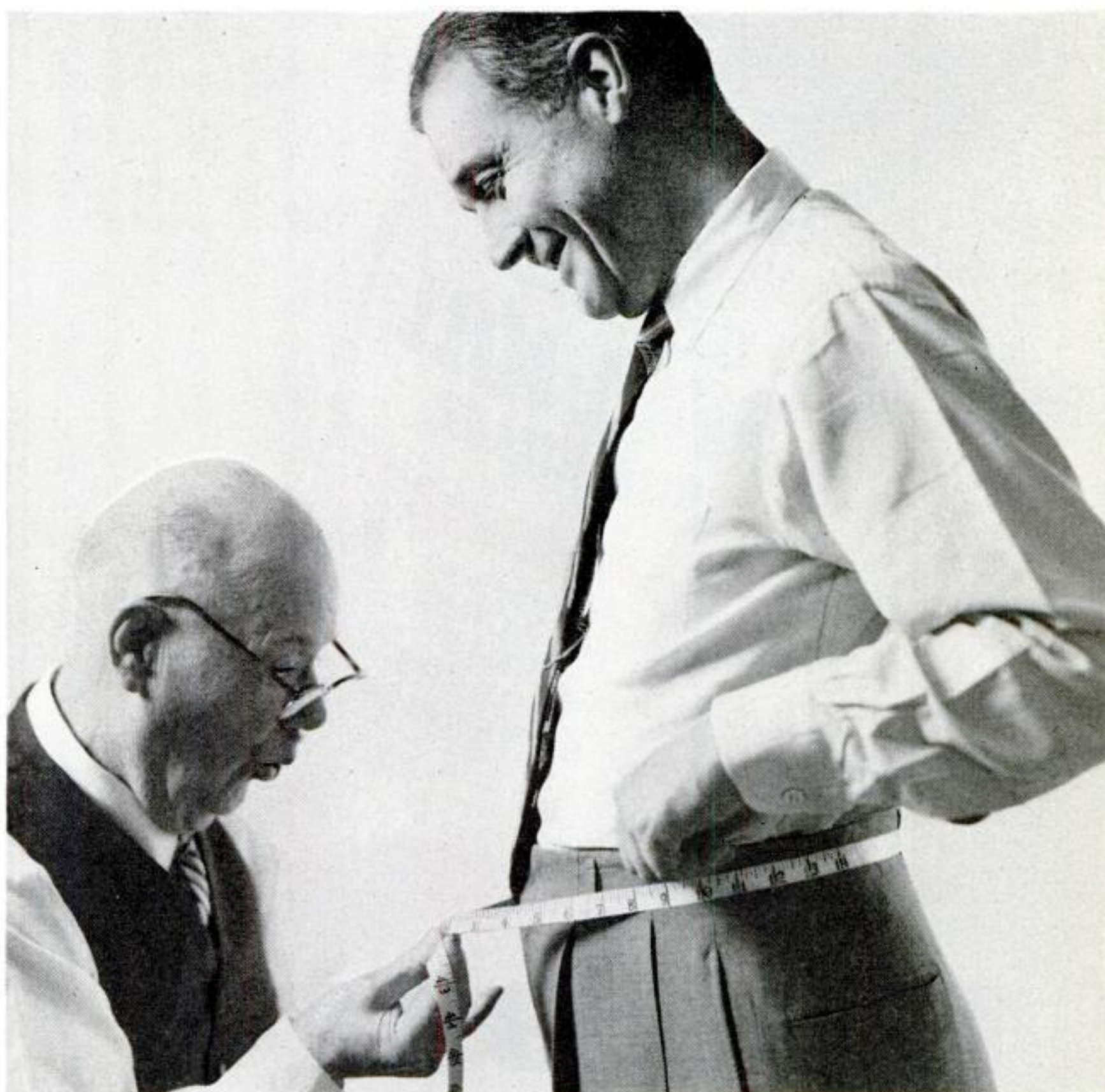


# How sugar can help you reduce —and stay there

Why do people find it easier to lose weight than keep it off?

Do you dread starting “another diet”?

Why does overdieting often fail to control overweight?



*New facts show how sugar helps you reach your desirable weight, and hold it!*

**Q. Is it true that more than half the people who lose weight gain it back?**

A. Yes, according to a Gallup poll, that is exactly what happens. Often, it is because a person *cuts out* foods to reduce. As soon as he puts these foods back into his meals, and eats the way he used to, the pounds come creeping back.

**Q. Does that mean you have to cut out fattening foods all your life?**

A. Nutritionists say it is a mistake to think of any single food as “fattening.” No one food is fattening in itself when eaten in sensible amounts. There is a simple rule for losing weight, and the same plan can be adapted for *keeping* weight off.

**Q. What is the simple rule for losing weight?**

A. A leading authority advises this plan: Eat the same foods you are accustomed to, in good variety. Simply go light on the portions. This common-sense plan includes sugar, both for its energy value, and as an aid in cutting down.

**Q. How can sugar help you eat less?**

A. You may remember when you were small, your mother wouldn't let you have a cookie or piece of candy before a meal because you wouldn't eat all your dinner. Perhaps mother didn't know the scientific reason, but it is a fact that *no other food stems the appetite faster than sugar*. In fact, sugar has been called “The Great Satisfier.” If you are trying to cut down on portions, a nibble of something sweet shortly before a meal may keep you from eating far more calories than you need at mealtime.

**Q. What happens if you cut down too far?**

A. You must remember that carbohydrate foods, such as sugar, are used primarily for energy—the kind of energy your body needs for every action, every heartbeat, every breath. When these foods are trimmed too drastically, nature sends out warning signals to slow down. You have a feeling of tiredness, of brain fog, even irritability.

**Q. What if you have to keep going, anyway?**

A. Nutritionists have found that an Energy Break helps in mid-morning or afternoon—a piece of candy, or a cookie or a beverage with sugar in it. This is what is meant by the “Scientific Nibble.” Sugar is the quickest source of energy there is. *Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy so fast, with so few calories.*

**Q. Would an artificial sweetener supply energy as fast?**

A. No. Artificial sweeteners have no energy value whatsoever. Perhaps even more significant are these findings: *People who gave up sugar and used artificial sweeteners lost no more weight than those who used sugar . . . the result of a 3-year study of overweight people by one of the nation's leading Universities.*

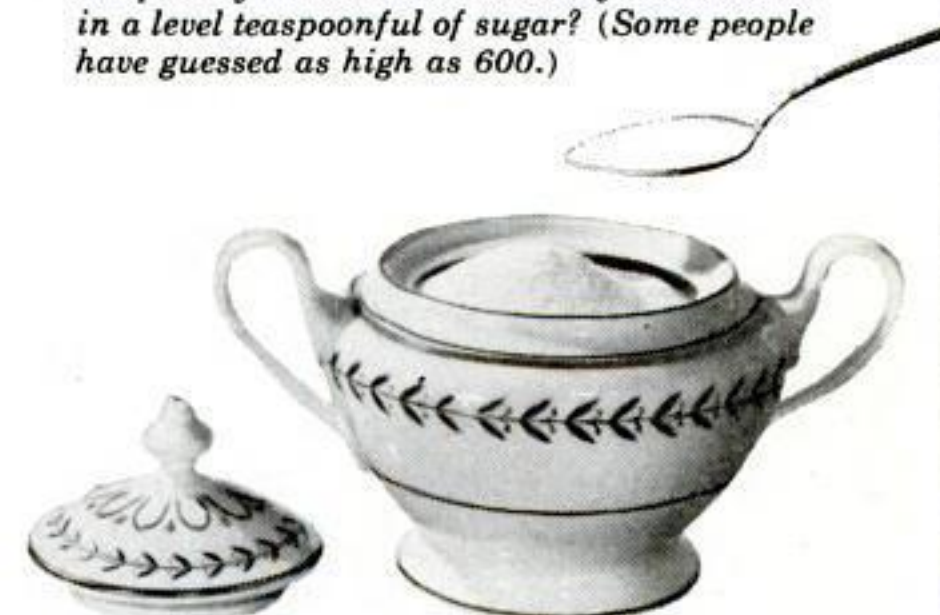
**Q. How can I keep my weight down after I reduce?**

A. If you start to gain, eat a little less. Again nutritionists say, *don't cut out*. You'll find sugar helpful, not only for supplying energy, but as an appetite appeaser, too. You can live all your life with smaller portions if you feel satisfied and

well, and enjoy the foods that make meals a pleasure.

## 18 CALORIES!

*Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people have guessed as high as 600.)*



*No other food stems your appetite so fast with so few calories*



**FREE BOOKLET.** Write for your free copy of “The Scientific Nibble.” Contains actual dieting program based on the sensible new approach to weight control.

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**DUTCH GOLD COACH**, which is also lavishly decorated with silver, teakwood and ivory, is ridden by Queen Juliana, Bernhard (*saluting*) and Crown Princess Beatrix (*left*) to last year's opening of parliament in The Hague.

## Royal Families CONTINUED

Williamson. Among Elizabeth's favorite earrings are some containing 15 large diamonds each.

Dutch royalty seems to run second in affluence to the British. Queen Juliana draws \$395,000 annually, plus \$90,000 for the upkeep of her various palaces. Prince Bernhard and Crown Princess Beatrix each receive another \$80,000. Probably \$395,000 of this \$645,000 is promptly plowed back into household expenses. But Juliana has large property holdings in the Netherlands, in other European countries and in the U.S., which yield a sizable income. Bernhard in his turn is a director of several important Dutch corporations who pay him for his effective services as a goodwill ambassador for Dutch trade. Both he and Juliana shrink from ostentation; the most conspicuous luxury of the House of Orange is the ornate golden coach that the Dutch people presented to Queen Wilhelmina at her coronation in 1898 and which Juliana annually rides to the opening of parliament.

Third in point of royal wealth is probably Gustaf Adolf of Sweden. His allowances indicate it. The Civil List of the royal family is some \$700,000 a year. From it, the king must maintain eight castles, including the huge and handsome royal palace in Stockholm. There is also the \$60,000 a year that still comes out of a fund created for the king when Sweden in 1814 received compensation for ceding its rights to the West Indies island of Guadeloupe. Further, the Swedes gave Gustaf Adolf \$1 million on his 70th birthday in 1952. But these sums are not decisive for Gustaf's financial status. The secret of his wealth is twofold: he inherited a comfortable fortune and he is a frugal man. He owns no yacht, few horses or cars, and he nets some \$10,000 a year selling flowers and vegetables from the royal gardens.

The Norwegians draw less from the government than the Swedes and have a little less personal property. King Haakon gets \$140,000, Crown Prince Olav \$70,000, and palace upkeep (\$170,000) is paid for by the government. Haakon is presumed to have inherited a handsome sum when his Queen Maud, a daughter of Edward VII of England,

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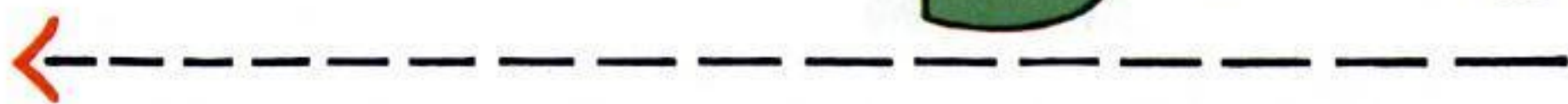


**SWEDISH ROYAL PALACE**, located on Staden Island in Stockholm, was begun in 18th Century, finished in 19th. It contains over 600 rooms and it houses one of world's finest collections of medieval armor and costumes.

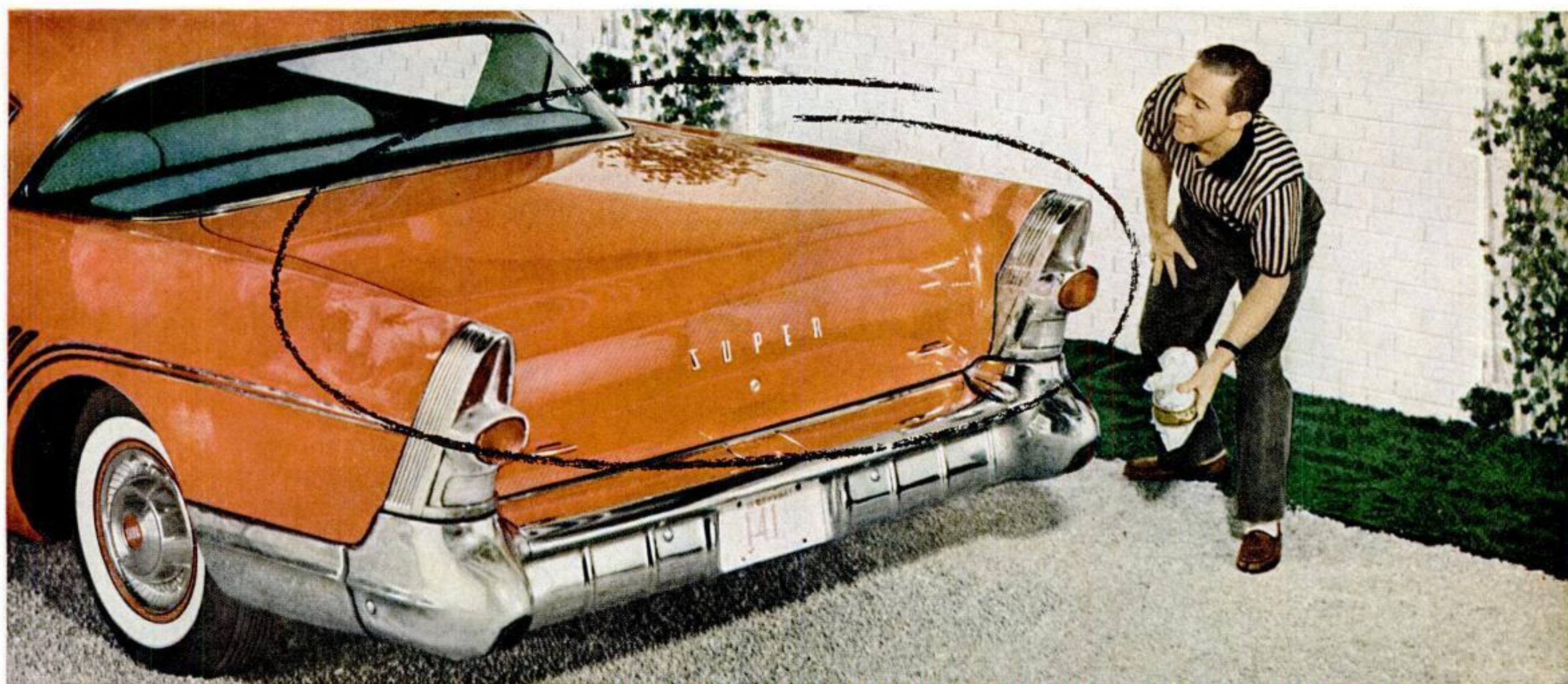




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waxing...leaves wax on car...



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protects the car finish up to  
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**reason: VISTA IS TURBO-WHIPPED**

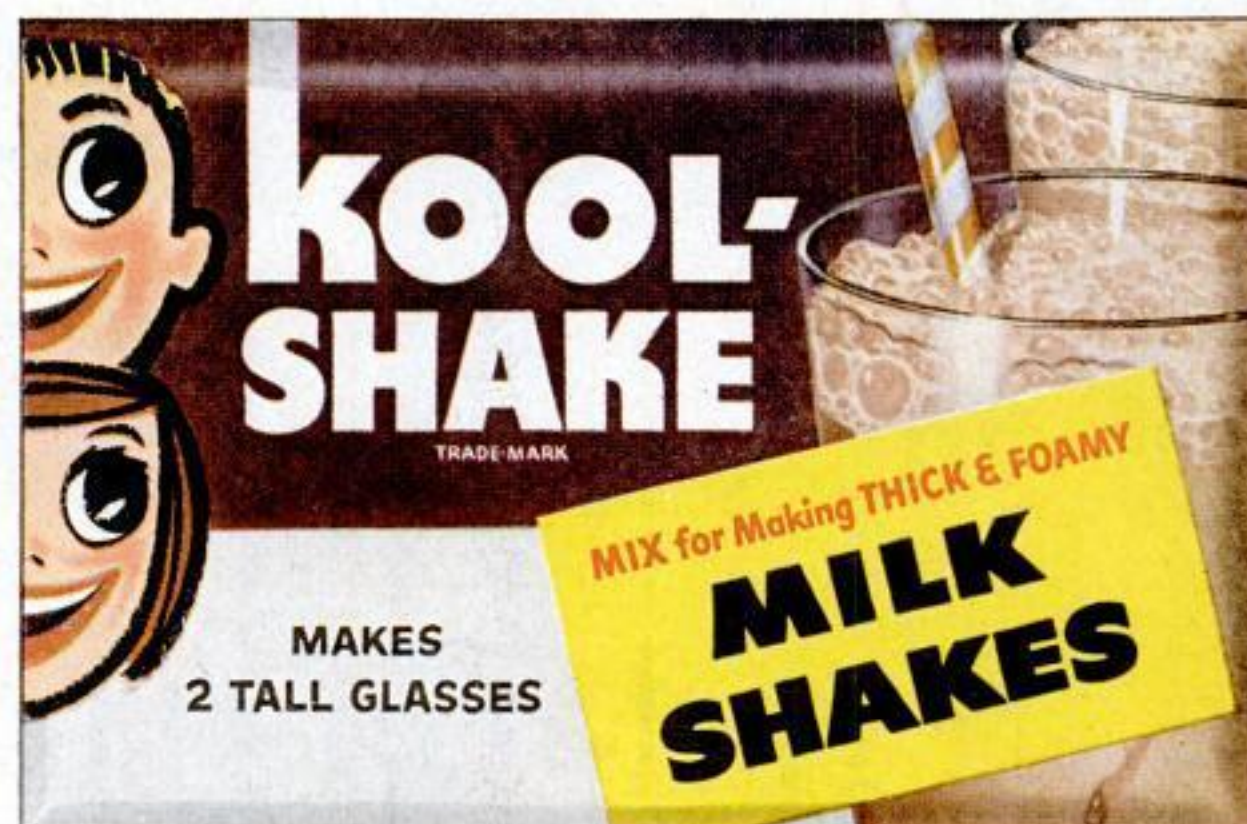
VISTA is tough paste wax, plus cleaner, *turbo-whipped* together. This exclusive mixing process by Simoniz whips hard wax into soft particles . . . makes it possible to clean and wax in one easy application. Designed for today's gay car colors, turbo-whipped VISTA is ideal for *all* car finishes. Try it!



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Shakes up thick  
and foamy! Just add  
Kool-Shake to milk  
and sugar.



Comes in your favorite milk shake flavors

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died in 1938. The richly decorated Oslo palace contains a magnificent gold dinner service, valued at between \$2 to \$3 million and used on state occasions. Sizable real estate holdings in Norway and a \$1.5 million steam yacht *Norge*, presented to Haakon by his people when he turned 75, round out the royal family's extensive holdings.

Contrary to a widely held impression, the Belgian dynasty is not among the wealthiest, although it certainly is comfortably off. Baudouin's great-granduncle, King Leopold II, made an enormous fortune out of his investments in the Belgian Congo. But in his will he turned his rights in the Congo over to the country and did the same with his holdings at home on condition that the government maintain them for the use of the royal family. These Belgian properties are extensive: Laeken Palace with its hothouses full of exotic plants and citrus groves, a seaside chalet, two manors in the Ardennes, each with thousands of acres, smaller castles and scattered real estate holdings. Besides the enjoyment of these places, the royal family benefits from allowances totaling nearly \$800,000. King Baudouin gets \$780,000 of this for his household expenses and extensive charities. These include a gift to every seventh child born to a Belgian family, for the king automatically becomes its godfather.

Neither is Frederik of Denmark a particularly rich king. The Danish government pegs his allowance, like that of any civil servant, to the cost of living. It is currently about \$350,000 a year. He can use four state-owned castles but must contribute to their maintenance. Privately, he owns one castle and one hunting lodge.

King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece are, by any royal standards, poor. They have been living on \$250,000 a year, which was to cover all their expenses including state visits abroad, gifts to visiting rulers and their 200-strong palace staffs. This enabled the royal couple to indulge their passion for sports cars and the queen to build up her fine collection of Bohemian glass, but it was not enough to cope with the costs of the big Athens palace. Paul therefore closed the palace and moved into the modest Tatoi summer palace outside the city, which is one of the few things he owns outright. However, the Greek parliament has recently overwhelmingly voted Paul a raise to \$383,000 and he is expected to take up residence in the capital again.

Rounding out the roster of European realms is the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, which was so lightheartedly fictionalized in the musical, *Call Me Madam*. The duchy was dynastically tied to the Dutch crown until 1890, when it got its own independent house. Its ruler today is the 61-year-old, charming and gentle Grand Duchess Charlotte, who became sovereign in 1919. Charlotte's domain is only 999 square miles and embraces 300,000 subjects. But it also enjoys a tremendous wealth in iron and steel and prosperous farmlands. The Luxembourgers find it no chore to pay their grand duchess nearly \$145,000 a year. They have a motto to which not only they and their titled sovereign but all the monarchs of Europe can subscribe: "*Mir welle bleiwe wat mer sinn*" (We want to remain what we are).



THE GRAND DUCHESS, Charlotte of Luxembourg, lives in Grand Ducal Palace with her Italian-born consort, Prince Felix. Duchess owns much real estate in Luxembourg, castle and smaller estates in Bavaria, and many jewels.

# Revolutionary new treatment for muscular aches and pains

# Intracel

Now for the first time—a cool, soothing liquid that penetrates through the tissues to put pain to sleep

PENETRATING ANALGESIC

Modern INTRACEL is the first major advance in the external treatment of muscular aches and pains in centuries!

Unlike hot, irritating salves and liniments that stay on the surface of the skin, liquid INTRACEL actually penetrates deep into muscle tissue bringing blessed relief where it hurts. Yes, in minutes, cool, soothing INTRACEL has put pain to sleep... safely and surely!

So don't depend on old-fashioned remedies to relieve pain. Be prepared this summer—get INTRACEL today. If you're not completely satisfied, your druggist will refund full purchase price.



USE INTRACEL TO RELIEVE SUMMER SUFFERING FROM SUCH COMMON AILMENTS AS:

**Muscle strains.** INTRACEL gives wonderful relief from pain of muscular stiff neck, sore arm, aching shoulder and back. Eases muscle cramps and aids circulation.

**Itching, hot, tired feet.** Applied liberally, refreshing INTRACEL cools and soothes burning feet... gives you that delightful "barefoot" feeling.

**Sunburn misery.** Greaseless INTRACEL quickly relieves the blaze and itching of a fresh sunburn. And you'll love its pleasant rose fragrance.

**Irritating insect bites.** Fast-acting INTRACEL takes the sharp pain out of bee stings; stops annoying itching of chigger and mosquito bites.

**Itching from poison ivy or poison oak** is swiftly relieved if you use INTRACEL after exposure. This penetrating analgesic soothes hives, too.

**Toothaches.** Rub INTRACEL on gums or jaw when these fun killers strike. Pain is eased until you can get to your dentist.

**Rheumatism, lumbago.** INTRACEL relieves pain of muscular lumbago, simple neuritis pains and neuralgia; gives temporary relief from minor rheumatic and arthritic pains.

For persistent pain apply a compress saturated with INTRACEL.

(INTRACEL also available in Canada.)

VCA LABORATORIES, LOS ANGELES AND NEW YORK

NEW! ...really different!



Dr. Scholl's  
**Archlift Sandals**  
with Built-in Comfort!

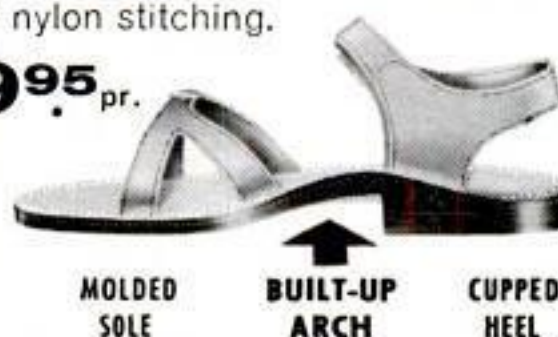
Enjoy the 'barefoot freedom' of a sandal, yet more restful support than the finest shoe could give! The exclusive built-up arch and cupped heel cradle your every step... make walking a real pleasure... prevent that 'letdown' feeling of ordinary sandals. Ideal casual footwear for home, street or recreation. Finest quality saddle leather, nylon stitching.

\$9.95 pr.

WOMEN'S:  
Tan, White,  
Red, Black.

MEN'S:  
Tan, Brown  
or Black.

Also for Children, from \$6.95.



At all Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Shops, leading Shoe & Dept. Stores. If not available locally, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 61L, Chicago, Ill.

Easy does it...  
WITH  
**SAKRETE**



Your lumber, building supply or hardware dealer will tell you... for easy economical building, repairing and remodeling, use SAKRETE! Quality concrete or mortar mixed dry in a sack—just add water, stir and use. SAKRETE is always uniform—electronically mixed and scientifically tested to eliminate guesswork. SAKRETE actually exceeds ASTM specification C 387. Insist on America's first and best dry-mixed concrete or mortar in a bag... SAKRETE!

LOOK FOR THE SACK WITH THE YELLOW DIAMOND

**SAKRETE**

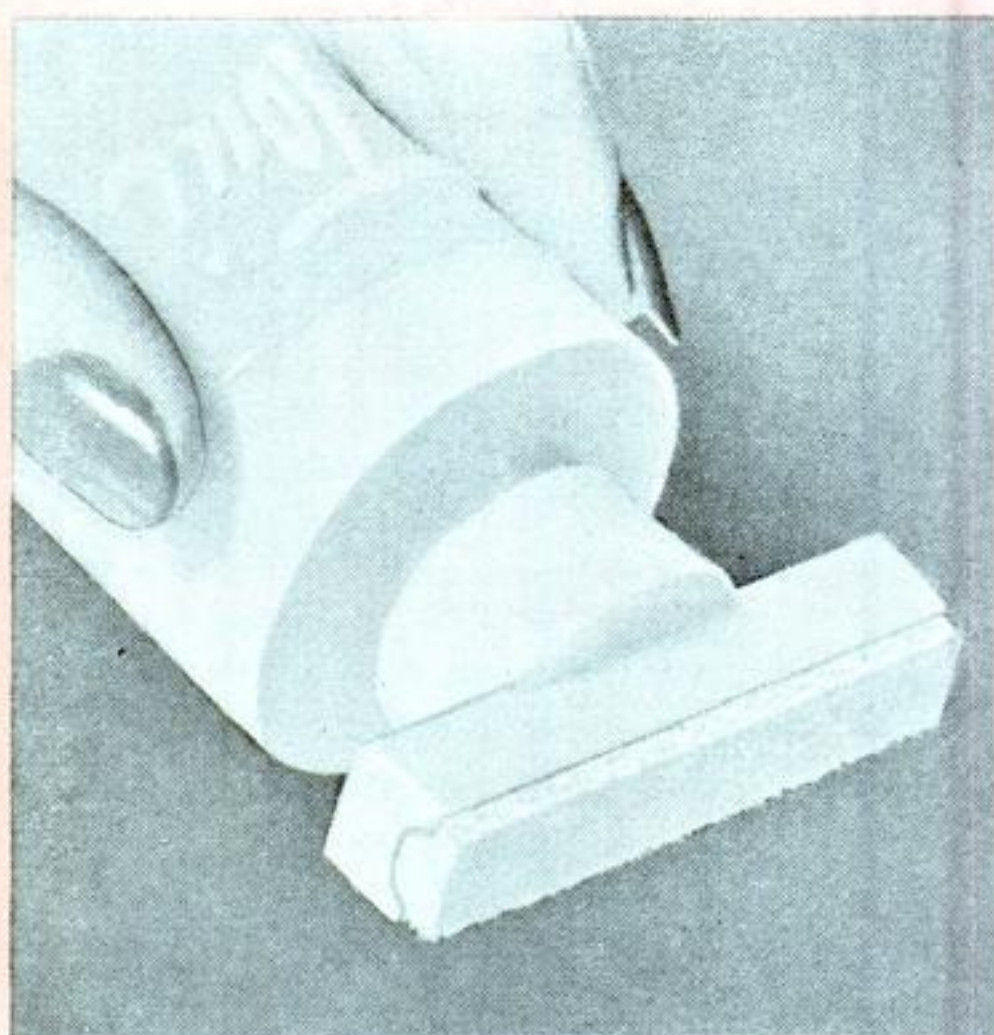
Manufactured and Sold Nationally





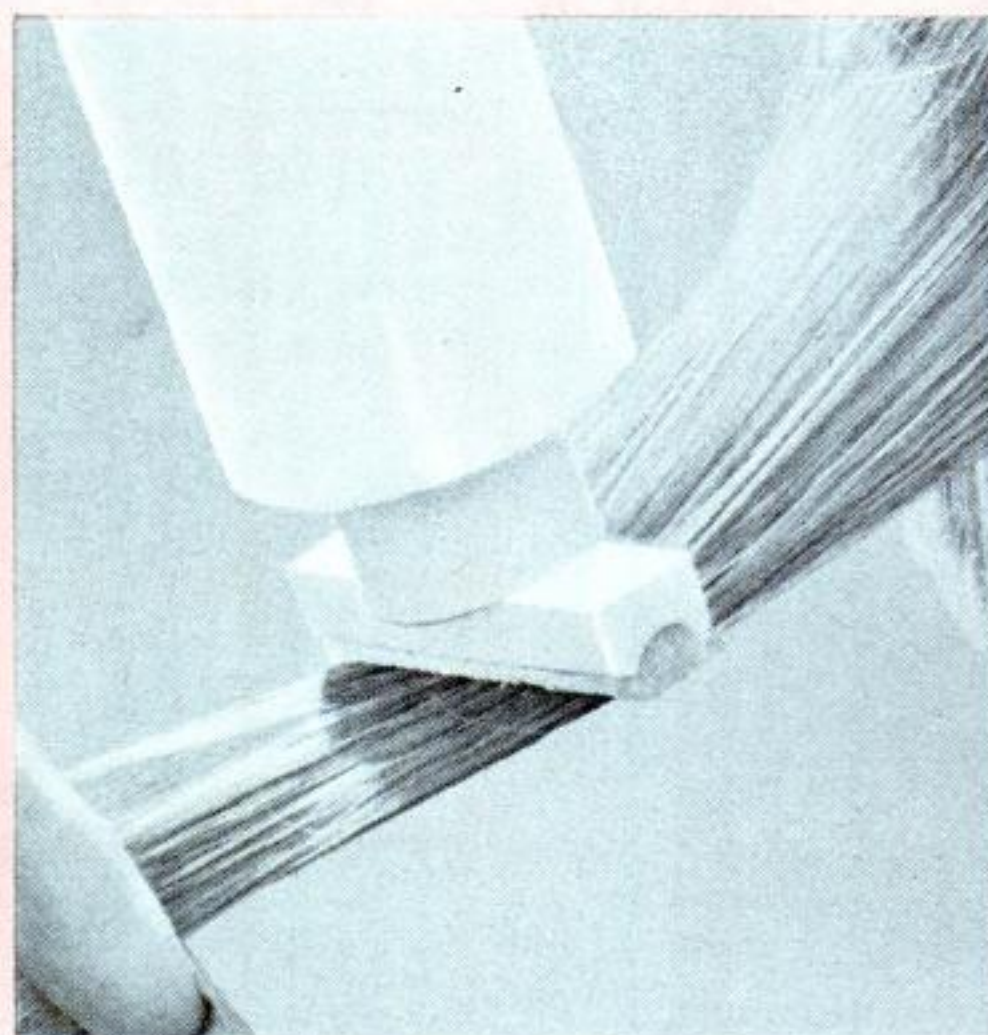
# a completely new wave! Even-Waving

**SIMPLIFIED...NO MESS...NO GUESS!**

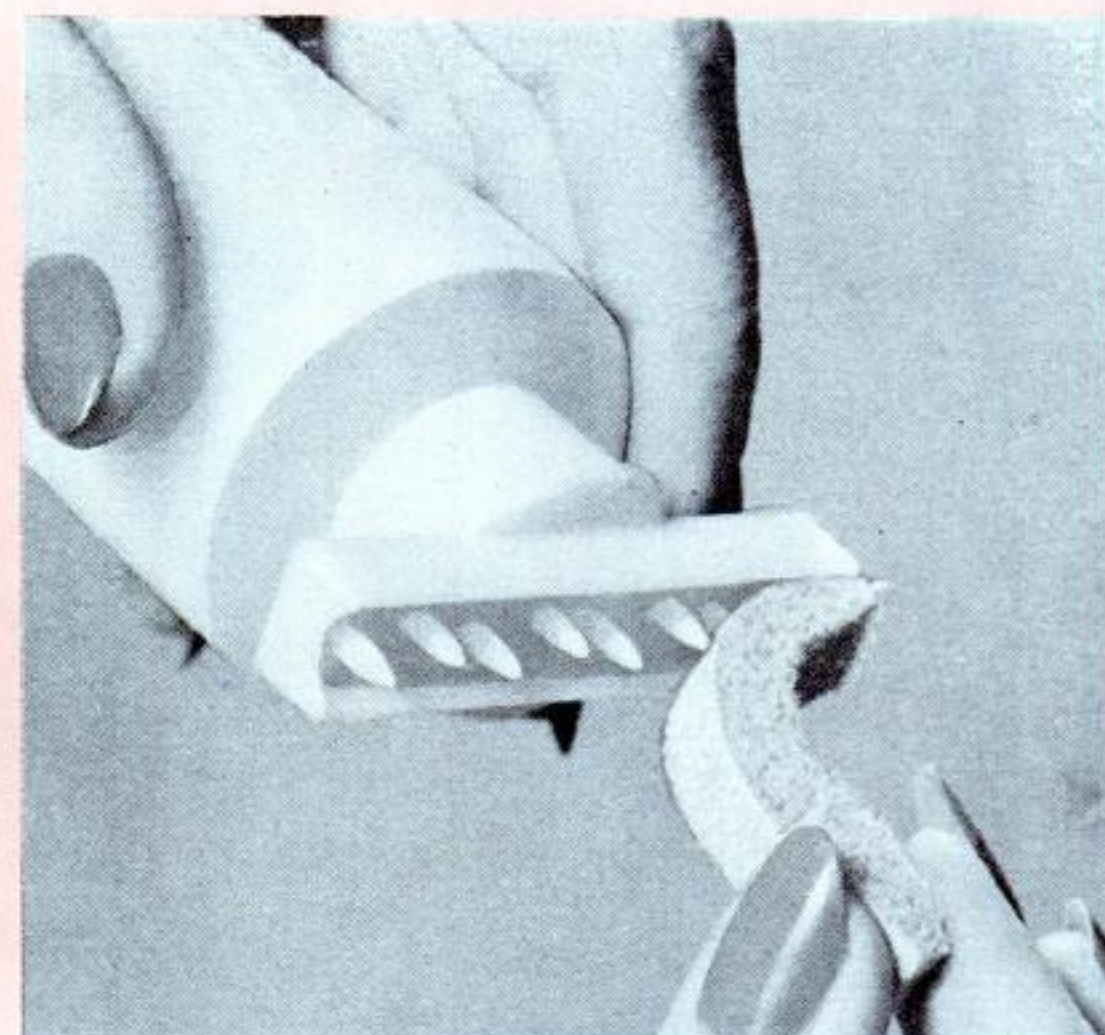


## **1. WAVE right from the applicator!**

Applicator holds all the lotion! Sponge top is wide as a curl. New *Even-Waving* Lotion spreads smoothly—without splashing or dripping.



One easy stroke wets every strand—clear thru. No combing needed. Never too much lotion—never too little. Most *even* waving ever!



## **2. NEUTRALIZE right from**

Sponge comes off. See those eight spray-tips? They spray neutralizer *inside* each curl—where hands can't reach. No mess! No miss!





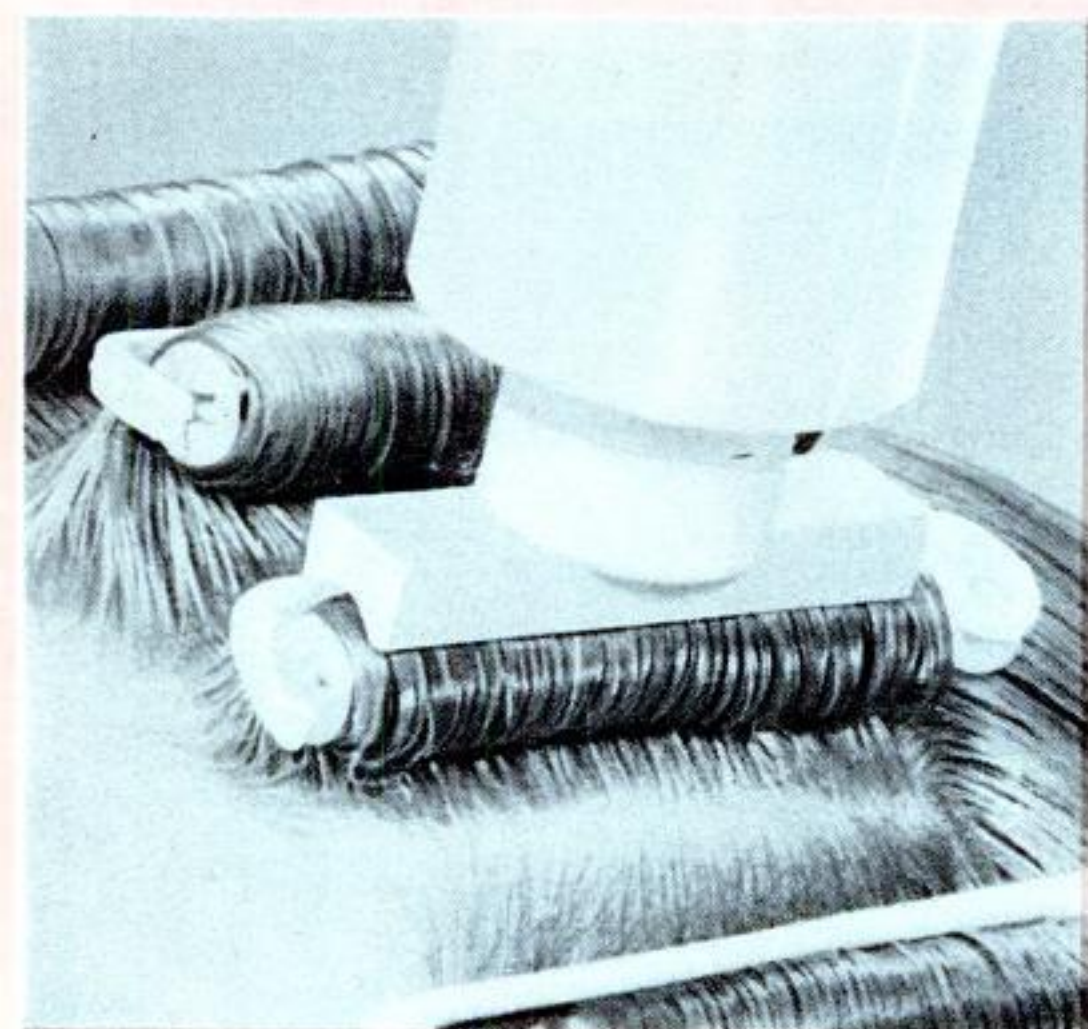
*The most even wave ever!  
No stragglers — no frizz!*

You just can't miss getting the most even wave of your life—because New Way Toni waves more evenly, more thoroughly—without mess or guess!

# way to Toni!



*...first double-easy  
applicator  
...first even-waving  
lotion*



## the applicator!

Now, the spray-tips are inside the curl. Press! Neutralizer flows in. *All* waving action stops. Can't under-wave! Can't over-wave!



## SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

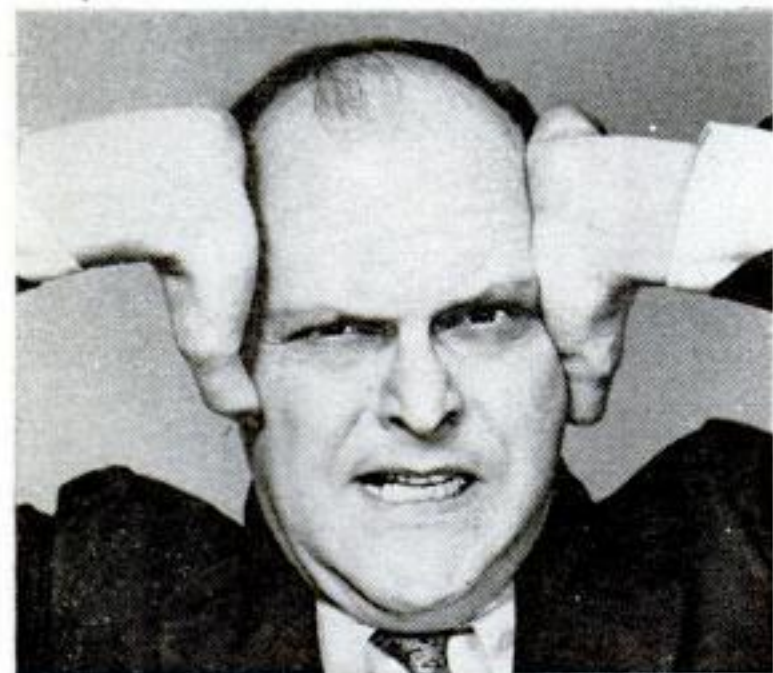
**\$2.00 value** New Way Toni . . . plus  
**\$1.00 value** Double-Easy Applicator  
**\$3.00 value** Now . . . only **\$2.29**

also available in Canada.

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## UNDER PRESSURE?



**What you may need is the NERVE NUTRITION you get from RYBUTOL high-potency vitamin and mineral formula**

Now you too can feel more relaxed and at peace with the world if your nervousness is due to a vitamin deficiency! Take RYBUTOL—the high-potency B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub> formula that contains 11 important vitamins and 9 minerals in every Gelucap.

Nutritionists now believe that a critical shortage of certain B-complex vitamins, particularly Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, can result in poor "nerve nutrition."

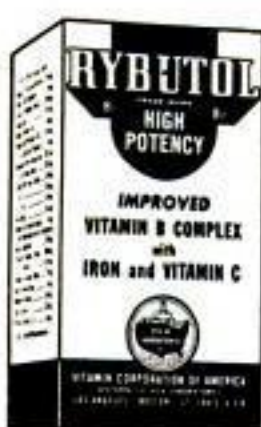
One daily Gelucap of RYBUTOL supplies you with 15 times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and 3 times the requirement of Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>. This is enough Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub> not only to maintain daily needs but to help you correct definite deficiencies. And there's no worry about surplus vitamins storing up because those you don't need are simply discarded by the body. And RYBUTOL doesn't stop there . . . because it's a *multiple-vitamin* formula. It gives you Vitamin C and iodine—100% of your minimum daily requirement. There is iron for red blood cells, as well as 3 micrograms of "wonder vitamin" B<sub>12</sub>. All these vitamins and minerals work together to help you feel better fast. In fact—you're guaranteed to feel better and more relaxed in just 7 days or money back!

**SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER**

**SAVE \$3<sup>55</sup>**

**RYBUTOL**

Bottle of 250



**REG. \$13<sup>50</sup>**  
**NOW \$9<sup>95</sup>**

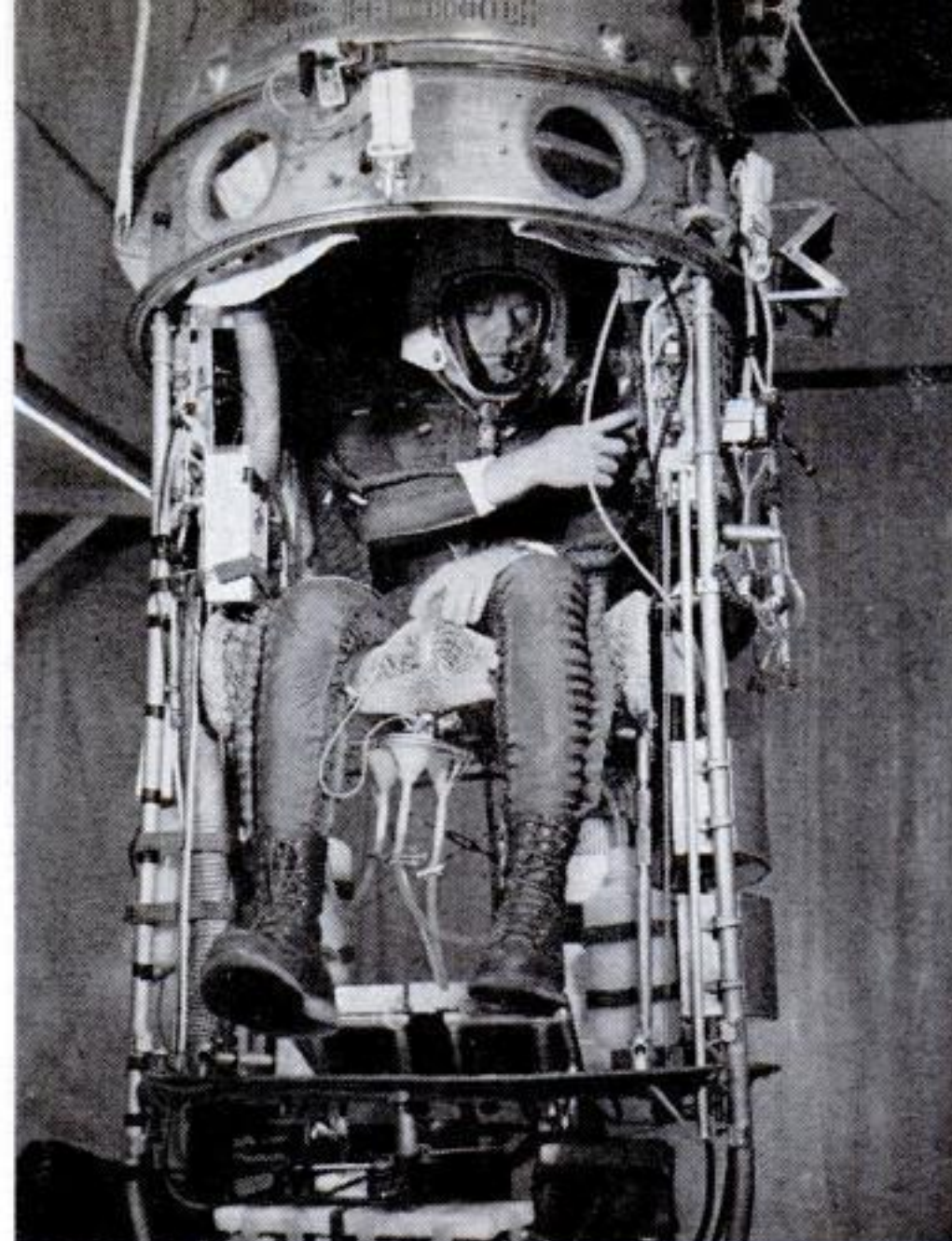
Limited Time Only

VITAMIN CORPORATION OF AMERICA

## AVIATION

# RECORD CLIMB, A DAMP LANDING

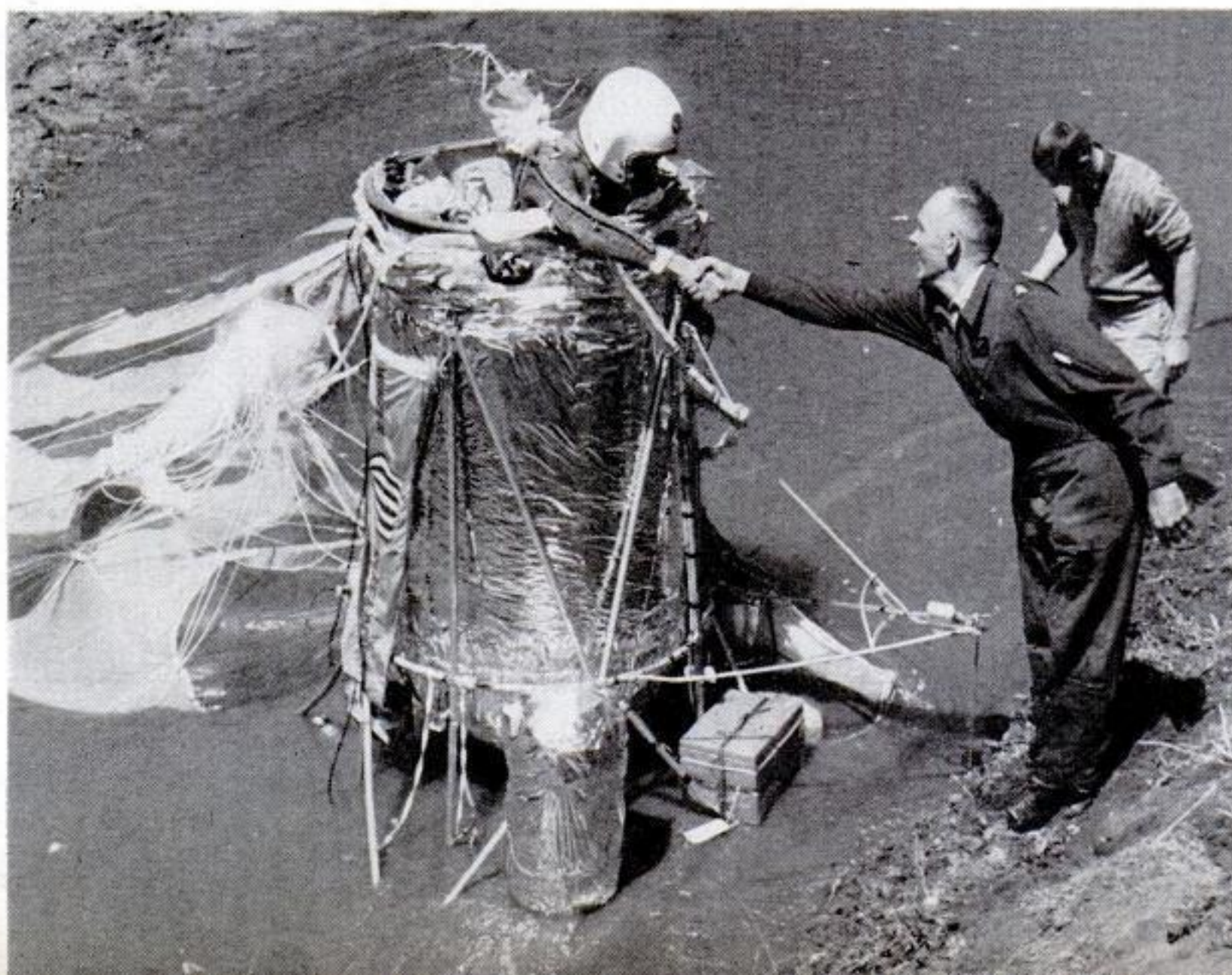
Equipped with devices to measure atmospheric conditions, instruments to record his own reactions and a peanut-butter sandwich, Air Force Captain Joe Kittinger was sealed into a gondola last week and carried up 18 miles over Minnesota by a plastic balloon. For two hours he hung at his record altitude, looking out at the horizon 400 miles away. Then, when he had finished getting data to help another pilot ascend to 24 miles this summer, Kittinger let the helium gas from his balloon and drifted slowly back to land in a small creek. "I saw all of Lake Michigan at once," he said, "and could hardly believe my eyes."



**IN GONDOLA** before flight Kittinger checks instruments. Dome of gondola was packed with dry ice to keep him cool.



**DESCENDING** after total of 6½ hours in air, Kittinger manages to hit Indian Creek, 80 miles from take-off, missing surrounding trees. Balloon was made by Winzen Research, Inc.



**AWKWARD WELCOME** is given Kittinger across Indian Creek by Major Dave Simons, who plans higher ascent in summer. Wrinkled plastic skin on gondola reflected sun's heat.





COPR. 1957, CARNATION CO.

## Carnation...the milk that whips! Brings out richer coffee flavor! Lighter in calories, too!

The secret is Carnation's special blending qualities. These qualities let Carnation blend more smoothly with coffee—to make it fuller-bodied and richer in coffee flavor. Yet this milk that looks like cream, has the texture of cream and even whips, has far fewer calories than cream. Next time enjoy more satisfying iced coffee, or hot coffee, “creamed” with Carnation – and cut calories, too. Available in *two* convenient sizes – large or small can.

**ICED COFFEE HINT!** Try coffee ice cubes. Freeze regular strength coffee in refrigerator trays. Pour fresh coffee over them, and then add Carnation!



FOR BETTER COOKING RESULTS, USE CARNATION — “THE MILK FROM CONTENTED COWS”



# New **CAMPSIDE** Beans

with rich bacony flavor originated by Heinz

*Just heat 'em  
and eat 'em!*

Now you can bring the delightfully different, woodsy tang of outdoor cooking right to your own table for breakfast, lunch or dinner, any time. The hearty, bacony flavor of Heinz new Campside Beans is so downright delicious you won't need to add a single thing to them. Just heat 'em and eat 'em.



Only Heinz makes all 5 kinds!

• Whatever kind of beans you or your menfolk like best, *Heinz makes 'em!* All are extra tender, mellow and tempting. Each is flavored to perfection with one of *five* deliciously different sauces. Choose from these five, economical, ready-to-serve kinds. Better yet, keep all five tasty kinds on your pantry shelf. Served plain or with favorite cuts of meat, they make quick and easy meals your whole family will enjoy.



Luscious Pork and Beans in a thick, rich tomato sauce



Vegetarian Beans make scrumptious meatless meals



Delicious Boston Beans in molasses sauce with pork



Try New England Beans—pea beans in molasses sauce





## Prize Head from Persia

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM ACQUIRES \$25,000, 2,500-YEAR-OLD BRONZE**

With art prices soaring and sales—like that of the Robinson collection (*LIFE*, April 15)—making headlines, art has become one of the world's most marketable commodities. To report the unprecedented activity in the art market, *LIFE* here begins a series reproducing outstanding works of art recently bought by museums and collectors.

One of the rarest of these masterworks to appear for sale is the 14-inch bronze head of an ibex shown above. Made in Persia 2,500 years ago, it long lay buried in the earth. After

its excavation, it found its way to a New York dealer. Because barely a handful of such bronzes exist, the head was snapped up by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The ibex displays the superior skill of the ancient bronze casters who created the head in five pieces, then fused them together. Even more, it shows the Persians' artistry in translating the horns, hair and head features into beautiful, intricate patterns. Probably made to adorn a palace, it is now one of the Metropolitan's prime adornments, valued at \$25,000.



*A new idea in smoking...*

# Salem refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Like a breeze that whispers "Spring" refreshes you... like the sound of gently falling water... SALEM refreshes your *taste*! From the first puff to the last in the pack, you smoke refreshed because the freshest taste in cigarettes flows through SALEM'S pure, white filter... a rich tobacco taste with menthol-fresh softness and comfort. Smoke SALEM — you'll love 'em.

Smoke **Salem**... smoke refreshed

- **menthol fresh**
- **rich tobacco taste**
- **most modern filter**



# A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK

## AN UNFAMILIAR JOHN L.

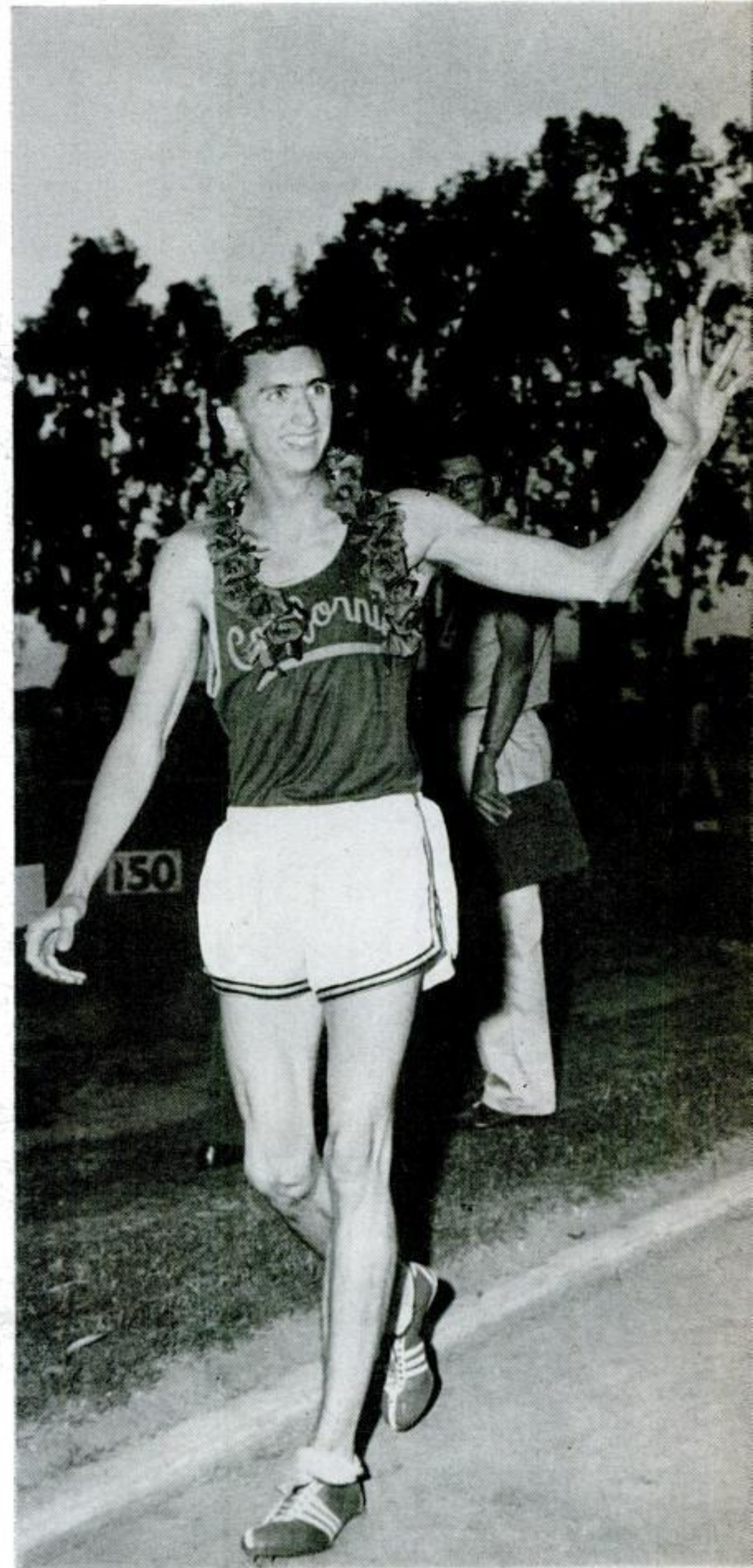
He had always dressed his speech with scholarly quotations from the Bible and Shakespeare but John L. Lewis, who quit school at 12 to work in a coal mine, had never before dressed in the scholar's mortarboard and gown. Last week the 77-year-old U.M.W. head put them on (left) as West Virginia University made him an honorary doctor of laws, his first degree.



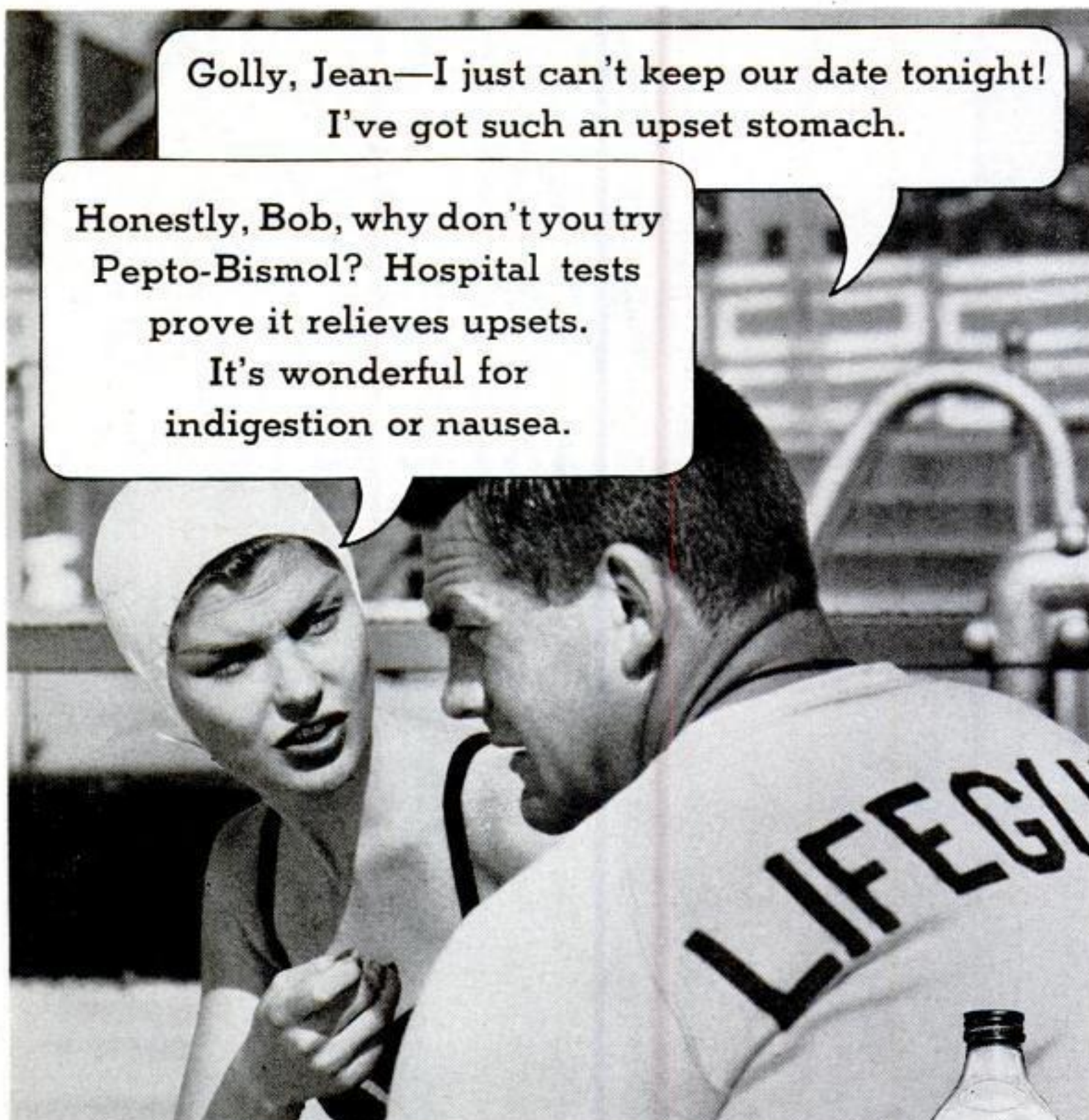
## THE FIRST AMERICAN UNDER FOUR MINUTES →

Don Bowden didn't think the mile was his best distance. At the Olympic Games last fall he ran the 1,500 meters and failed to place. But at Stockton, Calif. the 20-year-old University of

California junior, wearing a victory garland (right), had disproved his own contention. He had just been timed at 3:58.7, becoming the first American to break the four-minute mile.







Golly, Jean—I just can't keep our date tonight!  
I've got such an upset stomach.

Honestly, Bob, why don't you try  
Pepto-Bismol? Hospital tests  
prove it relieves upsets.  
It's wonderful for  
indigestion or nausea.

Pepto-Bismol works where soda and alkalizers fail!  
For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's  
special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It  
works both in the stomach and the intestinal tract—where soda  
and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful  
pink liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.

TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL® ...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!



**CORNS**  
also Calluses. Quick, easy,  
and economical. Just rub  
on. Invisible. Jars, 35¢, 60¢.  
At your druggist. Money  
refunded if not satisfied.  
Moss Co., Rochester, N.Y.

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**MOSCO**

To Flatter you and your home...



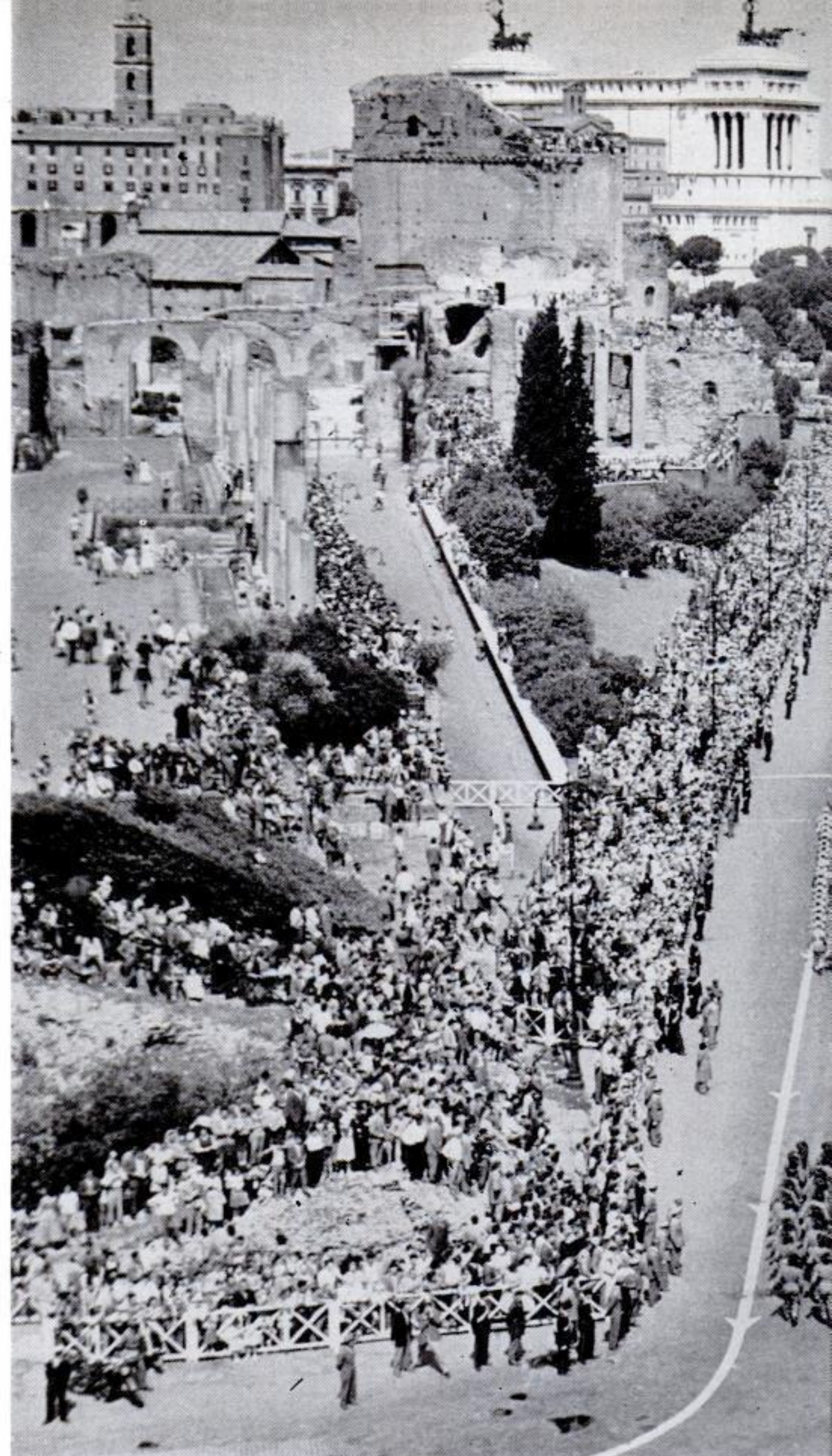
Illustrated:  
No. 6-1538 Table • No. 12 Side Chairs • No. 22 Host Chairs

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WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF  
METAL DINING FURNITURE



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### ITALIAN REPUBLIC'S BIRTHDAY

Up Rome's broad Via dei Fori Imperiali, celebrating the Italian republic's 11th anniversary, marched the smart-stepping units of the nation's rejuvenated army, navy and air force as 50,000 proud Italians watched. Photographed here from the Colosseum they were headed past ruins near the Roman Forum (left), to the massive Victor Emmanuel monument. Last element in the parade are the famed Bersaglieri.

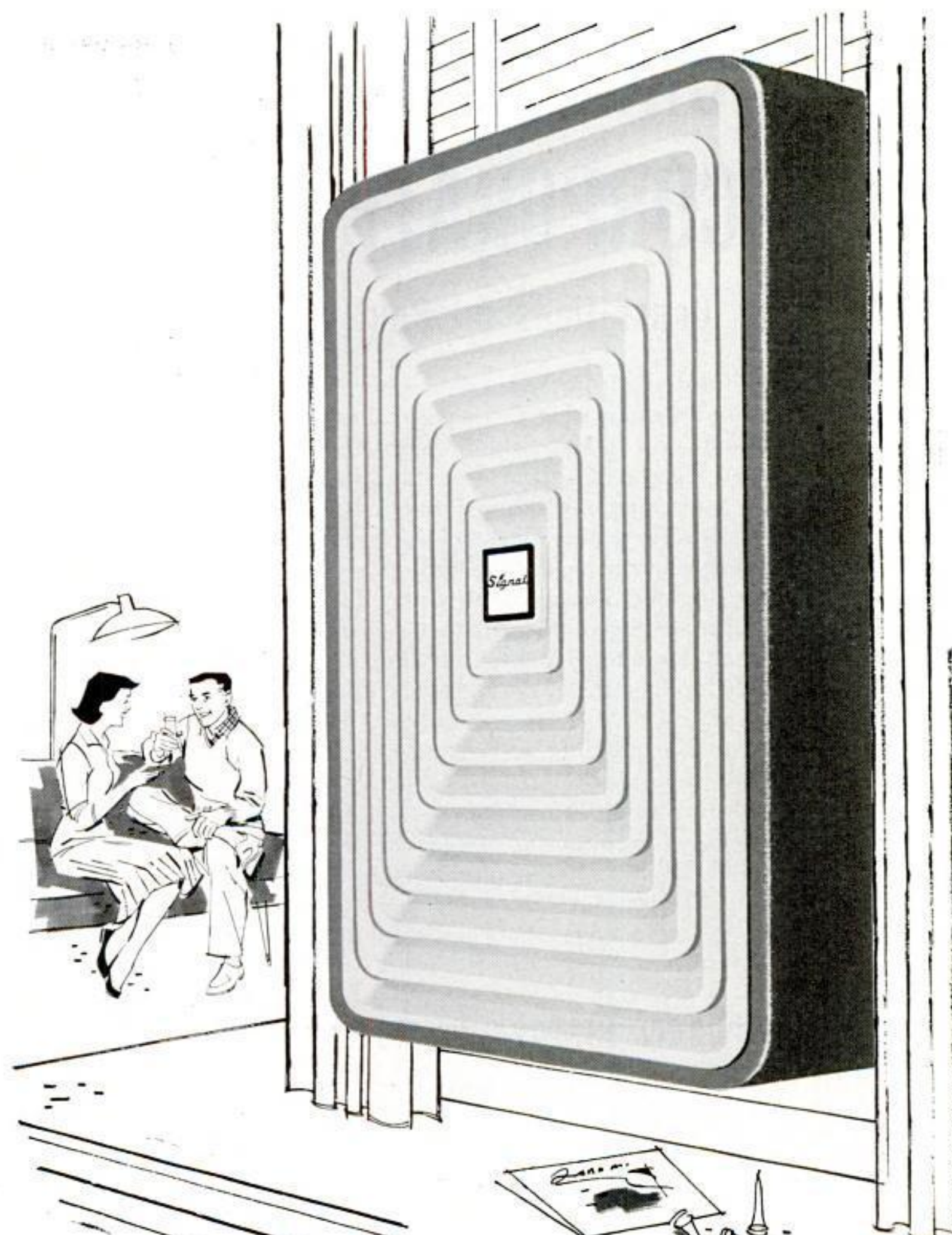






### VICTIMS OF THE WORST COLLISION

On a highway near Fayetteville, N.C. lay the mangled victims and scattered wreckage of the worst truck collision in U.S. history. A truck (center, rear) crowded with migrant farm laborers had collided with a tractor-trailer at an intersection. The impact overturned the trailer (rear, left) and hurled men, women and children out into the road. Of the 42 people riding in the vehicles, 20 were dead and 16 injured.



# ONLY ONE FAN

looks like  
cools like

**Signal**

Automatic Signal, the fan fashion leader! Reverses electrically and manually, controls thermostatically. Delivers no-draft, natural cooling and powerful, direct cooling, both from this one fan. Guaranteed for 5 years. Get the finest—get the Signal!



diffused



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SIGNAL ELECTRIC DIVISION • KING-SEELEY CORPORATION • Menominee, Michigan



# JUDICIAL BLOCKBUSTER ON CORPORATE TIE-UPS

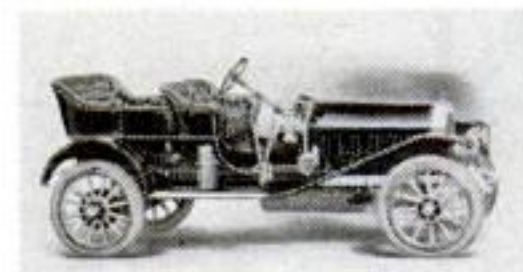
## Supreme Court finds du Pont's GM link illegal

In the youthful days of the Age of Autos, the du Pont Company invested \$49 million in a fast-growing car maker called General Motors. The investment today, worth \$2.6 billion, represents 23% ownership in the nation's third biggest industrial firm. Last week in a precedent-setting decision, the Supreme Court decreed that du Pont's GM holdings violated the Clayton Anti-Trust Act. The stock control, said the Court, tended to give du Pont a preferred position as a supplier of paint and fabrics to GM.

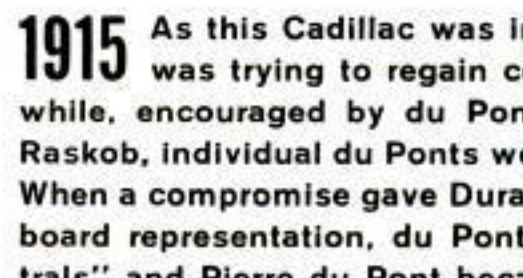
The surprising decision, written by one Eisenhower appointee to the Court and supported by another, marked a sharp shift away from the conservatism that characterized the Court during the Truman administration. Never before had the Clayton Act been invoked against a "vertical" stock acquisition (in which a company buys into a noncompeting firm) or against a stock acquisition made 40 years before. The majority opinion admitted that executives of both firms had acted "honorably and fairly" and that GM, buying du Pont products, had not ignored considerations of "price, service and quality." In his dissent Justice Harold Burton noted that GM did not buy exclusively from du Pont. The decision, he said, made the Clayton Act "a sleeping giant," and any tie-ups—through stock purchases or mergers—between corporations doing business with each other were now exposed to the giant's "newly discovered teeth."

### CORPORATE HISTORY AS MODELS ROLLED BY

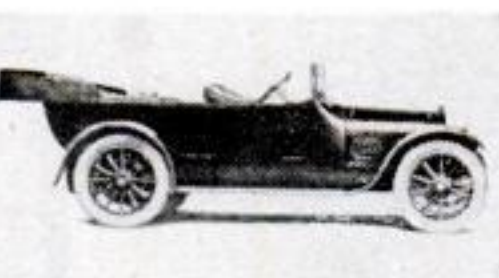
**1908** This Buick was the car around which an energetic promoter and salesman named William C. Durant this year formed General Motors. Having acquired control of the Buick company, Durant then bought Oldsmobile and added it to GM. Du Pont, which was primarily an explosives maker at this time, was already laying plans to diversify.



**1910** Buick had a stylish new model and GM was making money, but Durant was short of working capital. He had to borrow \$15 million from bankers who forced him out of power at GM. He soon took over the Chevrolet company. Du Pont this year bought control of Fabrikoid, which made artificial leather used for automobile upholstery.



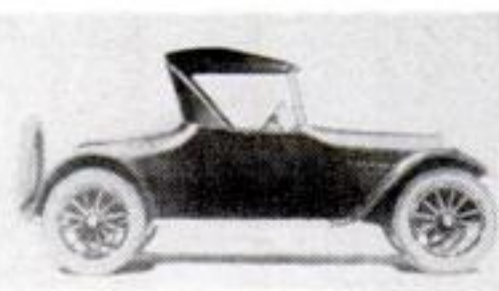
**1915** As this Cadillac was in production, Durant was trying to regain control of GM. Meanwhile, encouraged by du Pont Treasurer John J. Raskob, individual du Ponts were buying GM stock. When a compromise gave Durant and bankers equal board representation, du Ponts went on as "neutrals" and Pierre du Pont became board chairman.



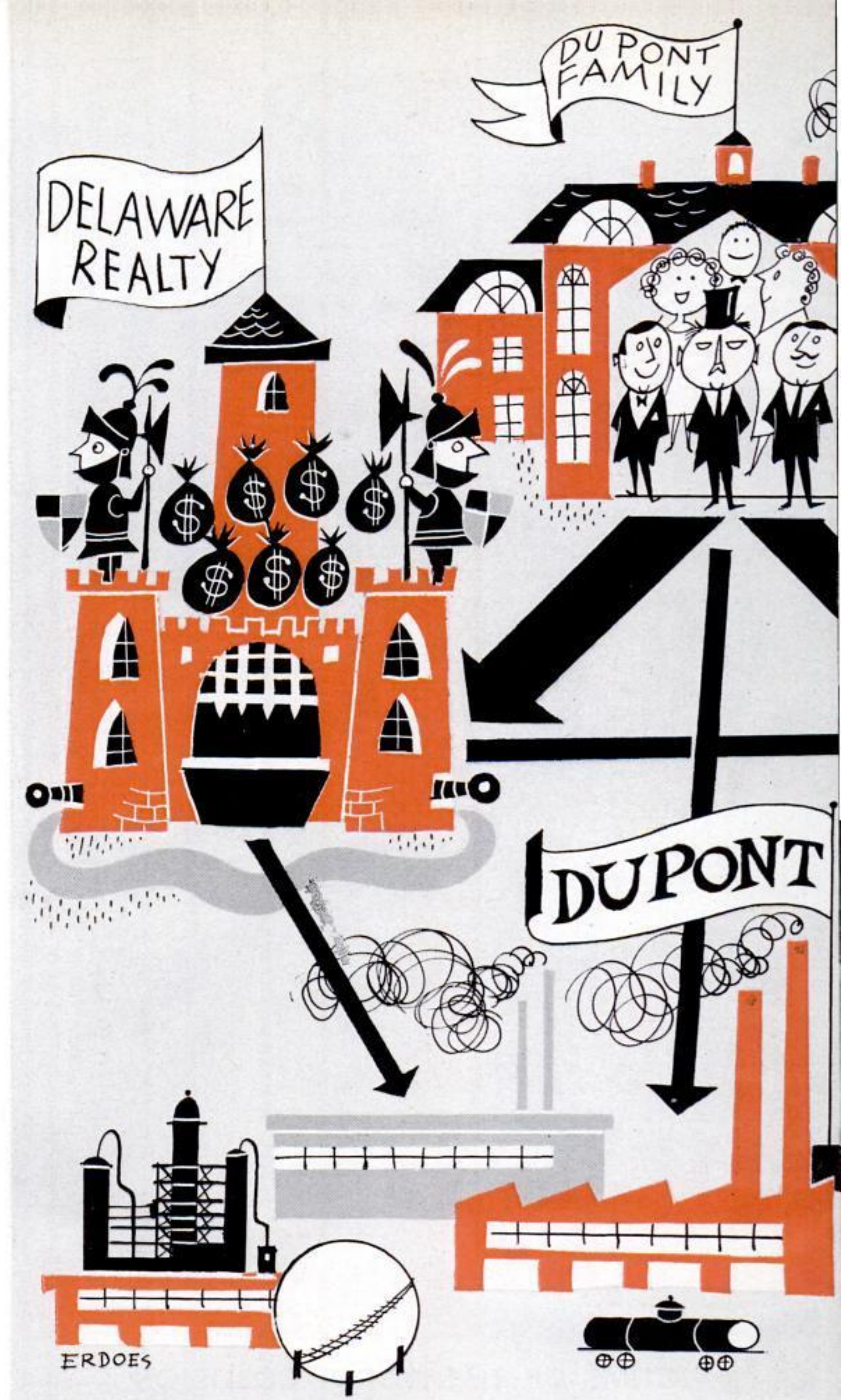
**1917** Chevrolet, which Durant was shortly to bring into GM, had V-8 engine. Du Pont decided to make its first corporate investment in GM by buying \$25 million worth of stock. It was this purchase, and the others made soon thereafter, that became the basis 30 years later for the Justice Department's case and then the Court's decision.



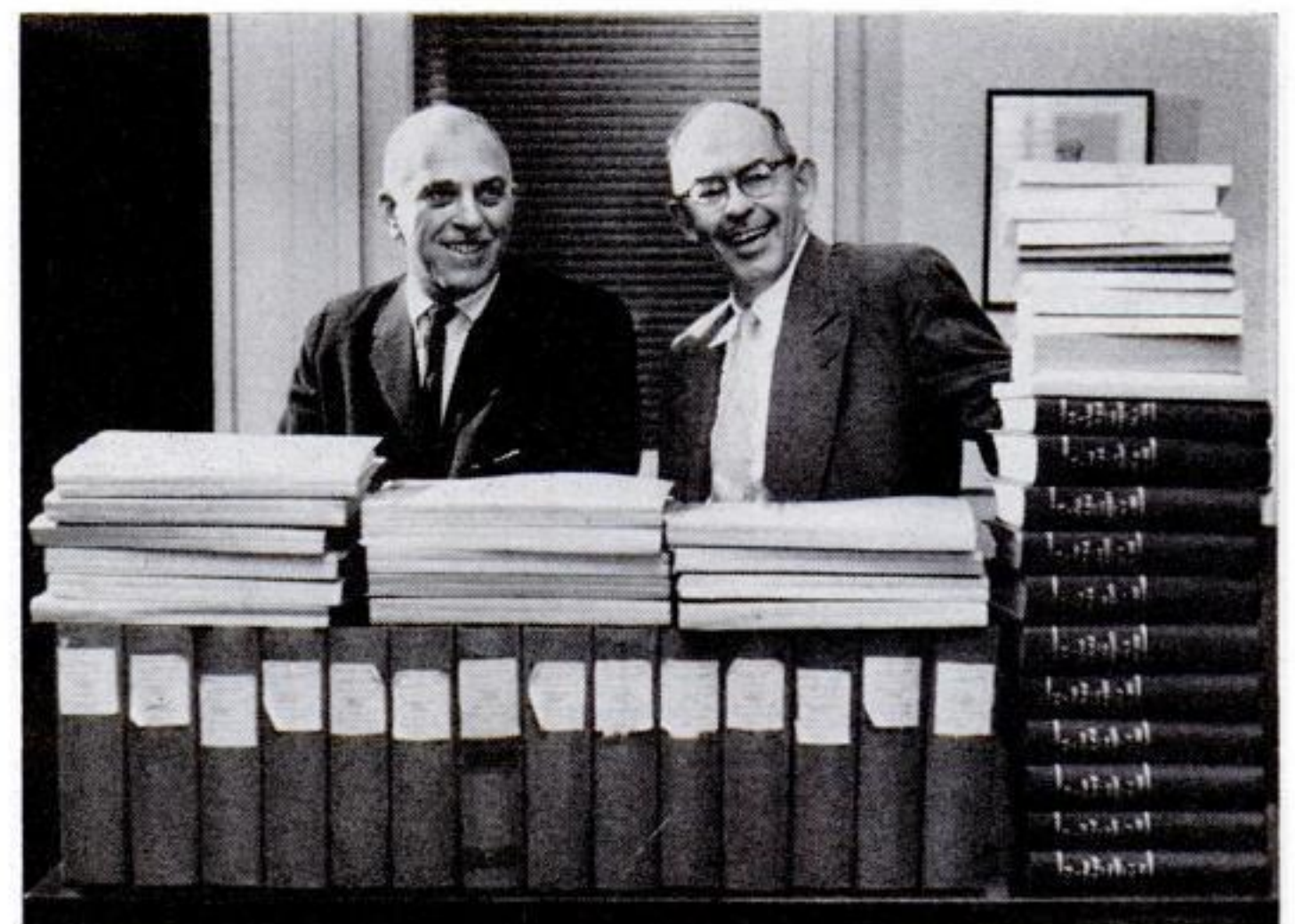
**1918** GM was working on this Oakland, forerunner of the Pontiac. Treasurer Raskob of du Pont was a member of GM's finance committee. Du Pont this year bought control of the Flint Varnish and Color Works, which had been a large supplier of paint for GM cars. By now the du Pont Company's investment in GM was approaching \$49 million.



**1924** This Oakland was the first GM line to be painted with Duco, a fast-drying lacquer developed by du Pont with GM's help. Painting a car, previously a month-long operation, now took only two days. Most of the other car makers also rushed to use Duco. Through Fabrikoid, du Pont had become a major supplier of upholstery for GM.

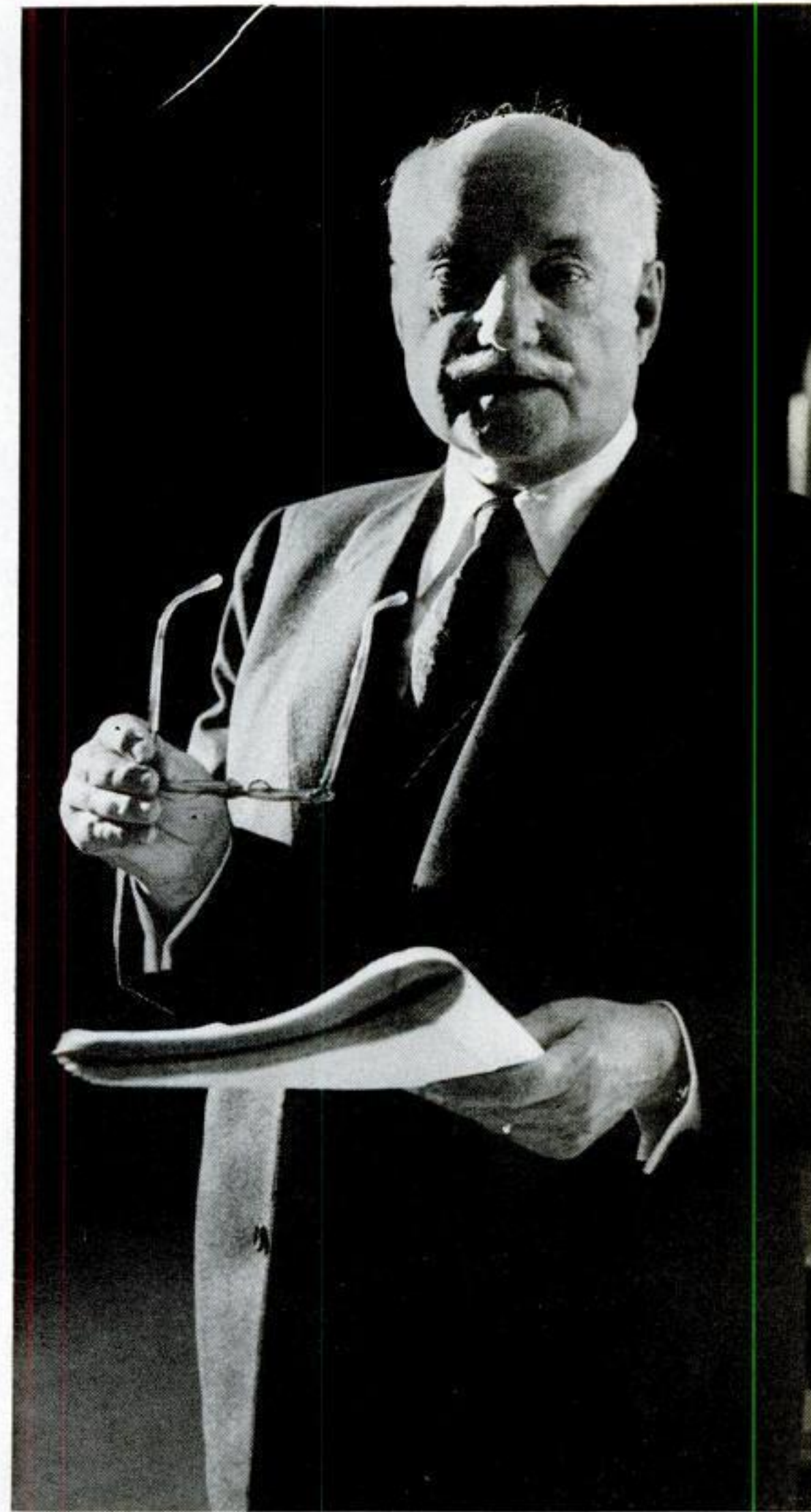
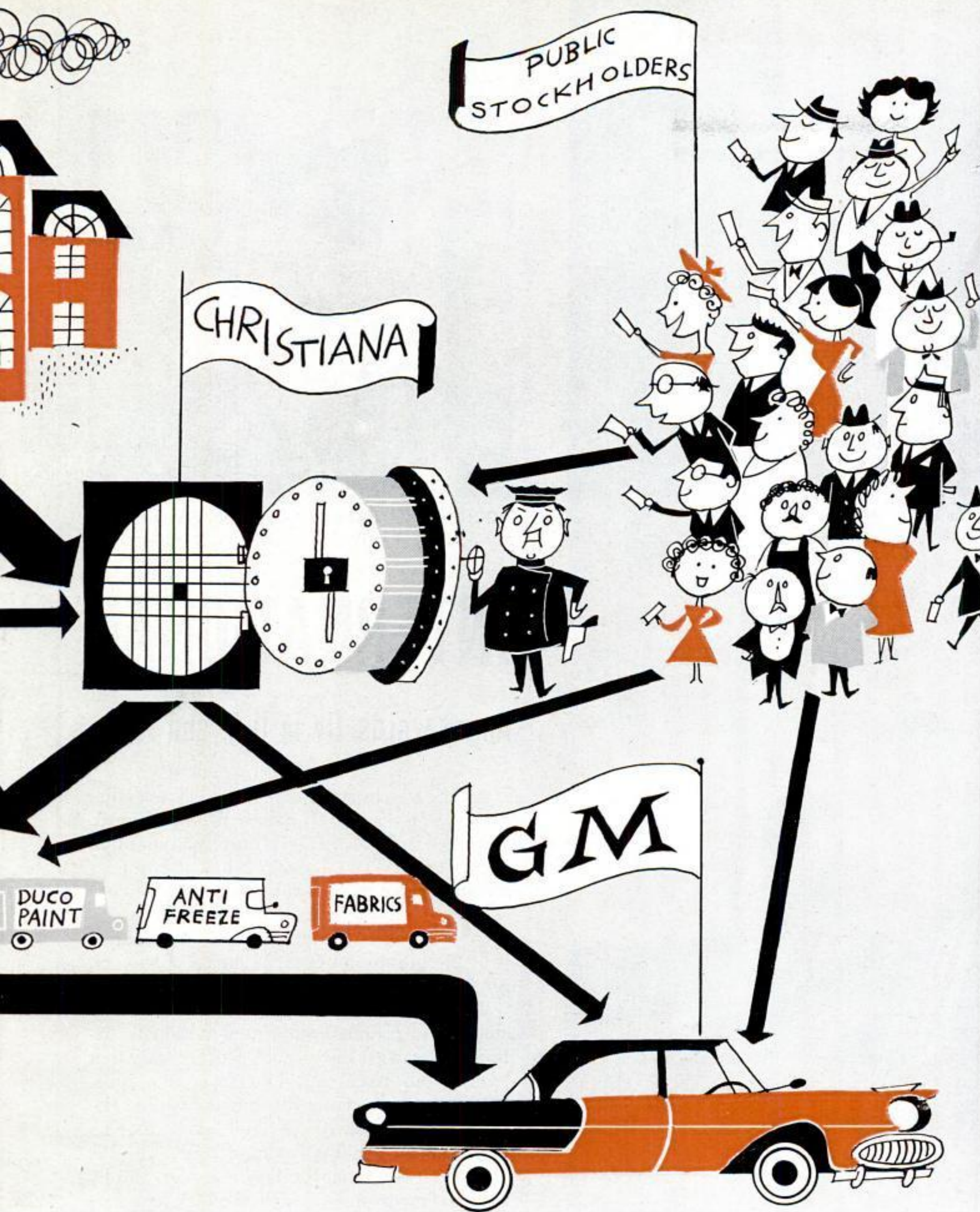


**DU PONT-GM RELATIONSHIP** begins with the du Pont family, which owns all of Delaware Realty Company and about two-thirds of Christiana Securities Company plus a sizable block of du Pont stock. Delaware in turn holds 3% of du Pont stock (worth \$270 million), a big bloc of Christiana (current price: about \$14,600 a share). Christiana holds 27% of all du Pont stock (worth \$2.4 billion) and 535,000 shares of GM. The du Pont Company owns 63 million shares or 23% of GM stock. Du Pont, GM and Christiana also have public stockholders. GM is a good du Pont customer, in 1947 buying \$27 million worth of its products.



**GOVERNMENT PROSECUTORS** shown with 10,000 pages of trial evidence and testimony are Earl Jinkinson, now handling case, and Willis Hotchkiss, who began preparing the case for Department of Justice in 1948 and took it to trial.





**OVERRULED JUDGE,** Walter LaBuy of Chicago, who had found in favor of du Pont in 1954, must now decide the disposition of du Pont's GM stock.



**HOW THE COURT VOTED:** Standing, from left, are William Brennan Jr., who wrote decision, and three who did not participate: Tom Clark was Attorney General when suit was filed; John Harlan had been du Pont lawyer, Charles Whittaker

was not on Court when case was argued. Seated from left are William Douglas, Hugo Black and Chief Justice Earl Warren, who supported majority opinion; Felix Frankfurter, who dissented, and Harold Burton, who wrote minority opinion.





**VICTIM'S FAMILY**, her husband Akikichi Sakai (second from right) and three children, leave her

place vacant as it has meal beneath drying shirt. "I hate the crime," Sakai says, "but not Girard."



**GIRARD'S FAMILY**, mother (right), brother Louis and sister-in-law Shirley, have retained lawyers to

fight the decision. "They have shipped him down the river," says Louis, "just like he was a dog."



**ACCUSED IN JAPAN**, Girard expects fair trial, says, "I am pretty well shook up. I am sorry."

## INTERNATIONAL

### Angry words fly in U.S. and Japan

The U.S. was in an uproar last week over the case of a 21-year-old GI named William Girard. Stationed in Japan, SP3/C Girard was guarding a target range last January when a group of Japanese came by on a routine hunt for empty shells to sell as scrap. He placed an empty cartridge case in his grenade launcher, aimed it at the group and fired. A Japanese woman, hit in the back by the case, fell dead.

The incident stirred up a storm of protest among the Japanese who, as General MacArthur had warned they would, feel strongly that U.S. troops have stayed in Japan too long. When the U.S. Army did not try Girard the Japanese government declared firmly that he must stand trial in a Japanese court. He was off duty at the time, the Japanese said, and by the agreement under which the U.S. keeps its



**HOME-TOWN BACKERS** in Ottawa sign petition started by Xenophon Mitchell (right). Statement





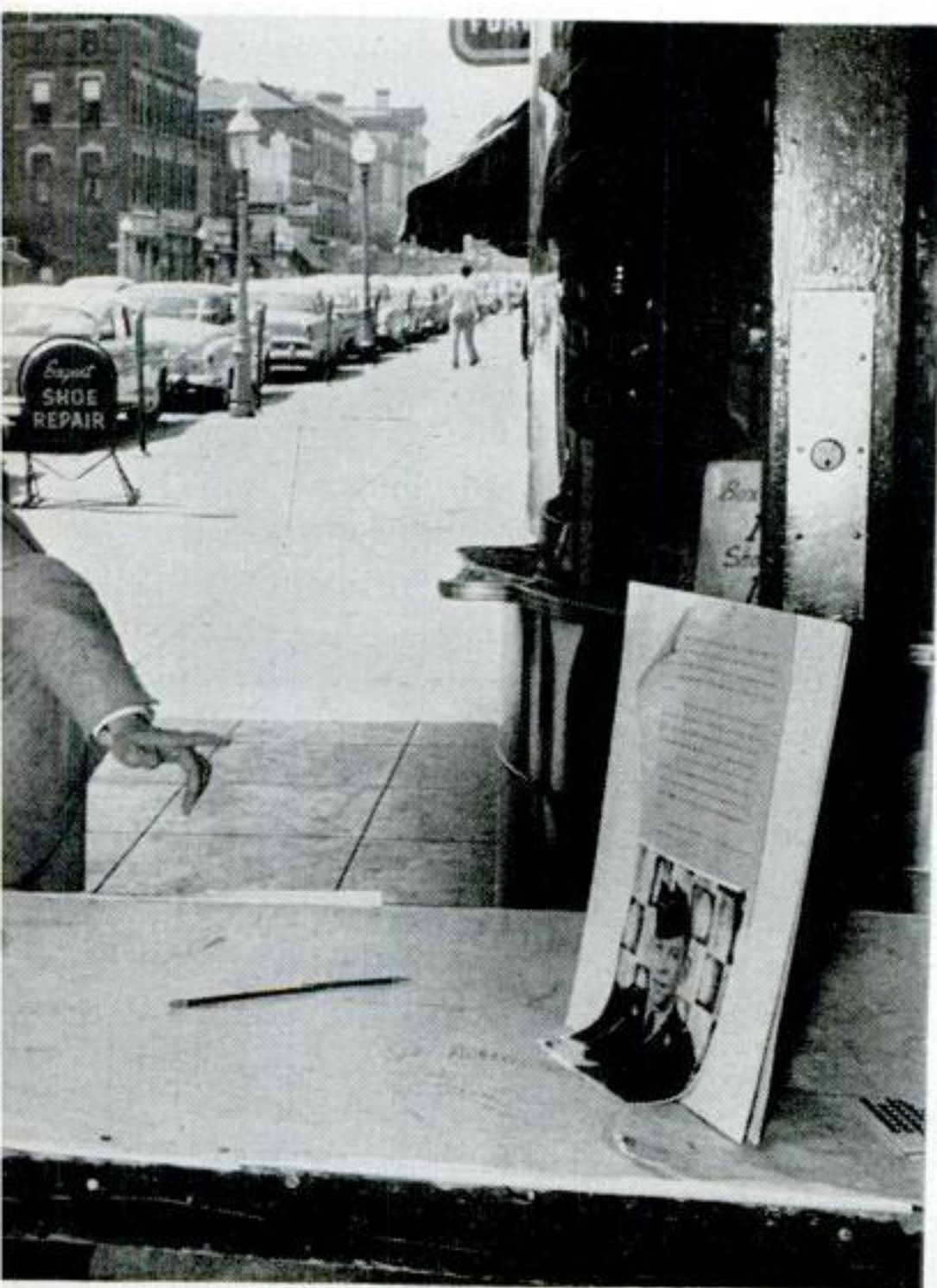
**LAWYER IN U.S.** for Girard is Earl Carroll, who got federal court to delay giving Japan jurisdiction.

## ROW OVER A GI

**over jurisdiction in shooting case**

troops in Japan he came under Japanese jurisdiction. The U.S. disagreed and claimed just as firmly that Girard had acted in line of duty. With the issue deadlocked, the Japanese invoked a clause in the agreement which stipulates that in any dispute over jurisdiction Japan's rights shall come first. Faced with this technicality—and remembering riots on Formosa last month over a case involving a GI's trial for manslaughter (*LIFE*, June 10)—the U.S. gave Girard over to Japanese jurisdiction.

This action aroused public anger in the U.S. Congressmen protested that it was unconstitutional, and lawyers retained by Girard's family started legal moves to bring him home. But the Japanese had legal precedent on their side and continued to prepare for Girard's trial. They promised that it would be a fair one.



over Girard's picture reads in part, "Our government owes a duty to protect its citizens abroad."



**GIRARD'S SWEETHEART** in Japan, Haru Sueyama, prays daily before Buddhist altar that "Bill may

be cleared." She also prepares his favorite dish of pork and rice each day, takes it to him at his camp.



# ARISE, YE SILENT CLASS OF '57!

## HARK, COMMENCEMENT ORATORS CRY, YOU'VE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CONFORMITY

"Youth," James Thurber observed in his fable about the young turkey who wanted to be cock of the walk, "will be served, frequently stuffed with chestnuts."

The U.S. had a lot of eager youth waiting to be served this week, when some 300,000 men and women came tripping out of graduating classes, their ears ringing with commencement oratory. Seldom had a graduating class come in for so much keel-hauling by the orators, who seemed to feel that many of the Class of '57, unlike the gobbling rebellious young turks of the past, were a silent generation—perhaps even prefabricated "organization men" only too eager to claim faceless and voiceless roles in a world whose besetting sin was unprotesting conformity. The conformity by the orators was a demand for revolt against conformity. Their exhortation, far from being "Disperse, ye rebels!" was more an almost anguished plea to "Rebel, ye dispersers!" But listen to the indictments.

Here is that grave theologian and philosopher, Paul Tillich, who, at New York's New School for Social Research, bespeaks a fear of "patternization" in a technical civilization which "tends to make man into an object, caught in the machine of production and consumption." Manipulation is omnipresent—"economic manipulation in the way executives are chosen and patterned according to the needs of big business and administration," consumer manipulation by mass communications, a manipulation of culture in which "children receive much too early the status of adults and adults remain children." Dr. Tillich deplores a state of mind which betrays "an intensive desire for security both internal and external, the will to be accepted by the group at any price, an unwillingness to show individual traits, acceptance of a limited happiness without serious risks."

Here is Yale's President A. Whitney Griswold who in his baccalaureate asserts there is less danger of "political subversion" than of "cultural submersion—that the tide of organization in our private life may engulf the last surviving instinct to preserve the safeguards of individual freedom." He attacks "the endless, sterile, stultifying conferences held in substitution . . . for individual inventiveness; the public opinion polls whose vogue threatens even our moral and esthetic values with the pernicious doctrine that the customer is always right; the unctuous public relations counsels that rob us both of our courage and our convictions, the continuous daily deferral of opinion and judgment to someone else. . . . It conjures a nightmare picture of a whole nation of yesmen, of hitch-hikers, eavesdroppers and peeping Toms, tiptoeing backward offstage with their fingers to their lips. . . . Symptoms of a loss of self-respect by people who cannot respect what they do not know [and] do not know themselves because they spend so much of their time listening to somebody else."

Here is Brandeis University's President Abram Sachar, deploring to University of Massachusetts graduates, "a growing cult of yesmanship" in which "security becomes a craven disguise for servility. . . . To Thoreau's charge that most men lead lives of quiet desperation we answer: 'Good enough! Anything for quiet!' . . . There are many young people today who will not sign a petition for pink raspberry ice cream in the dining hall commons for fear that some day they may have to explain their color predilections to zealous congressional committees. It would be interesting to know how many would sign a piece of paper setting forth the principles of the Declaration of Independence. . . . Isn't it better to Sign

Nothing, Say Nothing, Resist Nothing, Pledge Nothing, even though it may end up in the corollary, Be Nothing?"

Here is "Mr. Automation" himself, IBM's President Tom Watson Jr., who, at DePauw University, deplores the "organization man" described as being in danger of becoming "as depersonalized as a jellyfish wrapped in Cellophane." Adds Watson: "We hear of a 'silent generation,' more concerned with security than integrity . . . with conforming than performing, with imitating than creating."

What constructive answers are the orators of '57 offering? Here, too, there is a marked note of conformity, most of which could be summed up by the title of Emerson's essay back in 1841—"Self-Reliance." But things tried and true are not necessarily obsolete in a machine age—so, some samples. ►Critic Tillich: "It is my wish and hope that many in this outgoing class are determined to preserve the power to say 'no' when the patterns prescribed by society will try to conquer them. We hope for nonconformists amongst you, for your sake, for the sake of the nation and for the sake of humanity."

►Critic Griswold: "The creative power of the individual is more sorely needed today than ever before. This alone can save us from collective sterility. . . . Nor shall we recover our self-respect by chasing after it in crowds. . . . It comes to us when we are alone, in quiet moments, in quiet places, when we suddenly realize that, knowing the good, we have done it; knowing the beautiful, we have served it; knowing the truth, we have spoken it."

►Critic Sachar: "A fair answer to all of this mourner's bench cynicism is to be found in the ringing declaration of an ancient Hebrew sage, Hillel, who lived 30 years before Jesus and whose challenge is as much a clarion today as it was then: 'Where there are no men, Be thou a Man.' . . . We cannot limit ourselves to the question: What must we do to be safe? We must also ask: What must we be to be free?"

►Critic Watson: "Man has made some machines that can answer questions provided the facts are previously stored in them, but he will never be able to make a machine that will ask questions . . . the ability to ask the right questions is more than half the battle of finding the answer. . . . America is a state of mind . . . expressed by free and fearless inquiry, by the search for truth, by the respect for difference and diversity, the right to question, the right to disagree."

All this is serious and challenging talk, and we hope it strikes some serious and thoughtful answers from the Silent Generation. Its very quietness may have come about, as 27-year-old Writer Norman Podhoretz has asserted (in the *New Leader*), because it was a generation forced to will itself "from childhood directly into adulthood," living in "a world of severely limited possibilities balanced precariously on the edge of an [atomic] apocalypse." But this also raised the biggest challenge, best phrased perhaps by the University of Colorado's President Quigg Newton: "The preservation and the strengthening of our system of self-government, of law and order, of respect for the dignity of the human being is traditionally the duty and the obligation of each citizen. But I suggest to you that at this time the motivation is somewhat stronger than the abstraction of civic duty, because of the clear involvement of self-preservation." In sum, the onetime revolutionary slogan, "save the world," is to be sure still idealistic but it is also selfishly necessary. O.K., Class of 1957, get ready to take over.



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# A WARM FATHER

Ed, jolted by son Keenan, came out

**I** DID not want to see Ed Wynn die ignominiously. I did not think that should be the finish of such a man," said Ed Wynn recently. This dignified and humble man of 70 was not really speaking about himself. He was referring to the image of a theatrical third person with fluttering hands, a wild, high giggle and rolling eyes behind huge glasses—the familiar image of a performer who over a period of more than 50 years had been one of the most spectacularly successful of U.S. comedians.

As almost everyone knows who has watched movies or television in the last few months, Ed Wynn has suddenly become a brand-new third person—and there is nothing ignominious about the change. He has abandoned his enormous stock of punnish jokes and bladdersque props to play straight roles. And within less than a year the bald, pear-shaped septuagenarian has had a splendid new success.

Movie audiences watching *The Great Man* break regularly into applause at the conclusion of a moving scene in which Wynn delivers what is essentially a six-and-a-half-minute monologue. In *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, the biggest critical success among 1956 TV dramatic shows, Wynn played the role of a kindly fight trainer and won the Sylvania Award as the best supporting actor of the year. Within a period of five days last month he was a solid hit as the lead in two hour-long television plays, *The Great American Hoax*, in which he played a forcibly retired printer, and *Protégé*, in which he portrayed—with insight born of bitter experience—an aging comic who yearns to regain the top. Theater, movie and television offers are pouring in on Wynn. "I'm going nuts," he says as the phone rings incessantly in his rooms in New York's Ritz Tower Hotel. "You'd think I was somebody they'd never heard of."

For more than two years this was just about the way things were with Wynn. He was a washed-up comic living out his life in lonely, morose recollection of brighter days. He had been a headliner almost since his first vaudeville appearance in 1902—the Perfect Fool, who had produced, directed and starred in his own Broadway shows 40 years ago, the Fire Chief, who had been one of radio's biggest attractions 25 years ago, the August Clown (*LIFE*, July 26, 1948), who had been among the first comedians to achieve tremendous television popularity. Now he seemed through.

His success in his new career at 70 is not just the story of a comeback. It is the warm story of a relationship between Wynn and his son Keenan, a relationship which took nearly 40 years to mature into the close and solid affection it is today. People had been laughing at Ed Wynn too long for him to recognize the dark fact of his own eclipse. It was Keenan who had the courage and tough good sense to shock his father cruelly into taking the first steps toward a new start.

Their relationship had not always been one to inspire frank and mutual confidence. Keenan Wynn, who at 40 has become one of Hollywood's most highly regarded character actors, had always loved his adoring father. But for most of his life he grew in the shadow of a famous man. "I was Ed Wynn's son, period," he says. Being both a stubborn and an aggressive individual, he felt compelled to wage a continuing fight to save his own personality from submersion.

In a way Keenan had been something of a disappointment to his father. From his youngest days the boy had a flair for mimicry and a natural sense of timing. With the logic of a parent who wants his son to take over the family hardware business, Ed Wynn wanted Keenan to become a comedian. But Keenan, though he has successfully played many comic roles, wanted far more to be a serious actor and kept telling his father so. The elder Wynn, to whom the clown's stardom and the roar of laughter swelling in the theater were the only reasons for a performer's existence, saw this as a senseless rejection of a priceless legacy.

It was a theater family. When Keenan was born, his father was already a big comic star. His mother had been on the stage; his grandfather, Frank Keenan, was a popular dramatic actor on both the stage and the silent screen. As befitted the household of a headliner, the family lived in luxury. Because Wynn's shows customarily played New York for a year and then went on the road for another, there was

← ACTOR-FATHER ED WYNN FACES BRIGHT FUTURE IN FILMS, TV AND STAGE



# AND SON STORY ABOUT THE WYNNNS

of morose idleness to blossom out into new success by LOUDON S. WAINWRIGHT

a transient quality in the luxury. "I've always been miserable in the most expensive places," recalls Keenan. "We lived in the best of hotels, but they were hotels." There was also a \$400,000 house in Kings Point, Long Island in which the young Keenan rattled around under the supervision of a chauffeur and cook.

There were other unsettling realities present in the Wynn family. Keenan's mother and father were not getting along. The boy's loyalty to his parents was disturbed and divided.

Perhaps to make up for the time and close personal care he was unable to give his son, Ed Wynn became a doting and startlingly generous parent. There was virtually nothing Keenan wanted that Ed—who referred to himself as "a millionaire—not multi-, but plenty"—would not give him. Between his 12th and 18th years Keenan's father presented him with three speedboats, each larger and faster than the last. To his father's concern, the boy was developing a preoccupation with speed that nearly brought about his death in a motorcycle accident in 1945 and still, in lesser measure, persists today.

At 9, Keenan was sent away to boarding school. During this period the breakup between his mother and father was in its final stages and there was very little communication between Ed and Keenan. To get his son to write him, Ed Wynn resorted touchingly to his highly honed sense of humor. After several entreaties for correspondence had failed, the comedian wrote himself a long newsy letter about school and mailed it to Keenan for his signature. Later, after a further long silence, Ed wrote a letter in which he said he was enclosing a check—but he failed to enclose it. In some alarm, Keenan inquired by return mail, and Ed, pleased with the prompt success of his trap, obligingly gave up the bait.

When Keenan left school in 1935, he decided to skip college and go into the theater. "What are you going to do?" he remembers his father asking. "Ride a motorcycle up and down the aisles?" But the older man was genuinely pleased. When Keenan asked to go to dramatic school, however, Wynn was shocked. Keenan stood firm; he wanted to play straight roles, and Ed gave in—partly. The younger Wynn wound up at a school that offered preparation for both dramatics and musical comedy.

## A depressing comic display

**T**ODAY, recalling with wry laughter a family scene that must have caused him despair when it happened 20 years ago, Keenan tells of the time he discussed one of his first brief roles with Ed in a New York hotel room. In one scene Keenan was to open a door, walk to the center of the stage and advise the mother of the household that her son had been killed in a riding accident. He showed his father the somber way he intended to carry out this grim piece of stage business.

Ed was horrified at the novice's performance. "My God," he cried, rising to his feet, and drawing his silk bathrobe tight around him. "That's terrible. Fling open the door like this," he said, demonstrating. "And when you come into the room, trip over the sill like this and fall, and then they'll know you're Ed Wynn's son!"

In 1938 Keenan, playing in summer stock, had an important character role as a psychopathic killer in a play called *Blind Alley*. It was a grindingly difficult part and Keenan finished each performance trembling and wringing wet. One night his synthetically induced murderous ardor was almost translated into genuine patricide when his father came backstage after the show and, with tears streaming down his face, embraced Keenan and said, "You were wonderful. You were just wonderful—but you should really play comedy."

Until he proved his own ability on the stage, Keenan was suspect as the son of the comedian. Some actors believed that his father had bought him parts in plays and the young actor actually withdrew from a cast once when he found that Ed was financially interested in the show. "If I gave a good performance," Keenan says, "they'd say, 'Why shouldn't he, with all the help he's getting?'"

Actually Ed Wynn was able to give his son little advice. He stood in genuine awe of straight acting, though he pretended to dismiss

CONTINUED

ACTOR-SON KEENAN WYNN CONVINCED ED HE HAD HAD IT AS A COMEDIAN →







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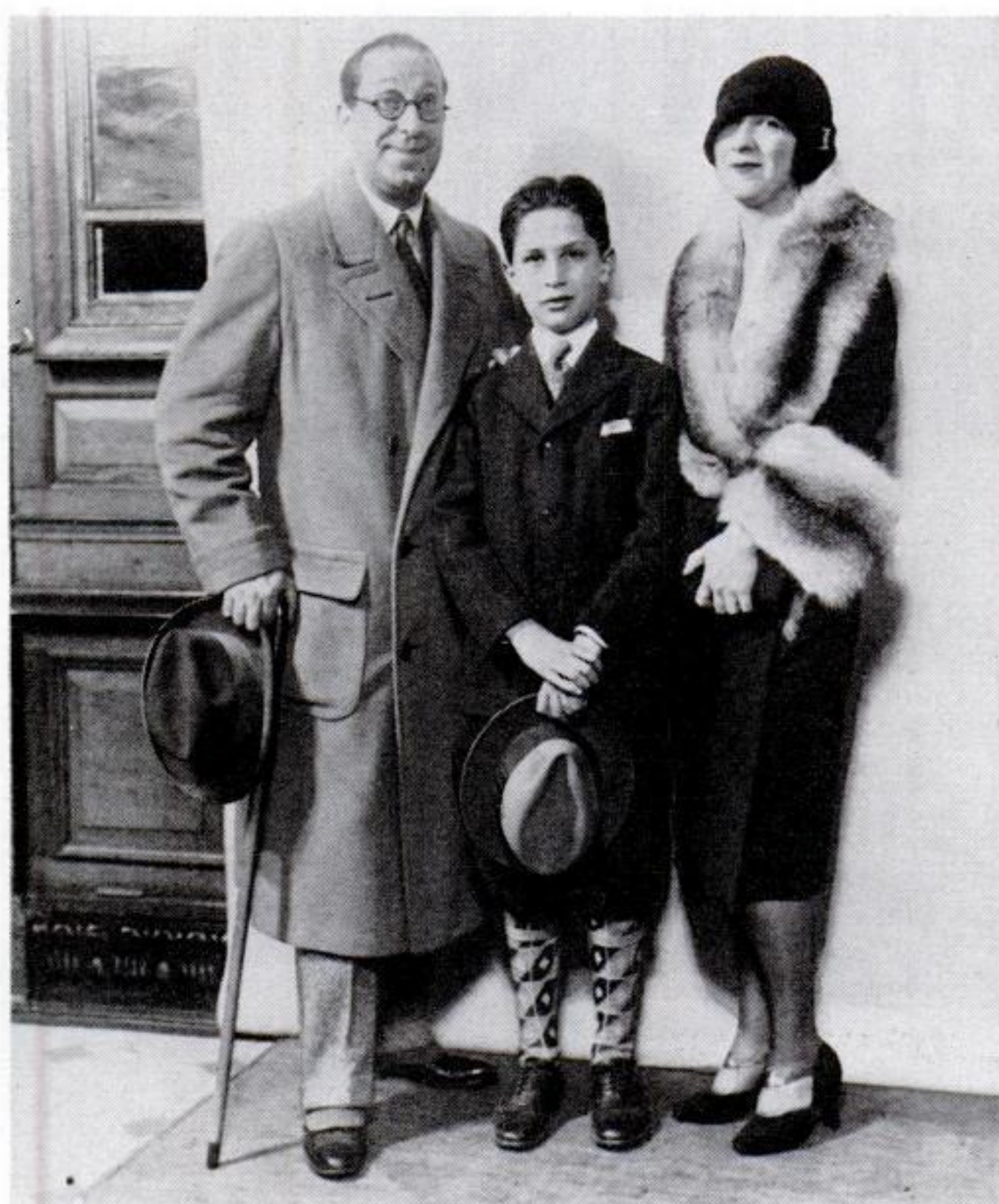
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THE WYNN FAMILY embarked for Europe in 1927, when Keenan was 10 and Ed, already a famous comic star, was still married to his first wife, Hilda.

**WYNN & SON** CONTINUED

it disdainfully. And Keenan rejected all fatherly counsel with impatient stubbornness.

Still, it was hard for the older man not to bask paternally in his son's growing success. By the early 1940s Keenan had gone to Hollywood and had drawn high critical praise for his work in such motion pictures as *See Here*, *Private Hargrove* and *Lost Angel*. He was an established contract player at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. One day Ed decided to visit the studio and watch the shooting of one of Keenan's important scenes. The news that Ed Wynn was on the lot brought studio head Louis B. Mayer out of his office and down to the sound stage. Ed, sporting a carnation, a Homburg and a cigar, was busy taking a few bows. He greeted the mogul affably. "Well, Louis," he began within Keenan's anguished earshot, "how's the kid doing?"

At the time, Wynn was not doing too well himself. In 1935 the Fire Chief radio show, after three successful years in which Wynn's salary had risen to \$7,500 a week, had gone off the air, leaving the comedian with nothing much more than a lot of aging goodwill and honorary membership in some 200 fire companies. His lukewarm success in movies had not made him a desirable commodity in Hollywood. His last success on Broadway had been in 1941. His second marriage had broken up unhappily. In a big tax suit, the Internal Revenue people had extracted \$510,000 from Wynn and, though he was still comfortably off, he was far from as rich as he once had been.

Keenan and his father saw each other often, but their real affection manifested itself only in a wary friendship. Immersed in his own personal and professional problems, Keenan could not bring himself to take a hand in his father's failing career.

In 1949, as the impact of television began to be felt around the U.S., Ed Wynn had his first real comeback. A great new audience was introduced to the lipping clown, and the old props—the 11-foot 4½-inch pole for the people you wouldn't touch with a 10-foot pole, the corn-eating machine that works like a typewriter and the



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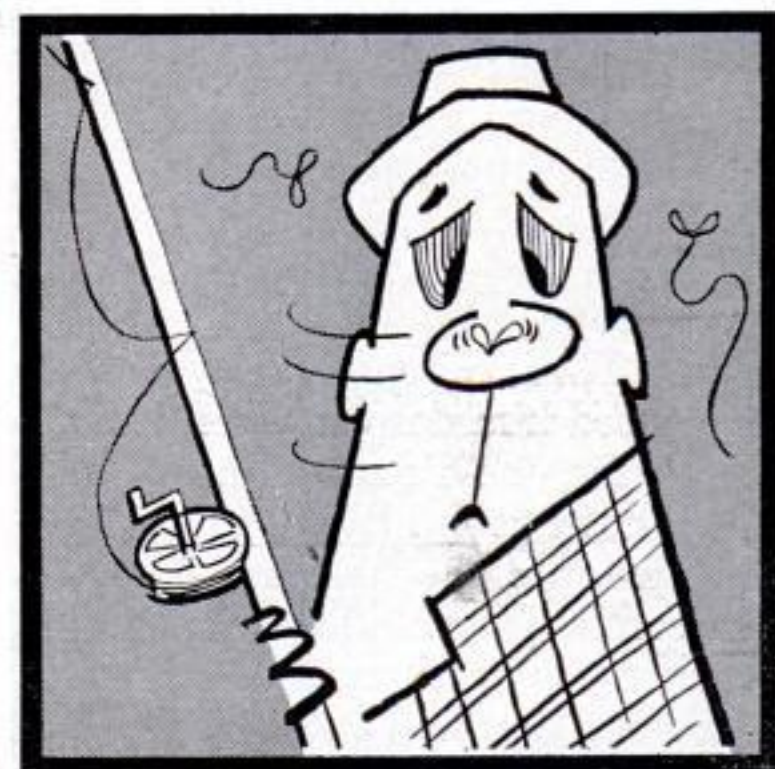


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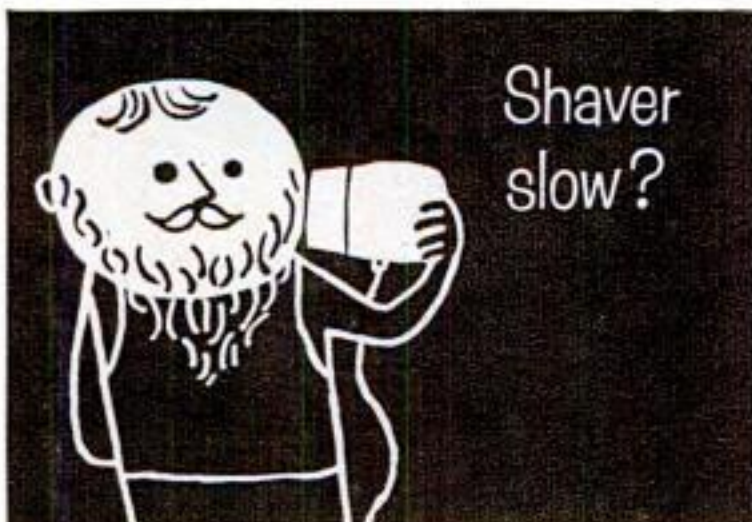
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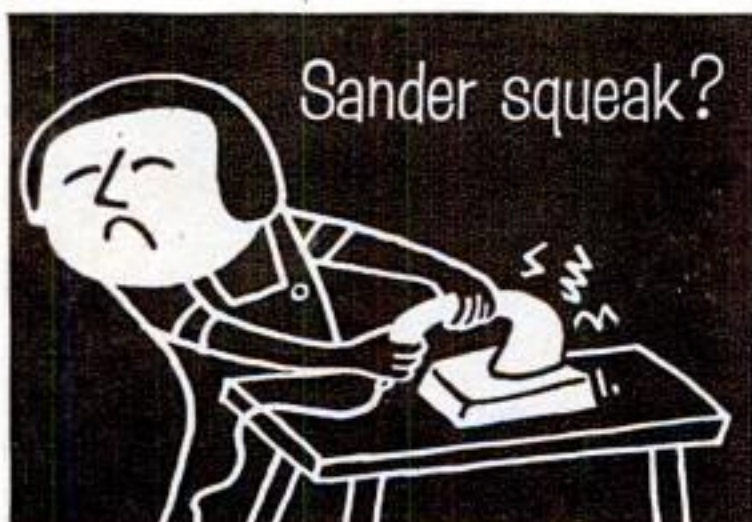
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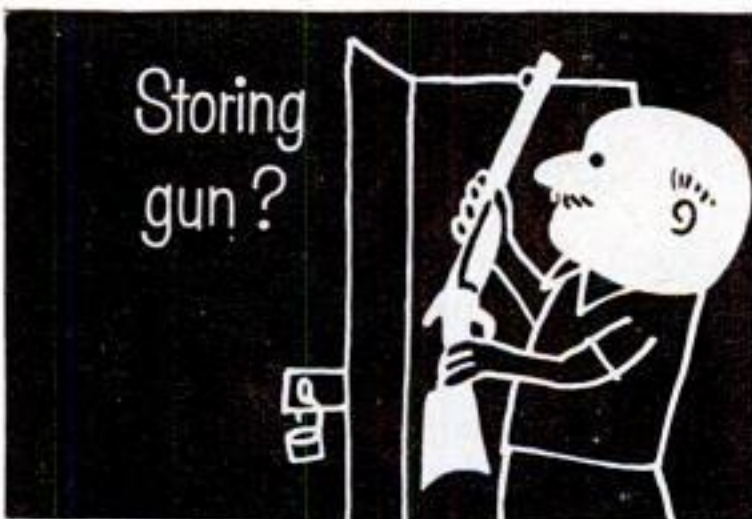
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**CELEBRATING KEENAN'S DEBUT** as a dramatic actor on the Broadway stage, Ed gave his son a party in a New York nightclub in the fall of 1935.

## WYNN & SON CONTINUED

myriad variations of the funny hat—all elicited delighted yowls from a vast fireside throng who had never encountered them before. In that first happy year, Wynn's revue-format program, *The Ed Wynn Show*, won awards as the best comedy show of the season. The confident, pop-eyed smile replaced the morose glare that had been so ridiculously out of place in the comedian's flexible face.

In 1950 Wynn switched to NBC. For a time all went well. But as it has so remorselessly exhausted many comedians, the new medium shortly exhausted Wynn. His audience began to tire of him and the network talked of taking the program off the air. Finally in 1953 the comic's option was dropped and Wynn, at 67, was an unemployed oldtimer.

This was the beginning of Wynn's lowest period. "It got so I was introducing myself as 'the father of Keenan Wynn, the actor,'" he remembers.

"It was lousy," says Keenan. "He was sitting out there in Brentwood in a big precrash house with terrazzo floors and an elevator, going sour in a kind of self-martyrdom. He had two rooms full of relics and a whole show ready to go. We'd go over for dinner and he'd say, 'I've got something cooking.' But it was always an M.C. job or something like that. When you've been that big, buddy, there's only one way to go."

## An embarrassing honor

**T**HE producers of *This is Your Life* decided to do a show honoring Wynn. Wearing one of his funny hats and costumes, he went through the whole performance in apparent high humor. "But afterward," Keenan recalls, "he said he had felt terribly embarrassed, as if the whole thing had marked him as a has-been."

At about this time Ed contracted to play one of the casino clubs at Las Vegas, and though the first run was a success, a later engagement did not turn out so well.

"I went up to see the show on his 68th birthday," said Keenan recently. "He was using pickups from his old acts. It looked old-fashioned. The public was saying, 'Oh, isn't that nice?' It was like saying, 'You should have seen him when.' He had a dresser up there with him and a trunkful of props and he came out on stage with the stick grease paint marks around his eyes and mouth and it was a crumbly kind of thing."

In the next year Wynn did only guest appearances: for Red Skelton, George Gobel and Ed Sullivan. On each show he was a success, but there was still no solid proposal for a show of his own. The old depression returned. His third wife divorced him and he moved out of the big house into an apartment. Though his health was good—he is today far more lithe than most men 20 years his junior—he did not feel well. "It's probably imagination," he says. "When I wasn't working, I'd get a little ache here and a little pain there. I want to die working."

More and more the lonely man stopped off at Keenan's house just to chat or to bring adoring and extravagant presents for his new young granddaughter. He began sorting through his musty wealth of comic equipment and once gave Keenan's wife a dazzling

CONTINUED

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**FIRST COMEBACK** by Wynn, after the decline of his stage and radio career, was as a comedian on his own television programs from 1949-52. Basketball hoop at head of the bed was an invention "for people who toss all night."

#### WYNN & SON CONTINUED

spangled devil's costume. He told her she might find it useful if she went to a masquerade. Another time he arrived at the house with a large pasteboard carton full of firemen's helmets, the accumulated loot of 25 years. "Perhaps you can use these," he said apologetically.

Though Keenan was acutely aware of his father's unhappiness, he felt powerless to do anything about it; his own reluctance to accept advice made him shrink from giving any. When Ed finally called one day and asked him to drop by the apartment for a private father-and-son talk, Keenan agreed with deep misgivings. He feared what was coming.

The older man opened the conversation with characteristic directness. "What's happened to the great Ed Wynn?" he asked.

This was the moment Keenan had been dreading so long. Should he coddle his father's image of himself and calm the older man by holding out an obscure hope of better things to come? Or should he tell him the truth, a truth Ed Wynn would almost surely find repugnant? Keenan thought for a moment and then answered: "Nobody wants the man in the funny hat. He's from another era. He's been around too long. Just like you wouldn't want to drive a car 50 years old."

Wynn was horrified. "What can I do?" he asked.

"How about straight acting? Character parts?"

Wynn replied with a top banana's offended dignity. "I never spoke a straight line in my life. I make people laugh. How can I be sad?"

"I've seen you a hell of a sad guy in your own living room," Keenan replied.

The talk ended inconclusively. Keenan was oppressed with the thought that unwelcome counseling in the Wynn family had come full circle. Now it was he who was suggesting a course of action his father believed was ridiculous. The elder Wynn felt, undoubtedly with some justification, that there were still many people around who would laugh at him. Then, too, the man who had once been a sensational individual star could not readily adjust to the idea of becoming a minor player.


#### His first straight part

**N**OT long after the conversation between the Wynns, José Ferrer began casting for *The Great Man*. Keenan was to play a venal promoter. Ferrer was looking for an elderly character actor to play a small-town radio station owner. The station owner has only one scene, essentially a long monologue in which he describes the true nature of a selfish man who after death has become a sainted myth. The part called for an actor whose sincerity and gentle honesty would contrast sharply with the slick falsehoods he would tear down. Ferrer's agent, who is also Ed Wynn's, suggested Wynn for the part and Ferrer enthusiastically agreed.


But Wynn, still clinging to his notion of what was fitting for the great Ed Wynn, was reluctant to try it. He got on the phone to Keenan. "Do you think it's fair to my public after 50 years," he asked plaintively, "to come out from behind my comic mask and play the fellow next door?"

CONTINUED


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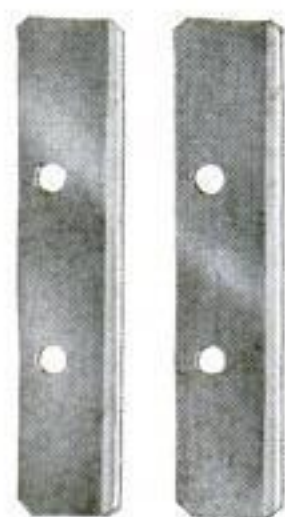
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AS MOVIE ACTOR in *The Great Man* with José Ferrer (left) Wynn winds up big scene as radio station owner which gave film its most moving moments.

### WYNN & SON CONTINUED

Keenan was even more brutally frank than he had been before. "Who's buying it, Pop?" he asked. "You've been out of work for two years." And the old man, deeply shocked, took the part.

As rehearsals went on, Wynn became understandably nervous about his performance. He studied his scene, read it once for Ferrer, and when the actor-director did not like his reading, went home in a panic of discouragement to work on his lines.

The day before the actual shooting of the scene Wynn called on Ferrer at his house to read the part again. The two men were in Ferrer's study. When Wynn had finished his lines Ferrer was so moved that he asked Wynn to come downstairs and do it again for a group of guests in the living room.

Wynn was indignant—and frightened. "Are you kidding?" he asked. "What is this, 'Come over and bring the banjo'? I don't know any of those people."

"You won't know any of the crew tomorrow," Ferrer answered.

So Wynn downed a jolt of bourbon and went to face his first serious audience. Looking back on it now, he is still slightly incredulous. "When I finished, the women were all crying."

Next day on the set he brought off his long scene in a single take, which is rare for the most experienced actors, and when he had finished, the usually imperturbable technicians applauded loudly from their positions around the set. Ferrer jumped off his stool with tears in his eyes, kissed Wynn and said, "That's all. Go home." And Keenan came out from behind a flat where he had been watching and also kissed him.

*Requiem for a Heavyweight* presented a different and far more difficult problem. It was a 90-minute live television show, and there would be no turning back or reshooting once the cameras had started. For the first time Wynn, cast as a washed-up boxer's faithful trainer, would be playing scenes in which he would be dependent on other actors for his cues and in which the other actors would be dependent on his ability to remember his part.

### The missing lines

WYNN is a "slow study," that is, he has to work especially hard memorizing his lines. He had always been notoriously poor at remembering plot dialogue in musical comedies. At least once he had turned his faulty memory to uproarious advantage. Directing one of his own shows in Philadelphia in 1931, he had been reassuring the cast for days: "Don't worry about the beginning. I have a five-minute spot there." On opening night he came out on stage only to realize not that he had just forgotten his lines, but that he had forgotten even to write them. He looked at the orchestra and shrugged. The musicians roared with laughter at the comedian's plight and the audience started to giggle. Wynn looked helplessly first in one wing and then in the other as the laughter grew. Then he said in mincing exasperation, "I must have had something to say or I wouldn't have left the dressing room." The house came down and Wynn eventually built the impromptu fiasco into a regular seven-minute routine.

CONTINUED

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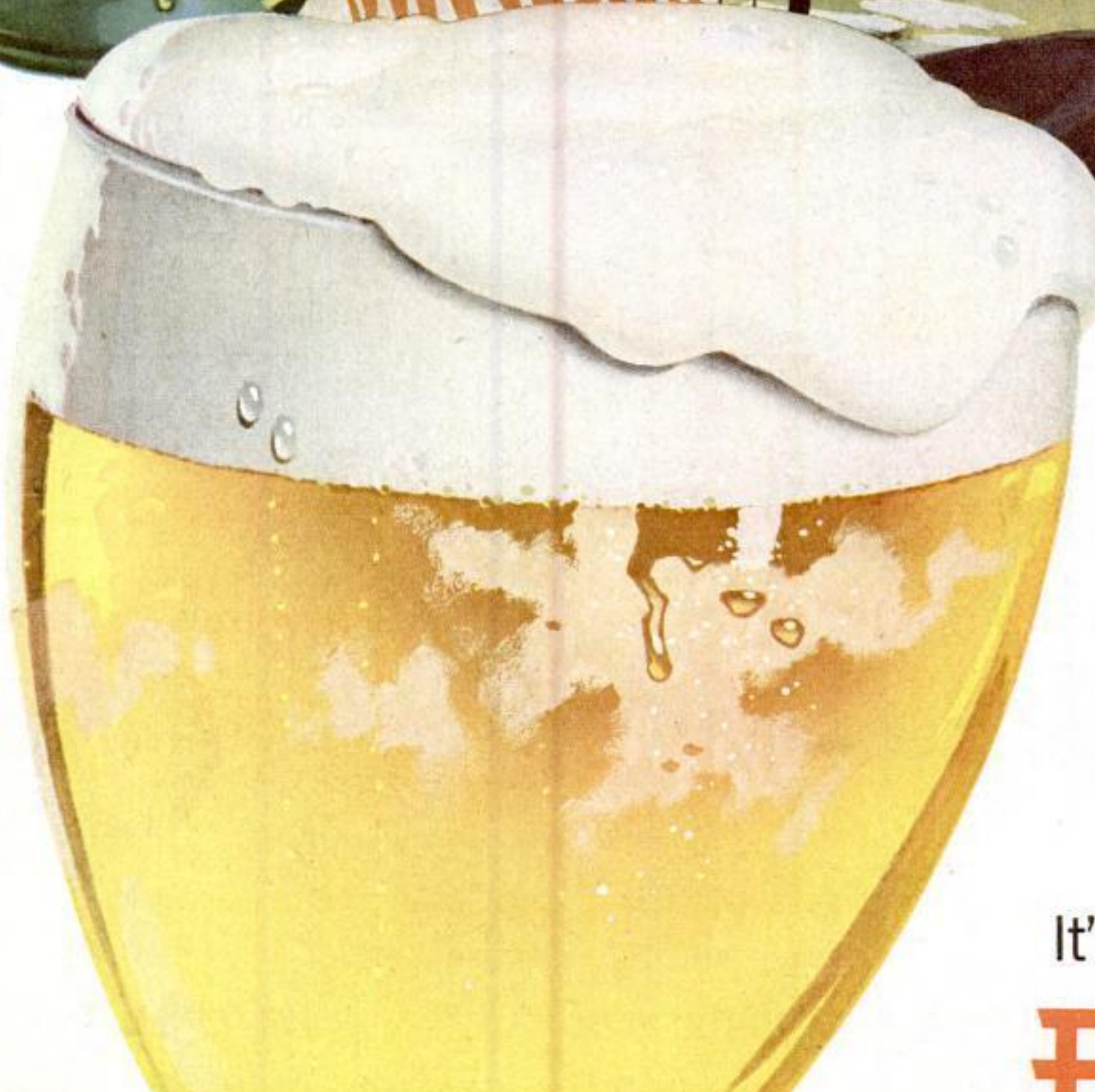
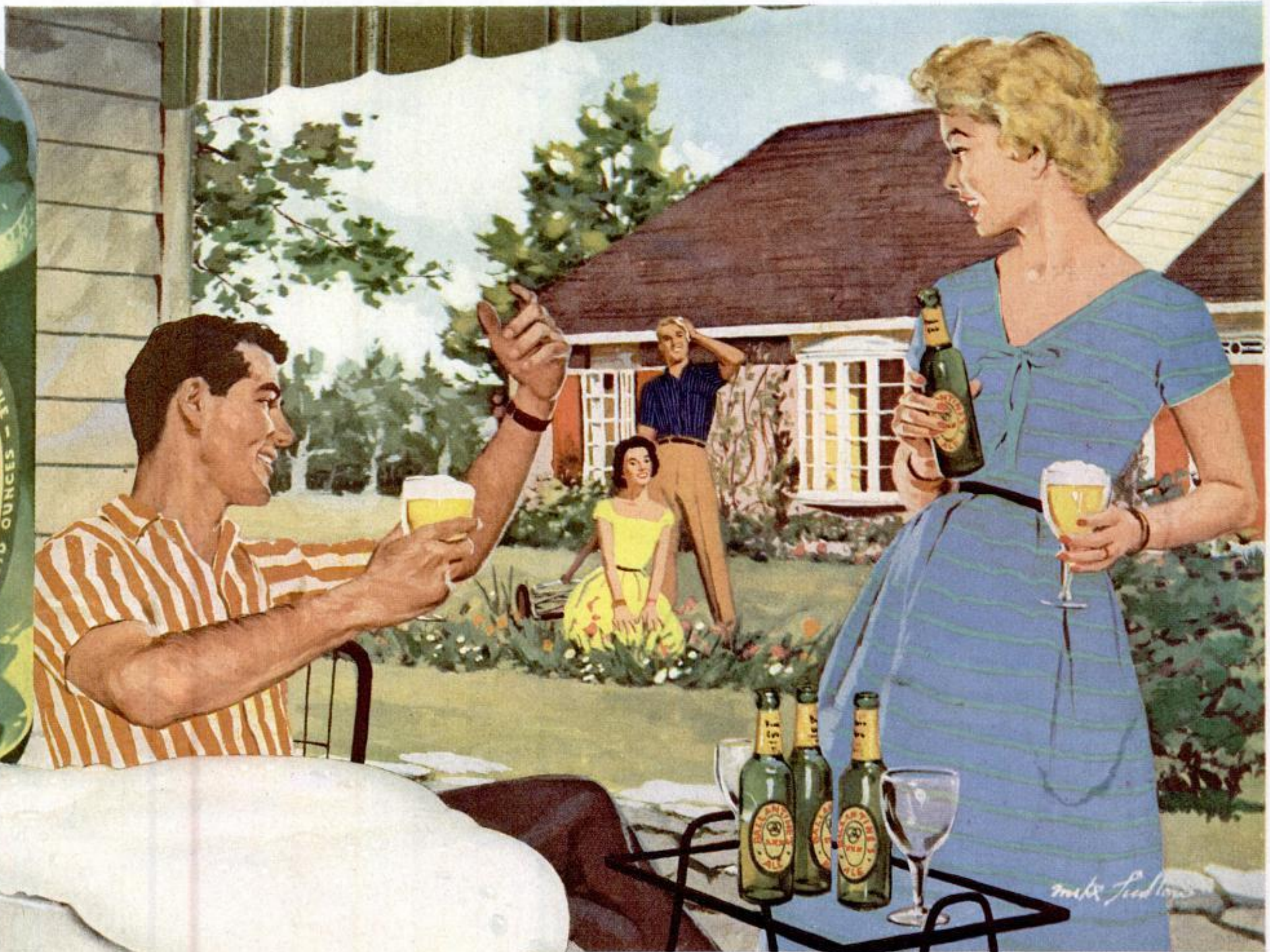
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But comic ad libs would not save him in *Requiem*. Wynn had been given the part for two reasons: first, *Playhouse 90* Producer Martin Manulis had heard about his performance in *The Great Man* and believed the comedian could handle the long sympathetic role; and second, Keenan had been cast in the play as the boxer's heartless manager and Manulis frankly felt there was a certain promotional value in having the Wynns perform together. (They had not shared any scenes in *The Great Man*.)

From the outset Keenan was doubtful about his father's ability to handle the part. The two men would play many scenes together, and Keenan was concerned about the added emotional strain on them both. Ed Wynn did not seem at all worried about that. He thought the part was too small. "Give me something I can play," he complained to Keenan, who then had to convince his father that the role was worth taking.

The first reading, in which the actors were all brought together to go through the script, was painfully bad. Wynn lisped and fluted his way through the part in a cracking voice, managing with horrifying consistency to put exactly the wrong accent on each line. Keenan recalls: "It was a shambles. Everybody started looking at everybody else."

When actual rehearsal started, things got worse. Like a novice driver who cannot coordinate the clutch pedal with the gear shift, Wynn seemed utterly unable to combine his speech with his movements. He toddled from position to position, crossing in front of the other performers, sometimes turning in such a way as to leave them only the back of his bald head as a target for a line. He muffed his lines badly and the ones he remembered he did not seem to understand.

After a few days it became the almost unanimous decision of those working on the play that Ed Wynn was not competent to handle the role. The director, Ralph Nelson, wanted him withdrawn from the cast. In fact, unknown to Wynn, an actor named Ned Glass, who played a bit part as a bartender, had been placed in the cast just so he could take over when and if Wynn faltered. The play's writer, Rod Serling, felt so strongly about the way Wynn was performing that he asked to have his name removed from the credits if Wynn remained.

#### Keenan's blunt advice

FOR Keenan the dilemma was particularly difficult. As an actor he knew that his father was very likely to ruin the play and to mar irretrievably the performances of the other actors, including his own. He also knew that a bad performance by Ed in *Requiem* would spoil his triumph in *The Great Man*, which had not yet been released. As a son Keenan shrank from the thought of hurting his father's pride, so newly on the mend, and he also hated the thought of reneging on his own advice.

Nevertheless Keenan felt he had to face the facts both for himself and for his father. He chose frankness as the most merciful course. "You're trying to learn in 10 days what most actors learn in 10 years," Keenan told Ed. "Everybody wants you out. You should go while we can still save the show."

Wynn was stunned.

He knew he had been doing badly, but he had never let himself believe that he could not somehow shape up to the part. He went directly to Producer Manulis. Manulis recalls that Ed Wynn said, "They all want me out, Martin. And I guess I'd better go. If I can't be wonderful, I don't want to do it."

Reluctant to let Wynn go, Manulis called a special lunch-hour rehearsal, to be attended only by Wynn, Keenan, Director Nelson, Writer Serling and himself. In the bare, high-ceilinged rehearsal hall Wynn acted out most of his scenes with Keenan before a tense and critical audience.

When he had finished, Manulis, visibly moved, rose and said, "If you were not already signed to play the part, I would get down on my knees and beg you to play it." In spite of the obvious technical flaws in Wynn's performance, Manulis had seen enough to convince him that the old man was more than equal to the part. That was the final decision.

In the short time remaining everyone made painstaking efforts to get Ed ready for the performance. He was still having trouble with his comedian's pronunciation and fluttering hands. "We had to devise tricks," Nelson remembers. "To control the lisp, we took out a lot of words with 's' sounds. To control the hands, we had him play solitaire during one important scene and hold boxing gloves in another."

An associate producer with acting experience was put on special assignment to help Wynn with his lines. Every night the Wynns,



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AS TV ACTOR in *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, Wynn won critical acclaim as the trainer of boxer Jack Palance (center), managed by son Keenan (right).

### WYNN & SON CONTINUED

father and son, would meet with Ed's coach to do more work on the part, to impress on Wynn the character motivation which lay behind each line.

At times Keenan resorted to his intimate knowledge of his father's personal life to make him understand exactly how a certain line should be said. Near the end of the play, Wynn is supposed to say a final goodbye to the boxer, Mountain McClintock, played brilliantly by Jack Palance. He was hooting, "Goodbye, Mountain," like a coed yoo-hooing to the star quarterback. Keenan finally stopped him. "Pop, how old is Earl?" he asked, referring to Earl Benham, one of Wynn's dearest friends.

Wynn looked up in surprise. "Seventy," he answered. "Why?" "Well," Keenan answered, "say goodbye to Mountain as if he were Earl and you might never see him again." From then on Wynn said the line with the proper tender restraint. It was perhaps the high emotional point of the play.

As show time drew near, Director Nelson recalls, "We began to see that we might be able to get away with it. He was humble and patient about everything. And he was far better than we thought he could be."

The strain on Wynn was tremendous. He became so upset that one night, in a paroxysm of nerves, he drank much more than his usual one highball. Unable to sleep it off, he went to the studio early and crept into his dressing room. There, only after the rehearsal had started, he was found by the show's frantic staff, led to the camera stage and directed gently through his performance.

### Black and blue and confident

FOLLOWING that, his confidence grew. He learned not to look straight at the camera and say "I'm sorry" every time he fluffed a line; he was triumphantly black and blue from learning how to take a lingering dramatic fall instead of a legs-in-the-air pratfall for one scene in which he is knocked down. In fact, his assurance developed to the point where, when Jack Palance was berating himself for a bad scene in the dress rehearsal, Wynn threw his arm around Palance and said, "Don't worry, kid. You got it licked."

Keenan had not slept well for almost two weeks. When the show finally went on the air, he was waiting so tensely for his father to blow his opening line that when Ed said it perfectly, Keenan muffed his own. From that moment on, except for one point where Ed had a momentary comic's lapse and ad-libbed a tittering "My goodness, me!" the play went without a hitch and met with extraordinary critical acclaim.

In Hollywood later, shooting *The Great American Hoax*, an hour-long television film in which Wynn played the lead, he had gained enormous assurance. Gene Lockhart, who was to play an important role in the film, died in the middle of production; another actor, Walter Abel, was rushed from New York to take his place. Shocked and sorrowing, Wynn was more than equal to the sudden switch. In fact he even assumed a directorial confidence, repeatedly counseling Abel, who has had 40 years of acting experience, "Now Walter, Gene and I found it best to play the scene this way."

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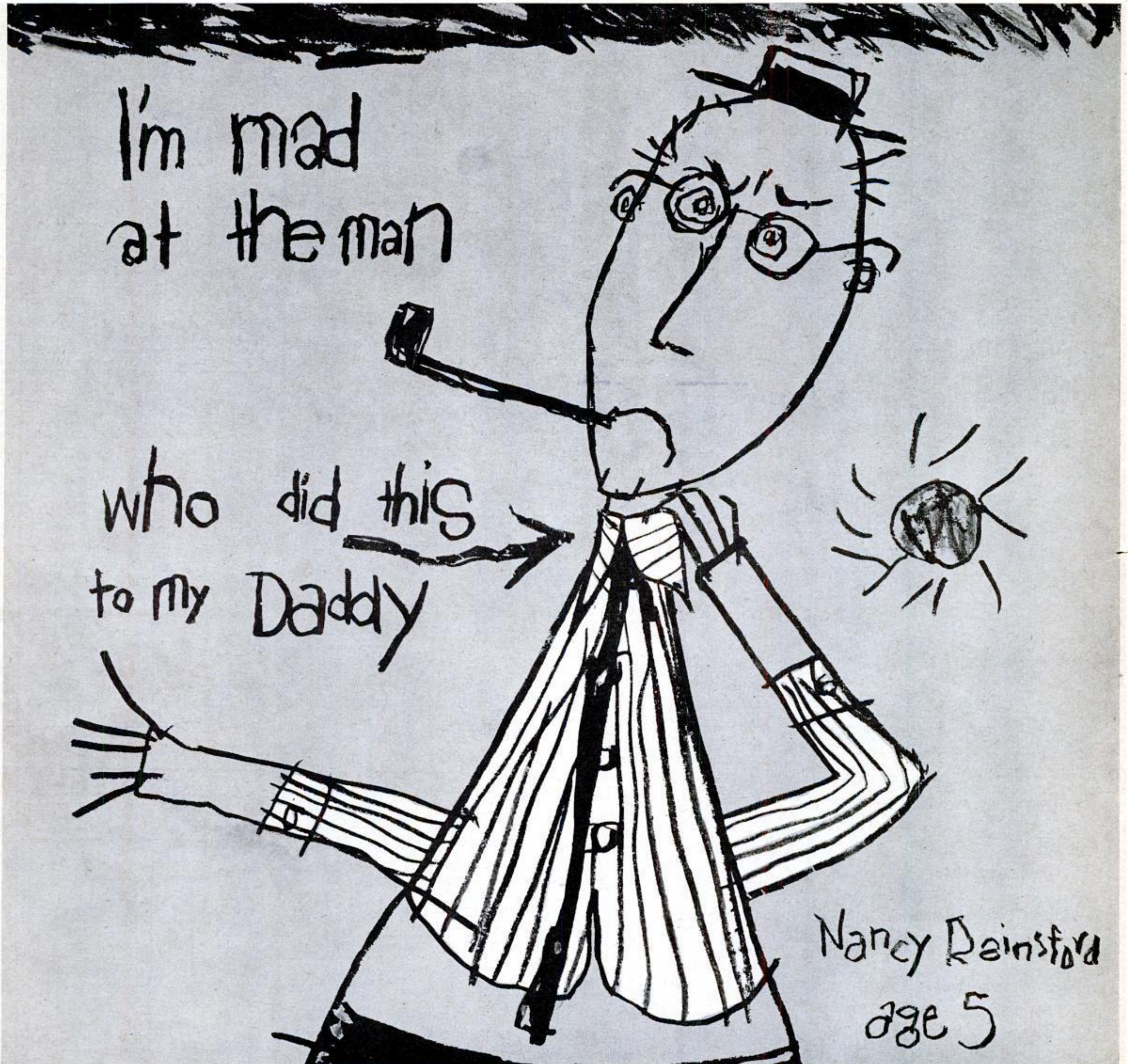
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## WYNN & SON CONTINUED

At the first reading for his leading role in *Protégé* recently, the ex-comedian introduced himself to the actors by saying modestly, "Wynn is my name. This is all new to me." Actually it was not at all new to him. The director and producer had gone over the script with him carefully on several occasions, he had already learned many of his lines, and he had even initiated a major change in the ending of the play's second act.

Now the demand for Actor Wynn increases. "Either there are a lot of lousy old actors around," he remarks in pleased self-deprecation, "or I'm really excellent." He was a guest star on NBC's top-rated *Perry Como Show* last Saturday for the second time in three months, and has plans for five more television guest appearances this year. The producers of *Marjorie Morningstar* want him for the role of Uncle Samson-Aaron in the film version of the best seller. And he is getting serious proposals about coming back to Broadway as a star in, of all things, a comedy.

Perhaps the most interesting project in the works is a play being written by Ralph Nelson, who directed *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. This will be the story of Wynn's life, with special emphasis on his difficulties in switching from comedy to straight acting in that first television drama. In it, of course, he will play himself. "It could go on forever, like mirrors," says a friend. "Afterward they can cast him in another play about *this* play."

Some people are saying that Wynn cannot go on forever, that in his comeback he is creating virtually the same role over and over again, that upon repeated exposure to the same sweet, vaguely ridiculous character, the public will soon find the new Wynn old hat. But Wynn believes he will continue to reach his own special audience. "I've become sort of an Elvis Presley for the middle-aged," he says. "Only the people who swoon over me have difficulty getting up again."

If the play about Wynn's comeback is done, Keenan Wynn will play himself too. The warm comradeship between the two men continues to grow. When his father is staying in New York, Keenan calls regularly from Hollywood—to discuss parts, or family matters, or just to tell the old man a joke. And Wynn writes his son long, cheery letters every few days. He said in a recent letter: "I sure am hot now. Of course, I'm slipping as much as possible to Keenan Wynn. You're in everything as my adviser and teacher. I may bring you a foxtail for your motorcycle."

Keenan Wynn is unqualifiedly delighted about his father's success as a character actor. He can now think of his own past difficulties with amusement. When *Requiem's* exhausting hour and a half came to an end, Keenan asked his father to wait while he went to the dressing room to get their clothes. When he returned to the set, a great crowd had gathered around Ed—the show's staff, actors, technicians, agency men, well-wishers. Ringed by the mob, the little man was beaming gratefully as he took bow after bow. Keenan, holding his father's coat, watched for a moment and then said in a voice only those on the fringes of the crowd could catch: "Here I am, Ed Wynn's son again."



**LEARNING NEW ART** of straight acting, Wynn studies his lines at a rehearsal of the TV play, *Protégé*, in which he played the part of a faded old comedian—a description of Wynn himself until he re-emerged at the age of 70.

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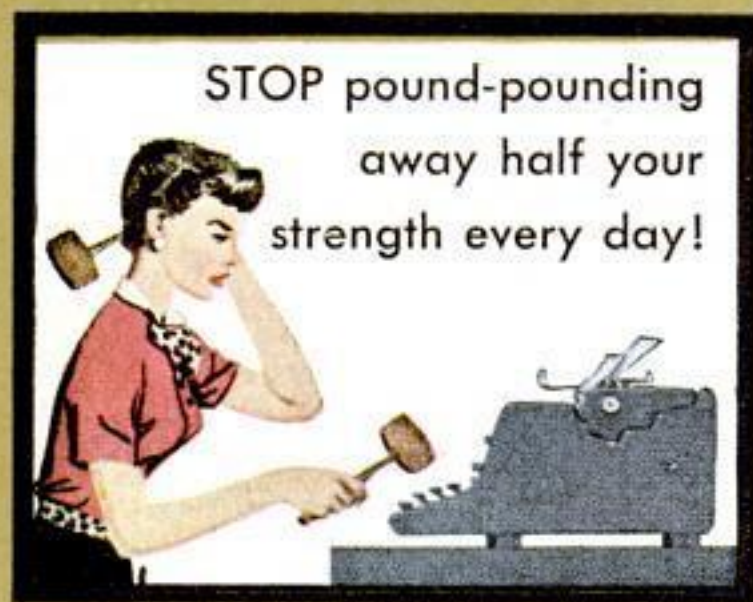
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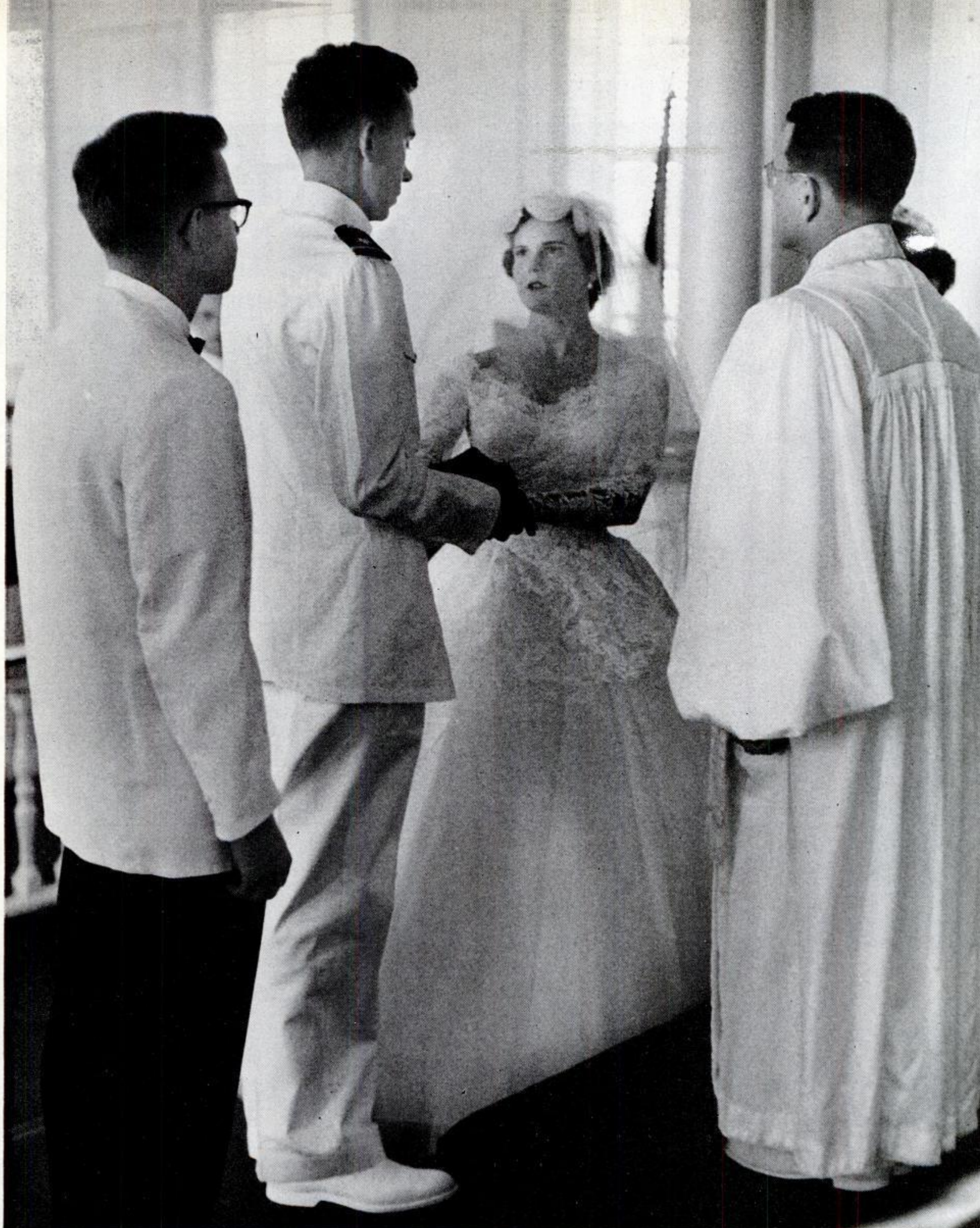
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**EXCHANGING VOWS,** Edward Nixon and Gay Lynn face each other in air station chapel. At right is Methodist Chaplain Robert Elliott. At left is Nixon's best man and cousin, Dr. Theodore Marshburn.

**KISSING BRIDE** (*below*) after the 12-minute ceremony, Vice President greets new sister-in-law. Daughter of a building contractor, new Mrs. Nixon was a chemistry major at Sophie Newcomb College.

# New In-Law for Nixons

## VICE PRESIDENT SEES BROTHER TAKE BRIDE

It was the time of year when newly graduated officers across the nation get married and walk from the church with their brides under an arch of swords. The marriage of Ensign Edward Nixon of La Habra, Calif. to Gay Lynn Woods of New Orleans was like the many others, except for one thing. The bridegroom's brother is the Vice President of the United States and he flew down to the Pensacola Naval Air Station in Florida to be present at the wedding.

Ensign Nixon, 27, who won his wings as a helicopter pilot in March, entered the Navy 19 months ago after completing his master's degree

in geology. His 19-year-old bride was once a Mardi Gras queen. They met a year ago on a blind date and she was his guest at the inauguration in Washington last January.

The reception was held at an officers' club afterward. The couple received, among other things, linen place settings from the Vice President and his wife and an electric coffeemaker from the Nixon children. Before leaving for a three-day honeymoon the bride also received a compliment from the Vice President. He was proud of his brother, he remarked, for having picked "as pretty a bride as I've ever seen."

CONTINUED



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**TRADITIONAL TRIBUTE** of arched swords was provided by officers. "We looked ragged in practice yesterday," one said, "but we were sharp today."



**OFFICER INTRODUCTIONS** kept Vice President Nixon busy after the ceremony. He complimented group on handling their swords "proudly."



**COOLING HER HEELS**, Marsha Wolford, daughter of friends of the couple, sips juice. She calls 6'4" Ed "Elevator" because he can lift her so high.

**DUCKING THE RICE**, the couple races from the reception. Running in front is Stanley Whidden, 9, a rice thrower momentarily caught in the barrage.

## IN-LAW FOR NIXONS CONTINUED



**LEAVING THE CHAPEL**, the couple rode in an usher's car. At the reception guests were served champagne-spiked punch. Newlyweds cut wedding

cake with Ensign Nixon's sword. After the honeymoon the couple will leave for San Diego where Ensign Nixon has been assigned to a helicopter unit.





## WHAT READERS SAY

## ABOUT LIFE'S 'WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS' BOOK

## A WRITER'S DELIGHT

Sir:

Please accept my most sincere and grateful thanks for the beautiful edition of *The World's Great Religions*. The series gave me great pleasure when it ran in LIFE, and now I am delighted to have it in book form.

INEZ ROBB  
United Feature Syndicate



Sir:

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LOUIS FINKELSTEIN  
Chancellor, The Jewish Theological  
Seminary of America

Sir:

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National Commander, the Salvation Army



Sir:

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RUTH SPIETZ  
Chicago, Ill.

## PRICELESS PEEK

Sir:

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NAME WITHHELD

Williamsburg, Va.

Sir:

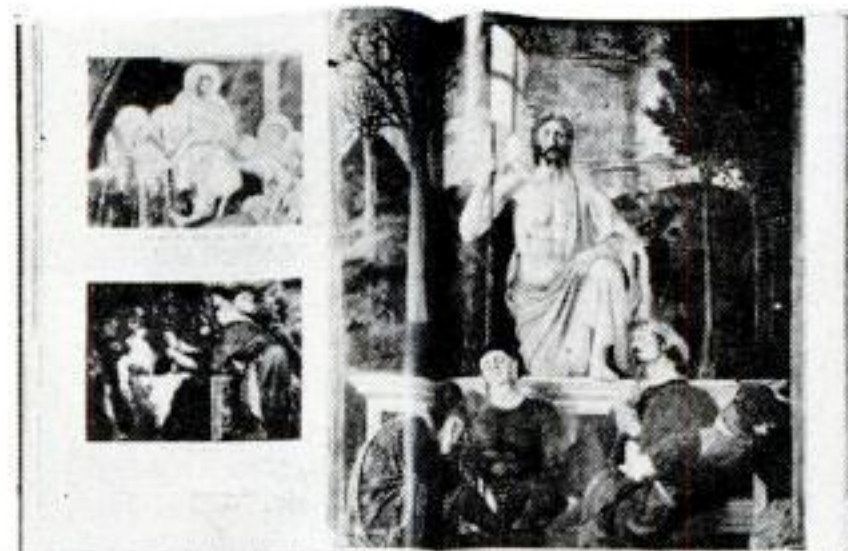
As a young "Scotch" Presbyterian clergyman, I believe this book is the finest ever published, or at least I have ever read in college, seminary, or in the active pastorate!

THE REV. JAMES ARTHUR MACCLELLAN HANNA  
Oak Hill, Ohio

Sir:

While I saw most of the articles in the weekly issues, getting them together under one cover is a great contribution to the understanding of the religions of the world.

RALPH E. FLANDERS  
U.S. Senate



Sir:

It is truly a wonderful, wonderful book—I am one who ordered ten copies out of the 450,000 you have sold.

GEORGE A. SCOTT  
San Diego, Calif.

## PRIZED ADDITION

Sir:

This book on the world's great religions is a prized addition to my library, and I am deeply grateful to you.

BILLY GRAHAM



Sir:

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MRS. JOHN A. PARK  
Raleigh, N.C.

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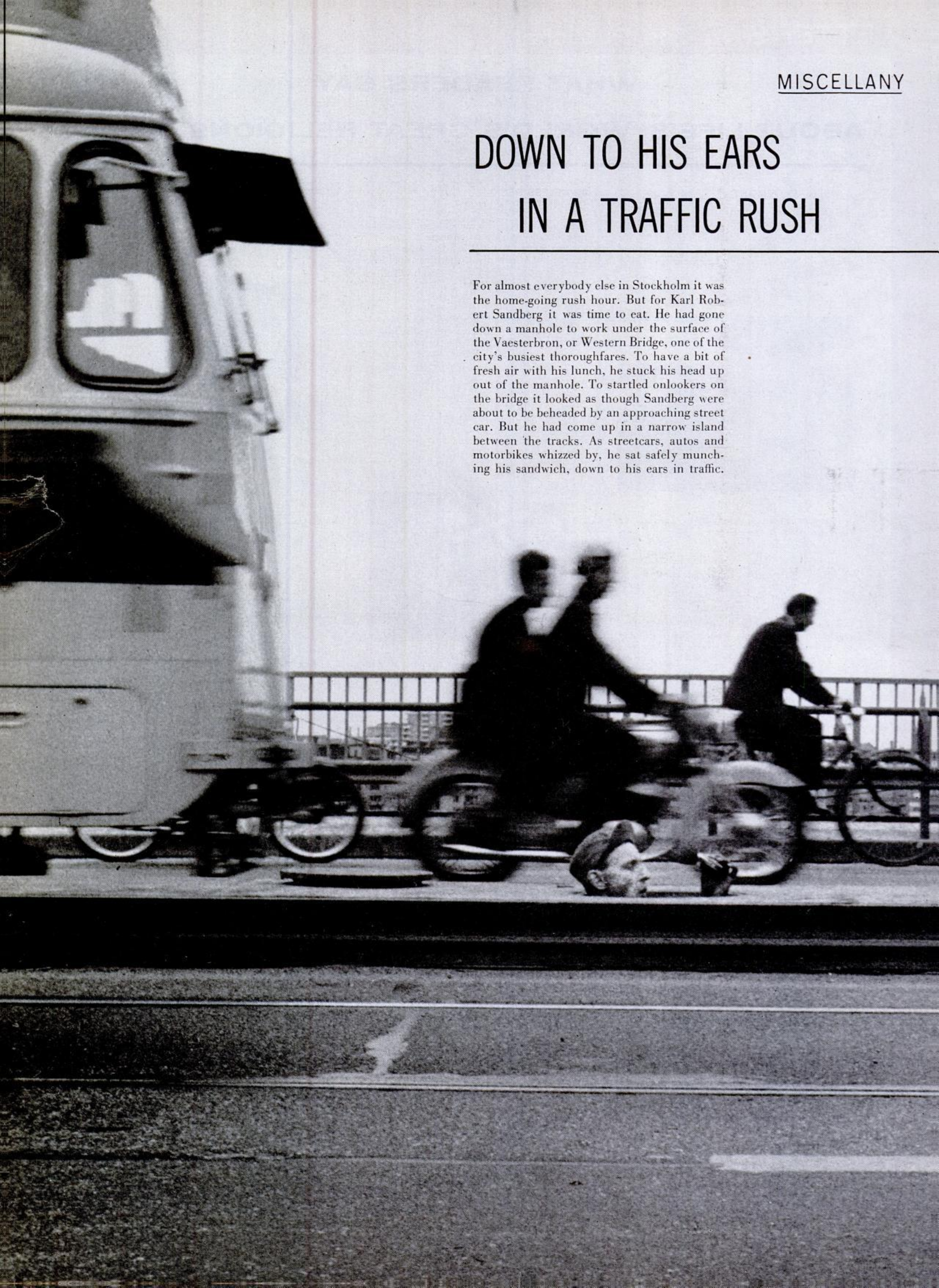
6389



## DOWN TO HIS EARS IN A TRAFFIC RUSH

---

For almost everybody else in Stockholm it was the home-going rush hour. But for Karl Robert Sandberg it was time to eat. He had gone down a manhole to work under the surface of the Vaesterbron, or Western Bridge, one of the city's busiest thoroughfares. To have a bit of fresh air with his lunch, he stuck his head up out of the manhole. To startled onlookers on the bridge it looked as though Sandberg were about to be beheaded by an approaching street car. But he had come up in a narrow island between the tracks. As streetcars, autos and motorbikes whizzed by, he sat safely munching his sandwich, down to his ears in traffic.







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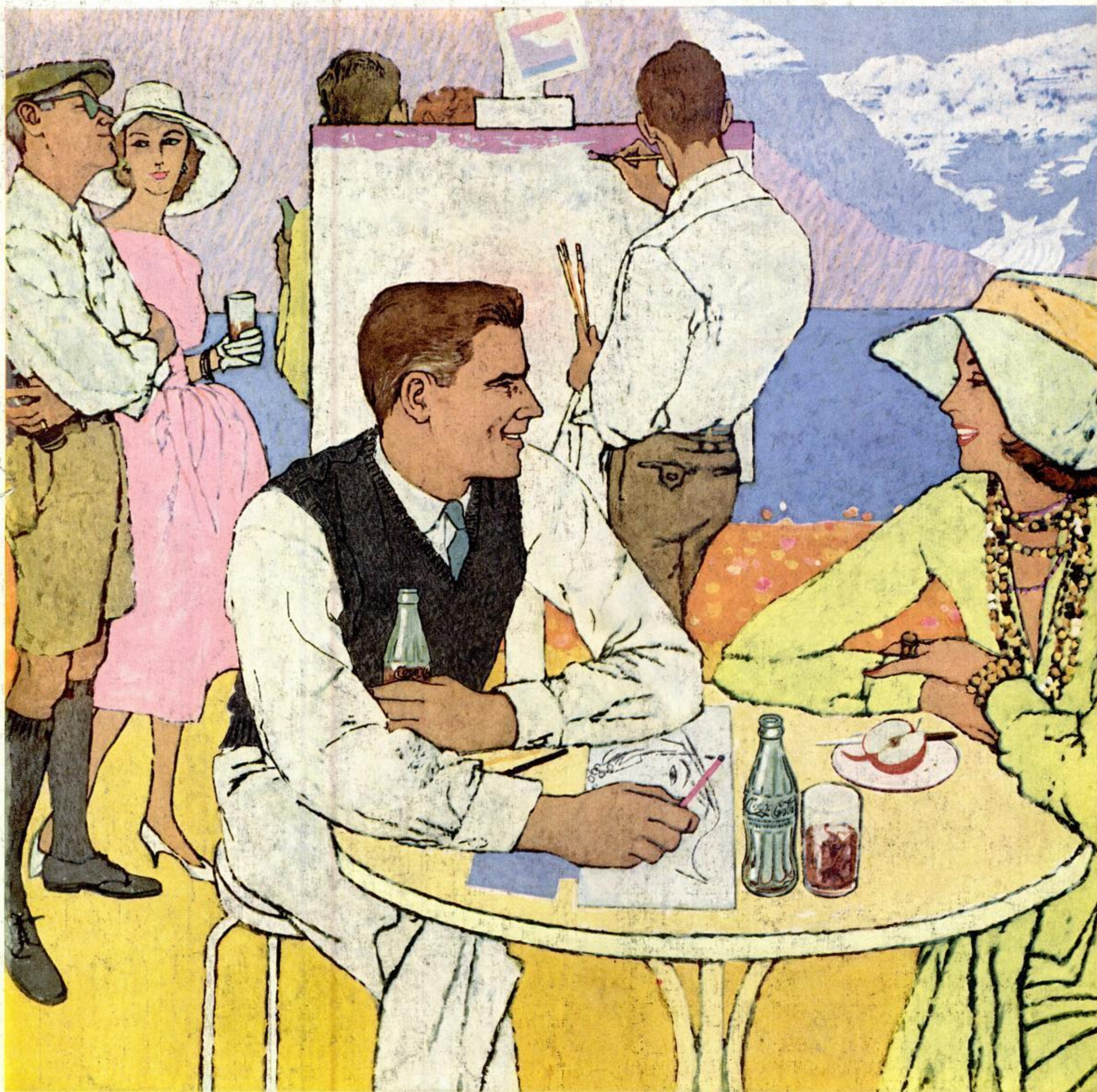


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